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BY MRS. INCHBALD.

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. XXII.

CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.
FONTAINBLEAU.
WILD OATS.
HEIRESS.
EARL OF ESSEX.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
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THE

ASTLE OF ANDALUSIA;

A COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS;

By JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

IEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

INTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

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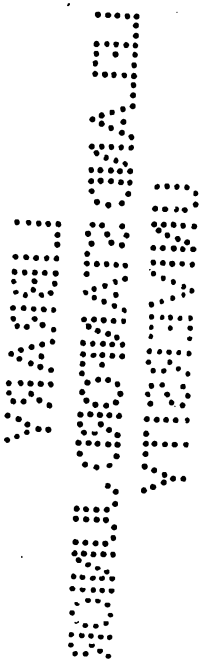

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REMARKS.

A reader must be acquainted with O'Keeffe on the stage, to admire him in the closet. Yet he is entitled to more praise, in being the original author of a certain species of drama, made up of whim and frolic, than numberless retailers of wit and sentiment with whom that class of readers are charmed, who are not in the habit of detecting plagiarism.

From Operas, since the Beggars' Opera, little has been required by the town except music and broad humour. The first delights the elegant, the second the inelegant part of an audience; by which means all parties are gratified.

Had O'Keeffe written less, his reputation would have stood higher with the public; and so would that of many an author besides himself: but when a man makes writing his only profession—industry, and prudent forecast for the morrow, will often stimulate him to produce, with heavy heart, that composition which his own judgment condemns. Yet is he compelled to bear the critic's censure, as one whom vanity has incited to send forth crude thoughts with his entire good

will, and perfect security as to the high value they will have with the world.

Let it be known to the world—that more than half the authors who come before them thus apparently bold, and self-approved, are perhaps sinking under the shame of their puerile works, and discerning in them more faults, from closer attention and laudable timidity, than the most severe of their censurers can point out.

These observations might be some apology for this Opera, if it required any. But it has pleased so well in representation, that its deserts as an exhibition are acknowledged; and if in the reading there should appear something of too much intricacy in the plot, or of improbability in the events, the author must be supposed to have seen those faults himself; though want of time, or, most likely, greater reliance upon the power of music than upon his own labour, impelled him gladly to spare the one, in reverence to the other.

The songs have great comic effect on the stage; particularly those by some of the male characters: and the mistakes which arise from the impositions of Spado are highly risible.

As the reader, to form a just judgment on "The Castle of Andalusia," should see it acted; so the auditor, to be equally just, must read it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON FERNANDO	*Mr. Johnstone.*
SPADO	*Mr. Munden.*
PEDRILLO	*Mr. Fawcett.*
DON CÆSAR	*Mr. Townsend.*
DON SCIPIO	*Mr. Emery.*
PHILIPO	*Mr. King.*
RAPINO	*Mr. Abbot.*
CALVETTE	*Mr. Atkins.*
VASQUEZ	*Mr. Klanert.*
DON JUAN	*Mr. Davenport.*
DON ALPHONSO	*Mr. Braham.*
VICTORIA	*Mrs. Atkins.*
CATILINA	*Mrs. Mills.*
ISABELLA	*Mrs. Powell.*
LORENZA	*Signora Storace.*

BANDITTI, SERVANTS, *&c.*

SCENE—Spain.

THE

CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Cavern with winding Stairs, and Recesses cut in the Rock; a large Lamp hanging in the Centre; a Table, Wine, Fruits, &c. in disorder.—At the Head DON CÆSAR; *on each Side* SPADO, SANGUINO, RAPINO, *and others of the Banditti.*

AIR I. AND CHORUS.

Don Cæsar. *Here we sons of freedom dwell,*
In our friendly, rock-hewn cell;
Pleasure's dictates we obey,
Nature points us out the way,
Ever social, great, and free,
Valour guards our liberty.

AIR.

Don Cæsar. *Of severe and partial laws,*
Venal judges, Alguazils;
Dreary dungeons' iron jaws,
Oar and gibbet—Whips or wheels,

Let's never think
While thus we drink
Sweet Muscadine!
O life divine!
Chorus.—*Here we sons of freedom dwell,* &c.

Don Cæsar. Come, cavaliers, our carbines are loaded, our hearts are light; charge your glasses, Bacchus gives the word, and a volley makes us immortal as the rosy god.—Fire!

Spado. Ay, captain, this is noble firing.—Oh, I love a volley of grape shot.—Are we to have any skylight in our cave? [*Looking at* SANGUINO's *Glass.*

Don Cæsar. Oh, no! a brimmer round.—Come, a good booty to us to-night. [*All drink.*

Spado. Booty! Oh, I love to rob a fat priest.—Stand, says I, and then I knock him down.

Sang. My nose bleeds. [*Looks at his Handkerchief.*] I wonder what colour is a coward's blood?

Spado. Don't you see it's red?

Sang. Ha! call me coward, [*Rises in fury.*] sirrah? Captain! cavaliers!—But this scar on my forehead contradicts the miscreant.

Spado. Scar on your forehead!—Ay, you will look behind you, when you run away.

Sang. I'll stab the villain—[*Draws Stilletto.*]—I will, by Heaven.

Don Cæsar. Poh, Sanguino! you know when a jest offers, Spado regards neither time, place, nor person.

All. [*Interposing.*] Don't hurt little Spado

Spado. [*Hiding behind.*] No, don't hurt little Spado.

Sang. Run away! Armies have confessed my valour: the time has been—but no matter. [*Sits.*

Don Cæsar. Come, away with reflection on the past, or care for the future; the present is the golden moment of possession.—Let us enjoy it.

All. Ay, ay, let us enjoy it.

Don Cæsar. You know, cavaliers, when I entered into this noble fraternity, I boasted only of a little courage sharpened by necessity, the result of my youthful follies, a father's severity, and the malice of a goodnatured dame.

Spado. Captain, here's a speedy walk-off to old women.

All. [*Drink.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Don Cæsar. When you did me the honour to elect me your captain, two conditions I stipulated;—Though at war with the world abroad, unity and social mirth should preside over our little commonwealth at home.

Spado. Yes, but Sanguino's for no head—he'll have ours a commonwealth of fists and elbows.

Don Cæsar. The other, unless to preserve your own lives, never commit a murder.

Spado. I murdered since that——a bishop's coach-horse.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Don Cæsar. Hand me that red wine.

AIR II.—DON CÆSAR.

Flow, thou regal purple stream,
Tinctur'd by the solar beam,
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart and glad my eyes.
My brain ascend on fancy's wing,
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll lave my clay,
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say,
A month he reign'd, but that was May.

[*Thunder.*]

Don Cæsar. Hark, how distinct we hear the thun-

der through this vast body of earth and rock.—Rapino, is Calvette above, upon his post?

Rap. Yes.

Don Cæsar. Spado, 'tis your business to relieve the centinel.

Spado. Relieve! what's the matter with him?

Don Cæsar. Come, come, no jesting with duty—'tis your watch.

Spado. Let the wolves watch for me—my duty is to get supper ready.—[*Thunder.*]—Go up! Od's fire, do you think I am a Salamander?—D'ye hear!

Sang. No sport I fear.

Don Cæsar. Then call Calvette, lock down the trap-door, and get us some more wine from the cistern.

Spado. Wine! Ay, captain: and this being a night of peace, we'll have a dish of olives.

Sang. No peace! we'll up and scour the forest presently. But well thought on; a rich old fellow, one Don Scipio, has lately come to reside in the castle on the skirts of the forest—what say you to plunder there?

Don Cæsar. Not to-night—I know my time—I have my reasons—I shall give command on that business. But where's the stranger we brought in at our last excursion?

Rap. He reposes in yonder recess.

Spado. Ay, egad, there he lies, with a face as innocent—[*Aside.*]—If my fellow-rooks would but fly off, I'd have the pigeon here within all to myself.

Cal. [*Appears at the top of the winding Stairs, with a Lantern.*] A booty!

Sang. Good news, cavaliers; here comes Calvette.

Cal. A booty!

Sang. What! where?

Cal. Soft—but one man!

Sang. But one man! Is he alone

Cal. Quite.

Spado. One man, and alone—that's odd!

Cal. He seems in years, but his habit, as well as I could distinguish, speaks him noble.

[*Descends.*

Don Cæsar. Then he'll fight,—My arms!

Spado. Oh, he'll fight—get my arms; no, my legs will do for me. [*Aside.*

Sang. Come, my carbine—quick!

Don Cæsar. To the attack of one man—paltry! Only you, Calvette, Sanguino, Rapino, and Spado go; the rest prepare for our general excursion.

Spado. Captain, don't send me; indeed I'm too rash!

Don Cæsar. Come, come, leave buffoonery, and to your duty.

[CALVETTE *and* RAPINO *ascend; the rest go in at several Recesses;* SPADO, *the last, ascends up slowly.*

Enter DON ALPHONSO.

Don Alph. I find myself somewhat refreshed by my slumber; at such a time to fall into the hands of these ruffians, how unlucky! I'm pent up here; my rival Fernando, once my friend, reaches Don Scipio's castle, weds my charming Victoria, and I lose her for ever: but if I could secure an interview, love should plead my cause.

AIR III.—DON ALPHONSO.

The hardy sailor braves the ocean,
Fearless of the roaring wind;
Yet his heart, with soft emotion,
Throbs to leave his love behind.

To dread of foreign foes a stranger,
Tho' the youth can dauntless roam,
Alarming fears paint every danger
In a rival, left at home.

SPADO *returns down the Stairs.*

Spado. [*Aside.*] Now for some talk with our prisoner here—Stay, are they all out of ear-shot? How the poor bird sings in its cage! I know more of his affairs than he thinks of, by overhearing his conversation at the inn at Lorca.

Don Alph. How shall I escape from these rascals? Oh, here is one of the gentlemen. Pray, sir, may I take the liberty—

Spado. No liberty for you.—Yet upon certain conditions, indeed—give me your hand.

Don Alph. [*Aside.*] Impudent scoundrel!

Spado. Signor, I wish to serve you—and serve you I will; but I must know the channel, before I make for the coast; therefore, to examine you with the pious severity of an holy inquisitor, who the devil are you?

Don Alph. A pious adjuration truly!—[*Aside.*]—Sir, my name is Alphonso, and I am son of a banker at Madrid.

Spado. Banker! Oh! I thought he sung like a young goldfinch.

Don Alph. Perhaps, by trusting this fellow, I may make my escape.

Spado. I'll convince him I know his secrets, and then I hold his purse-strings.

Don Alph. You won't betray me?

Spado. Honour among thieves.

Don Alph. Then you must know, when your gang attacked me yesterday evening—

Spado. You were posting full gallop to Don Scipio's castle, on the confines of the forest here.

Don Alph. Hey! then perhaps you know my passion for—

Spado. Donna Victoria, his daughter.

Don Alph. Then you know that she's contracted—

Spado. To your friend Don Fernando de Zelva, who is now on his journey to the castle, and to the destruction of your hopes, weds the lady on his arrival.

Don Alph. True, while I am pent up in this cursed cavern; but how you got my story, I——

Spado. No matter! I could let you out of this cursed cavern.

Don Alph. And will you?

Spado. Ah, our trap-door above requires a golden key.

Don Alph. Your comrades have not left me a piastre.

Spado. Will you give me an order on your father's bank for fifty pieces, and I'll let you out?

Don Alph. You shall have it.

Spado. A bargain. I'll secure your escape.

Enter DON CÆSAR, *behind.*

Don Cæsar. How's this?

Spado. Zounds, the captain Ramirez! [*Aside.*]—Aye, you dog, I'll secure you from an escape! Do you think I'd set you at liberty without the captain's orders? Betray my trust for a bribe! What the devil do you take me for? [*In a seeming rage.*] Oh, captain, I did'nt see you.

Don Cæsar. What's the matter?

Spado. Nothing, only our prisoner here was mistaken in his man—that's all. Let you escape, indeed.

Don Alph. Here's a rascal?

Spado. Rascal! D'ye hear him? He has been abusing me this half hour, because I would not convey him out *without* your knowledge. Oh, what

offers he did make me! but my integrity is proof against Gallions, Escurials, Perus, and Mexicos.

Don Cæsar. Begone instantly to your comrades. [SPADO *ascends.*] Signor, no occasion to tamper with my companions; you shall owe your liberty to none but me. I'll convey you to the cottage of the vines, belonging to the peasant Philippo, not far from Don Scipio's castle; there you may rest in safety to-night, and—

Don Alph. Ah, captain! no rest for me.

Don Cæsar. Lookye, signor, I am a ruffian, perhaps worse, but venture to trust me.—A picklock may be used to get to a treasure—don't wish to know more of me than I now chuse to tell you; but, if your mistress loves you as well as you seem to love her, to-morrow night she's yours.

Don Alph. My good friend!

Don Cæsar. Now for Philippo—I don't suppose you wish to see any of our work above—ha! ha! ha! —Well, well, I was once a lover, but now

AIR IV.—DON CÆSAR.

On by the spur of valour goaded,
Pistols prim'd, and carbines loaded,
Courage strikes on hearts of steel;
While each spark,
Through the dark
Gloom of night,
Lends a clear and cheering light,
Who a fear or doubt can feel?

Like serpents now, through thickets creeping,
Then on our prey, like lions, leaping!
Calvette to the onset leads us,
Let the wand'ring trav'ler dread us!
Struck with terror and amaze,
While our swords with lightning blaze. [Thunder

Thunder to our carbines roaring,
Bursting clouds in torrents pouring,
Each a free and roving blade,
Ours a free and roving trade,
To the onset let's away,
Valour calls, and we obey. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Forest.

A stormy Night.

Enter DON FERNANDO.

Don Fer. Pedrillo! [*Calling.*] What a dreadful night, and horrid place to be benighted! Pedrillo!—I fear I've lost my servant; but, by the pace I rode since I left Ecceija, Don Scipio's castle can't be very far distant: this was to have been my wedding night, if I arrived there. Pedrillo! Pedrillo! [*Calling.*

Ped. [*Within.*] Sir!

Don Fer. Where are you, sirrah?

Ped. Quite astray, sir.

Don Fer. This way.

Enter PEDRILLO, *groping his way.*

Ped. Any body's way, for I have lost my own.—Do you see me, sir?

Don Fer. No, indeed, Pedrillo! [*Lightning.*

Ped. You saw me then, sir. [*Thunder.*] Ah, this must frighten the mules, they'll break their bridles; I tied the poor beasts to a tree.

Don Fer. Well, we may find them in the morning, if they escape the banditti, which I am told infests this forest.

Ped. Banditti! [*A shot without.*] Ah! we are dead men.

Don Fer. Somebody in trouble!

Ped. No, somebody's troubles are over.

Don Fer. Draw, and follow me, Pedrillo.

Ped. Lord, sir! ha'nt we troubles enough of our own?

Don Fer. Follow! Who can deny assistance to his fellow creature in distress? [*Draws.—Exit.*

Ped. What fine creatures these gentlemen are!—But for me, I am a poor, mean, rascally servant—so I'll even take my chance with the mules.

AIR V.—PEDRILLO.

A master I have, and I am his man,
Galloping, dreary dun,
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With a haily, gaily, gambo raily,
Giggling, niggling,
Galloping galloway, draggle tail, dreary dun.

I saddled his steed so fine and so gay,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
I mounted my mule, and we rode away
With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
With her, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
By the Lord, says the friar, you're both gone astray,
With your, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,
With our, &c.

My master is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
But now I think better, I'd better go sleep,
With my, &c. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A thicker Part of the Forest.—Large Tree and Stone Cross.

Enter DON SCIPIO, *attacked by* SANGUINO, RAPINO, *and* CALVETTE.

Sang. Now, Rapino, lop off his sword-arm.

Don Scipio. Forbear! there's my purse, you rascals! [*Throws it down.*

Sang. Fire!

Spado. [*Peeping from the large Tree.*] No, don't fire.

Sang. I am wounded—hew him to pieces.

[*As* DON SCIPIO *is nearly overpowered,*

Enter DON FERNANDO.

Don Fer. Ha! what murderous ruffians!

[*Engages the* BANDITTI, *who precipitately disperse several ways.*

Spado. Holloa! the forest is surrounded with inquisitors, alguazils, corrigidores, and holy fathers.

Don Scipio. Oh, I havn't fought so much these twenty years.

Spado. Eh, we have lost the field, cursed dark; though I think I could perceive but one man come to the relief of our old Don here.

Don Scipio. But where are you, signor? Approach my brave deliverer.

Spado. So here's a victory, and nobody to claim it! I think I'll go down and pick up the laurel. [*Descends from the Tree.*] I'll take the merit of this exploit, I may get something by it.

Don Scipio. I long to thank, embrace, worship this generous stranger, as my guardian angel.

Spado. [*Aside.*] I may pass for this angel in the dark—Villains! scoundrels! robbers! to attack an honest old gentleman on the king's highway!—but I made the dogs scamper! [*Vapouring about.*

Don Scipio. Oh dear! this is my preserver!

Spado. Who's there? Oh, you are the worthy old gentleman I rescued from these rascal banditti.

Don Scipio. Noble, valiant stranger—I—

Spado. No thanks, signor, I have saved your life; and a good action rewards itself.

Don Scipio. A gallant fellow, faith—Eh, as well as I could distinguish in the dark, you looked much taller just now. [*Looking close at him.*

Spado. When I was fighting? true, anger rises me—I always appear six foot, in a passion; besides, my hat and plume added to my height.

Don Scipio. [*By Accident treading on the Purse.*] Hey, the rogues have run off without my purse too.

Spado. O, ho! [*Aside.*]—What, I have saved your purse, as well as your precious life! Well, of a poor fellow, I am the luckiest dog in all Spain.

Don Scipio. Poor! Good friend, accept this purse, as a small token of my gratitude.

Spado. Nay, dear sir!

Don Scipio. You shall take it.

Spado. Lord, I am so awkward at taking a purse. [*Takes it.*

Don Scipio. Hey, if I could find my cane too;—I dropped it somewhere hereabouts, when I drew to defend myself. [*Looking about.*

Spado. Zounds! I fancy here comes the real conqueror—no matter—I've got the spoils of the field. [*Aside—Chinks the Purse, and retires.*

Don Scipio. Ah, my amber-headed cane! [*Still looking about.*

Enter DON FERNANDO.

Don Fer. The villains!

Don Scipio. Ay, you made them fly like pigeons, my little game-cock!

Don Fer. Oh, I fancy this is the gentleman that was attacked. Not hurt, I hope, sir?

Don Scipio. No, I'm a tough old blade—Oh, gadso, well thought on—feel if there's a ring on the purse, it's a relic of my deceased lady, it's with some regret I ask you to return it.

Don Fer. Return what, sir?

Don Scipio. A ring you'll find on the purse.

Don Fer. Ring and purse! really, sir, I don't understand you.

Don Scipio. Well, well, no matter—A mercenary fellow! [*Aside.*

Don Fer. The old gentleman has been robbed, and is willing that I should reimburse his losses. [*Aside.*

Don Scipio. It grows lighter: I think I can distinguish the path I lost—follow me, my hero, and—[*As going, suddenly turns, and looks steadfastly at* DON FERNANDO.] Zounds, signor, I hope you are not in a passion, but I think you look six feet high again.

Don Fer. A strange, mad old fellow this! [*Aside.*

Don Scipio. *These* rascals may rally, so come along

to my castle, and my daughter Victoria shall welcome the preserver of her father.

Don Fer. Your daughter Victoria! Then, perhaps, sir, you are Don Scipio, my intended father-in law?

Don Scipio. Eh! why, zounds! is it possible that you can be my expected son, Fernando?

Don Fer. The same, sir; and was on my journey to your castle, when benighted in the forest here.

Don Scipio. Oh, my dear boy! [*Embraces him.*] Damned mean of him to take my purse though—[*Aside.*] Ah, Fernando, you were resolved to touch some of your wife's fortune before-hand.

Don Fer. Sir—I—

Don Scipio. Hush! You have the money, and keep it—ay, and the ring too; I'm glad it's not gone out of the family—Hey, it grows lighter—Come.—

Don Fer. My rascal Pedrillo is fallen asleep somewhere.

Don Scipio. No, we are not safe here—Come then, my dear—brave, valiant—Cursed paltry to take my purse though. [*Aside.—Exeunt.*

Spado. [*Who had been listening, advances*] So, then, our old gentleman is father to Victoria, my young banker, Alphonso's mistress, and the other is Fernando, his dreaded rival—this is the first time they ever saw each other too——He has a servant too, and his name Pedrillo—a thought strikes me, if I could by cross paths, but get to the castle before them, I'll raise a most delicious commotion—In troubled waters I throw my fishing hook—[*Whistle without.*]—Excuse me, gentlemen, I'm engaged.

[*Exit.—A distant Whistle heard without.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in SCIPIO's *Castle.*

Enter VICTORIA *and* CATILINA.

Catil. Nay, dear madam, do not submit to go into the nunnery.

Vict. Yes, Catilina, my father desires I shall take the veil, and a parent's voice is the call of Heaven!

Catil. Heaven! Well, though the fellows swear I'm an angel, this world is good enough for me—Dear ma'm, I wish I could but once see you in love.

Vict. Heigho! Catilina, I wonder what sort of gentleman this Don Fernando is, who is contracted to me, and hourly expected at the castle.

Catil. A beautiful man, I warrant—But, maa'm, you're not to have him. Hush! Dame Isabel, not content with making your father, by slights and ill usage, force your brother, poor Don Cæsar, to run about the world, in the Lord knows what wild courses, but she now has persuaded the old gentleman to pass her daughter on Don Fernando, for you—There, yonder she is, flaunting, so be-jewelled, and be-plumed—Well, if I was you, they might take my birthright—but my husband—take my man—the deuce shall take them first! Ah, no! if I ever do go to heaven, I'll have a smart lad in my company. Send you to a nunnery!

Vict. Was my fond mother alive!—Catilina, my father will certainly marry this Dame Isabel; I'm now an alien to his affections, bereft of every joy and every hope, I shall quit the world without a sigh.

AIR V.—VICTORIA.

Ah, solitude, take my distress,
My griefs I'll unbosom to thee,
Each sigh thou canst gently repress,
Thy silence is music to me.

Yet peace from my sonnet may spring,
For peace let me fly the gay throng,
To soften my sorrows I sing,
Yet sorrow's the theme of my song.

[*Exit* VICTORIA.

Catil. I quit this castle as soon as ever Donna Victoria enters a nunnery—Shall I go with her? No, I was never made for a nun—Aye, I'll back to the vineyard, and if my sweetheart, Philippo, is as fond as ever, who knows—I was his queen of all the girls, though the charming youth was the guitar, flute, fiddle, and hautboy of our village.

AIR VI.—CATILINA.

Like my dear swain, no youth you'd see
So blithe, so gay, so full of glee,
In all our village, who but he
To foot it up so featly—
His lute to hear,
From far and near,
Each female came,
Both girl and dame,
And all his boon
For every tune,
To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

While round him in the jocund ring,
We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing,
Of May, the youth was chosen king,
He caught our ears so neatly.
Such music rare,
In his guitar,
But touch his flute
The crowd was mute,
His only boon
For every tune,
To kiss us round so sweetly. [Exit.

Enter VASQUEZ, *introducing* SPADO.

Vas. I'll inform Dame Isabel, sir—please to wait a moment. [*Exit* VASQUEZ.

Spado. Sir!—This Dame Isabel is, it seems, a widow-gentlewoman, whom Don Scipio has retained ever since the death of his lady, as supreme directress over his family, has such an ascendency, prevailed on him, even to drive his own son out of his house, and, ha! ha! ha! is now drawing the old don into a matrimonial noose, ha! ha! ha! Egad, I am told, rules the roast here in the castle—Yes, yes, she's my mark Hem! Now for my story, but my scheme is up, if I tell here a single truth—Ah, no fear of that.—Oh, this way she moves—

Enter DAME ISABEL *and* VASQUEZ.

Isab. Don Scipio not returned! a foolish old man, rambling about at this time of night! Stay, Vasquez, where's this strange, ugly little fellow you said wanted to speak with me?

Vas. [*Confused.*] Madam, I did not say—

Spado. No matter, young man—Hem! [*Exit* VASQUEZ.

Isab. Well, sir, pray who are you?

Spado. [*Bowing obsequiously.*] Madam, I have the honour to be confidential servant and secretary to Don Juan, father to Don Fernando de Zelva.

Isab. Don Fernando! Heavens! is he arrived? Here, Vasquez, Lopez, Diego! [*Calling.*

Spado. Hold, madam! he's not arrived; Most sagacious lady, please to lend your attention for a few moments, to an affair of the highest importance to Don Scipio's family. My young master is coming——

Isab. Well, sir!

Spado. Incog.

Isab. Incog!

Spado. Madam, you shall hear—[*Aside.*]—Now for a lie worth twenty pistoles—The morning before his departure, Don Fernando calls me into his closet, and shutting the door, "Spado," says he, "you know this obstinate father of mine, has engaged me to marry a lady I have never seen, and to-morrow, by his order, I set out for Don Scipio, her father's castle, for that purpose; but," says he, striking his breast with one hand, twisting his mustaches with the other, and turning up his eyes—"if, when I see her, she don't hit my fancy, I'll not marry her, by the——I shan't mention his oath before you, madam.

Isab. No, pray don't sir.

Spado. "Therefore," says he, "I design to dress Pedrillo, my arch dog of a valet, in a suit of my clothes, and he shall personate me at Don Scipio's castle, while I, in a livery, pass for him—If I like the lady, I resume my own character, and take her hand, if not, the deceit continues, and Pedrillo weds Donna Victoria, just to warn parental tyranny how it dares to clap up marriage, without consulting our inclinations."

Isab. Here's a discovery! so then, it's my poor child that must have fallen into this snare—[*Aside.*] Well, good sir.

Spado. "And, (continued he) Spado, I appoint you my trusty spy in this Don Scipio's family; to cover our designs, let it be a secret that you belong to me, and I shan't seem even to know you—You'll easily get a footing in the family, (says he) by imposing some lie or other, upon a foolish woman, I'm told, is in the castle, Dame Isabel I think they call her.

Isab. He shall find I am not so easily imposed upon.

Spado. I said so, madam; says I, a lady of Dame Isabel's wisdom must soon find me out, was I to tell her a lie.

Isab. Ay, that I should, sir.

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Oh, madam! my master is returned, and Don Fernando de Zelva with him. [*Exit* VASQUEZ.

Isab. Don Fernando! Oh, then, this is the rascally valet, but I'll give him a welcome with a vengeance!

Spado. Hold, madam! Suppose for a little sport, you seem to humour the deceit, only to see how the fellow acts his part, he'll play the gentleman very well, I'll warrant; the dog is an excellent mimic, for, you must know, ma'am, this Pedrillo's mother was a gipsy, his father a merry Andrew to a mountebank, and he himself five years trumpeter to a company of strolling players.

Isab. So, I was likely to have a hopeful son-in law! Good sir, we are eternally indebted to you for this timely notice of the imposition.

Spado. Madam, I've done the common duties of an honest man—I have been long in the family, and can't see my master making such a fool of himself, without endeavouring to prevent any mischance in consequence.

Isab. Dear sir, I beseech you be at home under this roof, pray be free, and want for nothing the house affords.

Spado. [*Bows.*] Good madam! I'll want for nothing I can lay my fingers on. [*Aside.—Exit* SPADO.

Isab. Heavens! what an honest soul it is! what a lucky discovery! Oh, here comes my darling girl!

Enter LORENZA, *magnificently dressed.*

Lor. Oh, cara Madre! See, behold!—Can I fail of captivating Don Fernando? Don't I look charming?

Isab. Why, Lorenza, I must say the toilet has done it's duty, I'm glad to see you in such spirits, my dear child!

Lor. Spirits! ever gay, ever sprightly, cheerful as a lark—but how shall I forget my Florence lover, my dear Ramirez?

Isab. I request, my dear, you'll not think of this Ramirez—even from your own account of him, he must be a person of most dissolute principles—fortunately he knows you only by your name of Lorenza. I hope he won't find you out here.

Lor. Then farewell, beloved Ramirez! In obedience to your commands, madam, I shall accept of this Don Fernando; and as a husband, I will love him if I can—

AIR VII.—LORENZA.

Love! gay illusion!
Pleasing delusion,
With sweet intrusion,
Possesses the mind.

Love with love meeting,
Passion is fleeting;
Vows in repeating
We trust to the wind.

Faith to faith plighted,
Love may be blighted;
Hearts often slighted
Will cease to be kind.

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Madam—my master and Don Fernando.
Isab. Has Don Fernando a servant with him?
Vas No, madam.
Isab. Oh, when he comes, take notice of him.

Enter DON SCIPIO *and* FERNANDO.

Don Scipio. Oh, my darling dame, and my delicate daughter, bless your stars that you see poor old Scipio alive again—Behold my son-in-law and the preserver of my life—Don Fernando, there's your spouse, and this is Donna Isabella, a lady of vast merit, of which my heart is sensible.

Don Fer. Madam! [*Salutes.*

Isab. What an impudent fellow! [*Aside.*

Don Scipio. Dear Fernando, you are as welcome to this castle as flattery to a lady, but there she is—bill and coo—embrace—caress her.

[FERDINAND *salutes* LORENZA.

Lor. If I had never seen Ramirez, I should think the man tolerable enough! [*Aside.*

Don Scipio. Ha! ha! this shall be the happy night—Eh, Dame Isabel, by our agreement, before the lark sings, I take possession of this noble tenement.

Don Fer. Don Scipio, I hop'd to have the honour of seeing your son.

Don Scipio. My son! Who, Cæsar? Oh, lord! He's—He was a—turned out a profligate—Sent him to Italy—got into bad company—don't know what's become of him—My dear friend, if you would not offend me, never mention Don Cæsar in my hearing,

Egad—Eh, my dainty dame, is not Don Fernando a find fellow?

Isab. Yes, he's well enough for a trumpeter.

Don Scipio. Trumpeter! [*With Surprise.*] what the devil do you mean by that? Oh, because I sound his praise; but, madam, he's a cavalier of noble birth, title, fortune, and valour—

Isab. Don Scipio, a word if you please.

[*Takes him aside.*

Lor. [*To* FERNANDO.] Si—Signor, our castle here is rather a gloomy mansion, when compared to the beautiful cassinos, on the banks of the Arno.

Don Fer. Arno! true, Don Scipio said in his letter, that his daughter had been bred at Florence.

Lor. You have had an unpleasant journey, signor.

Don Fer. I have encountered some difficulties by the way, it is true, madam; but am amply repaid by the honour and happiness I now enjoy. [*Bows.*

Lor. Sir!—I swear he's a polite cavalier! [*Aside.*] Won't you please to sit, sir? I fancy you must be somewhat weary. [*Sits.*

Don Scipio. What the devil! Eh, sure—what this fellow only Don Fernando's footman! how! it can't be!

Isab. A fact; and presently you'll see Don Fernando himself in livery.

Don Scipio. Look at the impudent son of a gipsy—Sat himself down—Zounds! I'll—

Isab. Hold! let him play off a few of his airs.

Don Scipio. A footman! Ay, this accounts for his behaviour in the forest—Don Fernando would never have accepted my purse—[*Taps his Shoulder.*]—Hey, what, you've got there!

Don Fer. Will you please to sit, sir? [*Rises.*

Don Scipio. Yes, he looks like a trumpeter. [*Aside.*] You may sit down, friend. [*With Contempt.*

Don Fer. A strange old gentleman!

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Sir, your servant Pedrillo, is arrived.
[*Exit* VASQUEZ.

Isab. Servant Pedrillo! Ay, this is Fernando himself. [*Apart, joyfully to* SCIPIO.

Don Fer. Oh, then the fellow has found his way at last. Don Scipio—Ladies—excuse me a moment.
[*Exit* FERNANDO.

Lor. What a charming fellow!

Don Scipio. What an impudent rascal!

Ped. [*Without.*] Is my master this way?

Don Scipio. Master! ay, this is Fernando.

Enter PEDRILLO, *with a Portmanteau.*

Ped. Oh dear! I've got among the gentlefolks—I ask pardon.

Isab. How well he does look and act the servant!

Don Scipio. Admirable; yet I perceive the grandee under the livery.

Isab. Please to sit sir. [*With great Respect.*

Lor. A livery servant sit down by me!

Don Scipio. Pray sit down, sir. [*Ceremoniously.*

Ped. Sit down! [*Sits.*] Oh, these must be the upper servants of the family—her ladyship here is the housekeeper, I suppose—the young tawdry tit, lady's maid—(Hey, her mistress throws off good clothes.) and old whiskers, Don Scipio's butler. [*Aside.*

Enter DON FERNANDO.

Don Fer. Pedrillo! how! seated? what means this disrespect?

Ped. Sir. [*Rises to him.*] Old Whiskers the butler there, asked me to sit down by Signora the waiting maid here.

Don Fer. Sirrah!

Ped. Yes, sir.

Don Scipio. Sir and sirrah! how rarely they act their parts! I'll give them an item, though, that I understand the plot of their comedy. [*Aside.*

AIR VIII.—QUINTETTO.

D. Scipio. *Signor!* [To PEDRILLO.]
Your wits must be keener,
Our prudence to elude,
Your fine plot,
Tho' so pat,
Will do you little good.
Ped. *My fine plot!*
I'm a sot,
If I know what
These gentlefolks are at.
Fer. *Past the perils of the night,*
Tempests, darkness, rude alarms;
Phœbus rises clear and bright,
In the lustre of your charms.
Lor. *O, charming, I declare,*
So polite a cavalier!
He understands the duty,
And homage due to beauty.
D. Scipio. *Bravo! O bravissimo!*
Lor. *Caro! O carissimo!*
How sweet his honey words,
How noble is his mien!
D. Scipio. *Fine feathers make fine birds,*
The footman's to be seen.
But both deserve a basting!
Ped. *Since morning I've been fasting.*
D. Scipio. *Yet I could laugh for anger.*
Ped. *Oh, I could cry for hunger.*
D. Scipio. *I could laugh.*
Ped. *I could cry.*
D. Scipio. *I could quaff.*
Ped. *So could I.*

D. Scipio. *Ha! ha! ha! I'm in a fit.*
Ped. *Oh, I could pick a little bit.*
D. Scipio. *Ha! ha! ha!*
Ped. *Oh! oh! oh!*
Lor. *A very pleasant party!*
D. Fer. *A whimsical reception!*
D. Scipio. *A whimsical deception!*
But master and man, accept a welcome hearty.
D. Fer. } *Accept our thanks sincere, for such a welcome*
Ped. } *hearty.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Antique Apartment in the Castle.

Enter DON CÆSAR, *with precaution.*

Don Cæsar. Thus far I've got into the castle unperceiv'd—I'm certain Sanguino means the old gentleman a mischief, which nature bids me endeavour to prevent. I saw the rascal slip in at the postern below; but where can he have got to! [*A sliding Pannel opens in the Wainscot, and* SANGUINO *comes out.*] Yes, yonder he issues, like a rat or a spider.—How now, Sanguino!

Sang. Captain Ramirez!

Don Cæsar. On enterprize without my knowledge! What's *your business here?*

Sang. Revenge! Look—[*Shows a Stilletto.*] if I meet Don Scipio—

Don Cæsar. A stilletto! I command you to quit your purpose.

Sang. What, no satisfaction for my wound last night, and lose my booty too!

Don Cæsar. Your wound was chance—Put up—We shall have noble booty here, and that's our business—But you seem to know your ground here, Sanguino?

Sang. I was formerly Master of the Horse to Count D'Olivi the last resident here, so am well acquainted with the galleries, lobbies, windings, turnings, and every secret lurking place in the castle.

Don Cæsar. I missed Spado at the muster this morning—did he quit the cave with you?

Spado. [*Without.*] As sure as I'm alive it's fact, sir,—

Don Cæsar. Isn't that Spado's voice?

Sang. Impossible!

Don Cæsar. Hush! [*They retire.*

Enter DON SCIPIO *and* SPADO.

Don Scipio. Yes, I've heard of such places; but you say you've been in the cave where these ruffian banditti live?

Spado. Most certainly, sir; for after having robbed me of five hundred doubloons, the wicked rogues barbarously stripped, and tied me neck and heels, threw me across a mule, like a sack of corn, and led me blindfold to their cursed cavern.

Don Scipio. Ah, poor fellow!

Spado. There, sir, in this skulking hole the villains live in all manner of debauchery, and dart out upon the innocent traveller, like beasts of prey.

Don Scipio. Oh, the tigers! just so they fastened upon me last night, but your sham Fernando, and I,

made them run like hares; I gave him my purse for his trouble.

Spado. And he took it! what a mean fellow!—you ought not to have ventur'd out unarmed—I always take a blunderbuss when I go upon the road—the rascal banditti are most infernal cowards.

Don Scipio. What a glorious thing to deliver these reprobates into the hands of justice!

Spado. Ah, sir, 'twould be a blessed affair—Oh, I'd hang them up, like mad dogs!

Don Scipio. Well, you say you know the cave?

Spado. Yes, yes, I slipp'd the handkerchief from my eyes, and took a peep, made particular observations of the spot; so get a strong guard, and I'll lead you to the very trap-door of their den.

Don Scipio. Egad, then we'll surprise them, and you'll have the prayers of the whole country, my honest friend.

Spado. Heav'n knows, sir, I have no motives for this discovery but the public good, so I expect the country will order me a hundred pistoles, as a reward for my honesty.

Don Cæsar. Here's a pretty dog! [*Apart.*

Sang. Ay, ay, he han't long to live. [*Apart.*

Don Scipio. An hundred pistoles!

Spado. Sir, have an eye upon their captain, as they call him, he's the most abandon'd, impudent profligate —[*Suddenly turning sees* CÆSAR, *who shows a Pistol.*] Captain did I say. [*Terrified.*] Oh, no; the Captain's a very worthy goodnatured fellow—I meant a scoundrel, who thinks he ought to be captain, one Sanguino, the most daring, wicked and bloody villain that— [*Turning the other way, perceives* SANGUINO *with a Pistol.*] but indeed, I found Sanguino an honest, goodnatured fellow too— [*With increased terror.*

Don Scipio. Hey, a bloody, wicked, honest, goodnatured fellow! what is all this?

Spado. Yes; then, sir, I *thought*, I saw these two

gentlemen, and at that instant, I *thought* they looked so terrible, that with the fright, I *awoke*.

Don Scipio. Awoke! what the devil then, is all this but a dream you have been telling me?

Spado. Ay, sir, and the most frightful dream I ever had in my life. I'm at this instant frightened out of my wits.

Don Scipio. You do look frightened indeed—poor man! I thought this cave was—

Spado. Don't mention cave, or I faint—heigho!

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Dame Isabel wants to speak with you, sir.

Don Scipio. I'll wait on her.

Spado. Yes, I'll wait on her. [*Going hastily.*

Don Scipio. You! she don't want you.

Spado. Dear sir, she can't do without me at this time. [*Exit* SCIPIO.] I come. [*Going.*

Don Cæsar. No, you stay.— [*Pulls him back.*

Spado. Ah, my dear captain. [*Affecting surprise and joy.*] What, and my little Sanguino too! Who could have thought of your finding me out here?

Don Cæsar. Yes, you are found out. [*Significantly.*

Spado. Such discoveries as I have made in the castle!—

Don Cæsar. You're to make discoveries in the forest too.

Sang. Our cave!

Spado. Oh, you overheard that! Didn't I hum the old fellow finely? Ha! ha! ha!

Sang. And for your reward, traitor, take this to your heart. [*Offers to stab him.*

Don Cæsar. Hold, Sanguino.

Spado. Nay, my dear Sanguino, stay! What the devil—So here, I can't run a jest upon a silly old man, but I must be run through with a stilletto!

Don Cæsar. Come, Spado, confess what really brought you here.

Spado. Business, my dear sir, business; all in our own way too, for I designed to let every man of you into the castle this very night, when all the family are in bed, and plunder's the word—Oh, such a delicious booty! pyramids of plate, bags of gold, and little chests of diamonds!

Sang. Indeed!

Spado. Sanguino, look at that closet.

Sang. Well!

Spado. A glorious prize!

Sang. Indeed!

Spado. Six chests of massy plate! Look, only look into the closet; wait here a moment, and I'll fetch a master key that shall open every one of them.

Don Cæsar. Hey! Let's see those chests.

Sang. Massy plate! Quick, quick, the master key.

Spado. I'll fetch it.

Sang. Do, but make haste, Spado.

Spado. I will, my dear boy.

[*Exit* SANGUINO *and* DON CÆSAR.

My good—honest—Oh, you two thieves! [*Aside.*

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don Scipio. Now, Spado, I—hey, where is my little dreamer? but why is this door open; this closet contains many valuables—Why will they leave it open? Let's see— [*Goes into the Closet.*

Enter SPADO *with a Portmanteau.*

Spado. [*As entering.*] I have no key—However I have stol'n Don Fernando's portmanteau as a peace-offering for these two rascals! Are you there? What a pity the coming of my fellow-rogues! I should have had the whole castle to myself—Oh, what a charming seat of work for a man of my industry—[*Speaking at Closet Door.*] You find the chests there—you may

convey them out at night, and as for cutting Don Scipio's throat—that I leave to—

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don Scipio. Cut my throat!—What, are you at your dreams again?

Spado. [*Aside.*] Oh, zounds!—Yes, sir, as I was telling you.

Don Scipio. Of a little fellow, you have the worst dreams I ever heard.

Spado. Shocking sir—then I thought—

Don Scipio. Hold, hold, let me hear no more of your curst dreams.

Spado. I've got off, thanks to his credulity. [*Aside.*

Don Scipio. What portmanteau's that?

Spado. 'Sdeath, I'm on again! [*Aside.*

Don Scipio. Fernando's I think.

Spado. [*Affecting surprise.*] What, my master's?—egad so it is.—But I wonder who could have brought it here.—Ay, ay, my fellow servant Pedrillo is now too grand to mind his business;—And my master I find, though he has taken the habit, scorns the office of a servant—So I must look after the things myself.

Don Scipio. Ay, ay, take care of them.

Spado. Yes, sir, I'll take care of them!

Don Scipio. Ha! ha! ha! what a strange whimsical fellow this master of yours! with his plots and disguises.—Think to impose upon me too.—But I think I'm far from a fool.

Spado. [*Looking archly at him.*] That's more than I am.

Don Scipio. So he pretends not to know you, though he has sent you here as a spy, to see what you can pick up?

Spado. Yes, sir, I came here to see what I can pick up. [*Takes up the Portmanteau.*

Don Scipio. What an honest servant!—he has an *eye to every thing!* [*Exit* DON SCIPIO.

Spado. But before I turn honest, I must get somewhat to keep me so.

AIR X.—SPADO.

In the forest here hard by,
A bold robber late was I,
Sword and blunderbuss in hand,
When I bid a trav'ller stand;
Zounds deliver up your cash,
Or straight I'll pop and slash,
All among the leaves so green-o,
Damme, sir,
If you stir,
Sluice your veins,
Blow your brains,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.

II.

Soon I'll quit the roving trade,
When a gentleman I'm made;
Then so spruce and debonnaire,
'Gad, I'll court a lady fair;
How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,
How I'll kiss her, and all that,
All amongst the leaves so green-o!
How d'ye do?
How are you?
Why so coy?
Let us toy,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.

III.

But ere old, and grey my pate,
I'll scrape up a snug estate:
With my nimbleness of thumbs,
I'll soon butter all my crumbs.
When I'm justice of the peace,
Then I'll master many a lease,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.
Wig profound,
Belly round,
Sit at ease,
Snatch the fees,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green-o. [Exit.

SCENE II.

An Apartment.

Enter DON FERNANDO.

Don Fer. A wild scheme of my father's, to think of an alliance with this mad family; yes, Don Scipio's brain is certainly touched beyond cure, his daughter, my cara sposa of Italy, don't suit my idea of what a wife should be—no, the lovely novice, this poor relation of Dame Isabel, has caught my heart. I'm told to-morrow she's to be immured in a convent; what if I ask Dame Isabel, if—but she, and indeed Don Scipio, carry themselves very strangely towards me—I can't imagine what's become of my rascal Pedrillo.

Enter PEDRILLO, *in an elegant Morning Gown, Cap and Slippers.*

Ped. Strange, the respect I meet in this family. I hope we don't take horse after my master's wedding. I should like to marry here myself,—before I unrobe I'll attack one of the maids!—Faith a very modish dress to go courting in,—hide my livery, and I am quite gallant.

Don Fer. Oh here's a gentleman I han't seen before!

Ped. Tol de rol!

Don Fer. Pray, sir, may I—Pedrillo, [*Surprised.*] where have you—hey! what, ha! ha! ha! what's the matter with you!

Ped. Matter!—Why, sir, I don't know how it was, but somehow or other last night, I happened to sit down to a supper of only twelve covers, cracked two bottles of choice wine, slept in an embroider'd bed, where I sunk in down, and lay till this morning like a diamond in cotton.—So, indeed, sir, I don't know what's the matter with me.

Don Fer. I can't imagine how, or what it all means.

Ped. Why, sir, Don Scipio, being a gentleman of discernment, perceives my worth, and values it.

Don Fer. Then, sir, if you are a gentleman of such prodigious merit, be so obliging, with submission to your cap and gown, as to—pull off my boots.

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vas. Sir, the ladies wait breakfast for you.. [*To* PEDRILLO, *with great respect.*

Don Fer. My respects, I attend them.

Vas. You! I mean his honour here.

Ped. Oh, you mean my honour here.

Don Fer. Well, but perhaps my good friend, I may like a dish of chocolate as well as his honour here.

Vas. Chocolate, ha! ha! ha! [*With a sneer.*
Ped. Chocolate, ha! ha! ha!
Don Fer. I'll teach you to laugh, sirrah!
[*Beats* PEDRILLO.
Ped. Teach me to laugh! you may be a good master, but you've a very bad method—But, hey for chocolate and the ladies.
[*Exeunt* PEDRILLO *and* VASQUEZ.
Don Fer. Don Scipio shall render me an account for this treatment; bear his contempt, and become the butt for the jests of his insolent servants! As I don't like his daughter, I have now a fair excuse, and indeed a just cause to break my contract, and quit his castle; but then, I leave behind the mistress of my soul—Suppose I make her a tender of my heart—but that might offend, as she must know my hand is engaged to another—When I looked, she turned her lovely eyes averted—Doom'd to a nunnery!

AIR XI.—FERNANDO.

My fair one, like the blushing rose,
Can sweets to every sense disclose:
Those sweets I'd gather, but her scorn
Then wounds me like the sharpest thorn.

With sighs each grace and charm I see
Thus doom'd to wither on the tree,
Till age shall chide the thoughtless maid,
When all those blooming beauties fade.

Hey, who comes here? this is the smart little girl who seems so much attached to the beautiful novice —No harm to speak with her—

Enter CATILINA.

So, my pretty primrose!

Catil. How do you do, Mr.—[*Pert and familiar.*] I don't know your name.

Don Fer. Not know my name! You must know who I am though, and my business here, child?

Catil. Lord, man, what signifies your going about to sift me, when the whole family knows you're Don Fernando's footman.

Don Fer. Am I faith? Ha! ha! ha! I'll humour this—Well then, my dear, you know that I am only Don Fernando's footman?

Catil. Yes, yes, we know that, notwithstanding your fine clothes.

Don Fer. But where's my master?

Catil. Don Fernando! he's parading the gallery yonder, in his sham livery and morning gown.

Don Fer. Oh, this accounts for twelve covers at supper, and the embroider'd bed; but who could have set such a jest going? I'll carry it on though—[*Aside.*] So then after all I am known here?

Catil. Ay, and if all the impostors in the castle were as well known, we shou'd have no wedding to-morrow night.

Don Fer. Something else will out—I'll seem to be in the secret, and perhaps may come at it—[*Aside.*] Ay, ay, that piece of deceit is much worse than ours.

Catil. That! what then you know that this Italian lady is not Don Scipio's daughter, but Dame Isabel's, and her true name Lorenza?

Don Fer. Here's a discovery! [*Aside.*] O yes, I know that.

Catil. You do! Perhaps you know too, that the young lady you saw me speak with just now is the real Donna Victoria?

Don Fer. Is it possible! Here's a piece of villany! [*Aside.*] Charming! let me kiss you, my dear girl.

[*Kisses her.*

Catil. Lord! he's a delightful man!

Don Fer. My little angel, a thousand thanks for this precious discovery.

Catil. Discovery!—Well, if you did not know it before, marry hang your assurance, I say—but I must about my business, can't play the lady as you played the gentleman, I've something else to do; so I desire you won't keep kissing me here all day. [*Exit.*

Don Fer. Why what a villain is this Don Scipio! ungrateful to—but I scorn to think of the services I rendered him last night in the forest, a false friend to my father, an unnatural parent to his amiable daughter! here my charmer comes. [*Retires.*

Enter VICTORIA.

Vict. Yes, Catilina must be mistaken, it is impossible he can be the servant,—no, no; that dignity of deportment, and native elegance of manner, can never be assumed; yonder he walks, and my fluttering heart tells me, this is really the amiable Fernando, that I must resign to Dame Isabel's daughter.

Don Fer. Stay, lovely Victoria!

Vict. Did you call me, sir!—Heavens, what have I said! [*Confused.*] I mean, signor, would you wish to speak with Donna Victoria? I'll inform her, sir. [*Going.*

Don Fer. Oh, I could speak to her for ever, for ever gaze upon her charms, thus transfixed with wonder and delight.

Vict. Pray, signor, suffer me to withdraw.

Don Fer. For worlds I would not offend! but think not, lady, 'tis the knowledge of your quality that attracts my admiration.

Vict. Nay, signor.

Don Fer. I know you to be Don Scipio's daughter, the innocent victim of injustice and oppression; therefore I acknowledge to you, and you alone, that, whatever you may have heard to the contrary, I really am Fernando de Zelva.

Vict. Signor, how you became acquainted with the secret of my birth, I know not; but from an acquaintance so recent, your compliment I receive as a mode of polite gallantry without a purpose.

Don Fer. What your modesty regards as cold compliments, are sentiments, warm with the dearest purpose; I came hither to ratify a contract with Don Scipio's daughter; you are she, the beautiful Victoria, destined for the happy Fernando.

Vict. Pray rise, signor;—My father perhaps, even to himself, cannot justify his conduct to me; But to censure that, or to pervert his intentions, would, in me, be a breach of filial duty.

AIR XII.—VICTORIA.

By woes thus surrounded, how vain the gay smile
Of the little blind archer, those woes to beguile?
Though skilful, he misses, his aim it is cross'd,
His quiver exhausted, his arrows are lost.
Your love, though sincere, on the object you lose,
[Aside.] *How sweet is the passion! Ah, must I refuse?*
If filial affection that passion should sway,
Then love's gentle dictates I cannot obey.

Don Fer. And do you, can you wish me to espouse Donna Lorenza, Isabella's daughter?—Say, you do not, do but satisfy me so far.

Vict. Signor, do not despise me if I own, that, before I saw in you, the husband of Don Scipio's daughter, I did not once regret that I had lost that title.

Don Fer. A thousand thanks, for this generous, this amiable condescension,—Oh, my Victoria! If fortune but favours my design, you shall yet triumph over the malice of your enemies.

Vict. Yonder is Dame Isabel, if she sees you speaking to me, she'll be early to frustrate whatever

you may purpose for my advantage. Signor, farewell!

Don Fer. My life, my love, adieu!

AIR XIV. DUETT.—VICTORIA *and* FERNANDO.

Don Fer. *So faithful to my fair I'll prove,*
Vict. *So kind and constant to my love,*
Don Fer. *I'd never range,*
Vict. *I'd never change,*
Both. *Nor time, nor chance, my faith shall move.*

Vict. *No ruby clusters grace the vine,*
Don Fer. *Ye sparkling stars forget to shine.*
Vict. *Sweet flowers to spring.*
Don Fer. *Gay birds to sing,*
Both. *Those hearts then part that love shall join.*

[Exeunt.

Enter FERNANDO.

Don Fer. This is fortunate; the whole family, except Victoria, are firmly possessed with the idea, that I am but the servant.—Well, since they will have me an imposter, they shall find me one; In Heaven's name, let them continue in their mistake, and bestow their mock Victoria upon my sham Fernando. I shall have a pleasant and just revenge for their perfidy; and, perhaps, obtain Don Scipio's real, lovely daughter, the sum of my wishes.—Here comes Don Scipio—Now to begin my operations.

Enter DON SCIPIO.

[*As wishing* DON SCIPIO *to overhear him.*] I'm quite weary of playing the gentleman, I long to get into my livery again.

Don Scipio. Get into his livery! [*Aside.*

Don Fer. These clothes fall to my share, however; my master will never wear them after me.

Don Scipio. His master! ay, ay. [*Aside.*

Don Fer. I wish he'd own himself, for I'm certain Don Scipio suspects who I am.

Don Scipio. Suspect! I know who you are, [*Advancing to him.*] So get into your livery again as fast as you can.

Don Fer. Ha, my dear friend, Don Scipio, I was—

Don Scipio. Friend! you impudent rascal! I'll break your head, if you make so free with me. None of your swaggering, sirrah.—How the fellow acts! it wasn't for nothing he was among the strolling players; but, harkye, my lad, be quiet, for you're blown here, without the help of your trumpet.

Don Fer. Lord, your honour, how came you to know that I am Pedrillo?

Don Scipio. Why, I was told of it by your fellow—hold, I must not betray my little dreamer though—[*Aside.*]—No matter who told me; I—but here comes your master.

Don Fer. Pedrillo! The fellow will spoil all; I wish I had given him his lesson before I began with Don Scipio. [*Aside.*

Don Scipio. I hope he'll now have done with his gambols.

Don Fer. Sir, my master is such an obstinate gentleman, as sure as you stand here, he'll still deny himself to be Don Fernando.

Don Scipio. Will he? then I'll write his father an account of his vagaries.

Enter PEDRILLO.

Ped. Master, shall I shave you this morning?

Don Scipio. Shave! Oh, my dear sir, time to give over your tricks and fancies.

Ped. [*Surprised.*] My tricks and fancies!

Don Fer. Yes, sir, you are found out.

Ped. I am found out!

Don Scipio. So you may as well confess.

Ped. What the devil shall I confess?

Don Scipio. He still persists! Harkye, young gentleman, I'll send your father an account of your pranks, and he'll trim your jacket for you.

Ped. Nay, sir, for the matter of that, my father could trim your jacket for you.

Don Scipio. Trim my jacket, young gentleman!

Ped. Why, he's the best tailor in Cordova.

Don Scipio. His father's a tailor in Cordova!

Don Fer. Ay, he'll ruin all—[*Aside.*]—Let me speak to him. Tell Don Scipio, you are the master.
[*Apart to* PEDRILLO.

Ped. I will, sir.—Don Scipio, you are the master.

Don Scipio. What!

Don Fer. Stupid dog!—[*Apart to* PEDRILLO.]—Say you are Fernando, and I am Pedrillo.

Ped. I will—Sir, you are Fernando, and I am Pedrillo.

Don Fer. Dull rogue! [*Aside.*] I told you, sir, he'd persist in it. [*Apart to* DON SCIPIO.

Don Scipio. Yes, I see it; but I tell you what, Don Fernando.—[LORENZA *sings without.*] My daughter! Zounds! don't let your mistress see you any more in this cursed livery.—Look at the gentleman, hold up your head—egad, Pedrillo's acting was better than your natural manner.

Don Fer. Ah, sir, if you were to see my master dressed—the livery makes such an alteration!

Don Scipio. True! curse the livery.

Ped. It's bad enough; but my master gives new liveries on his marriage.

Don Fer. An insensible scoundrel! [*Aside.*

Enter LORENZA.

Lor. Oh, caro, Signor, every body says that you are [*To* DON FERNANDO.] not Don Fernando.

Don Scipio. Every body's right, for here he stands, like a young tailor of Cordova. [*To* PEDRILLO.

Lor. Oh, what? then this is Pedrillo?

[*To* FERNANDO.

Don Fer. At your service, ma'am. [*Bowing.*

Ped. That Pedrillo! then, who the devil am I?

Don Fer. Here, rogue, this purse is yours—say you are Don Fernando. [*Apart to* PEDRILLO.

Ped. Oh, sir—now I understand you.—True, Don Scipio, I am all that he says.

Don Scipio. Hey! Now that's right and sensible, and like yourself; but I'll go bustle about our business, for we'll have all our love affairs settled this evening.

[*Exeunt* DON SCIPIO *and* FERNANDO.

Lor. So, then, you're to be my husband, ha! ha! ha!

Ped. Eh!

Lor. Well, if not, I can be as cold as you are indifferent.

AIR XV.—LORENZA.

If I my heart surrender,
Be ever fond and tender,
And sweet connubial joys shall crown
Each soft rosy hour:
In pure delight each heart shall own
Love's triumphant pow'r.
See brilliant belles admiring,
See splendid beaux desiring,
All for a smile expiring,
Where'er Lorenza moves.
To balls and routs resorting,
O bliss supreme, transporting!
Yet ogling, flirting, courting,
'Tis you alone, that loves.

If I my heart surrender, &c. [Exeunt.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Grand Saloon.

Enter DON SCIPIO *and* VASQUEZ.

Don Scipio. D'ye hear, Vasquez, run to Father Benedick, tell him to wipe his chin, go up to the chapel, put on his spectacles, open his breviary,—find out matrimony, and wait till we come to him.—[*Exit* VASQUEZ.] Then, hey, for a brace of weddings!

AIR XVII.—DON SCIPIO.

Then hey for a lass and a bottle to cheer,
And a thumping bantling every year!
With skin as white as snow,
And hair as brown as a berry!
With eyes as black as a sloe,
And lips as red as a cherry;
Sing rory tory,
Dancing, prancing,
Laugh and lie down is the play,
We'll fondle together,
In spite of the weather,
And kiss the cold winter away.

Laugh while you live,
For as life is a jest,
Who laughs the most,
Is sure to live best.
When I was not so old,
I frolick'd among the misses;
And when they thought me too bold,
I stopp'd their mouths with kisses.
Sing rory, tory, &c.

I wonder, is Don Fernando drest—Oh, here comes the servant, in his proper habiliments!

Enter DON FERNANDO, *in a Livery.*

Ay, now, my lad, you look something like.

Don Fer. Yes, your honour, I was quite sick of my grandeur—My passing so well in this disguise, gives me a very humble opinion of myself. [*Aside.*

Don Scipio. But, Pedrillo, is your master equipped? 'faith, I long to see him in his proper garb.

Don Fer. Why, no, sir, we're a little behind hand with our finery, on account of a portmanteau of clothes that's mislaid somewhere or other.

Don Scipio. Portmanteau! Oh, it's safe enough—Your fellow servant has it.

Don Fer. Fellow servant?

Don Scipio. Ay, the little spy has taken it in charge—Oh, here comes the very beagle.

Enter SPADO.

Well, my little dreamer, look; Pedrillo has got into his own clothes again.

Spado. [*Surprised and aside.*] Don Fernando in a livery! or is this really a servant? Zounds! sure I han't been telling truth all this while!—We must face it though—Ah, my dear old friend!—Glad to see you yourself again. [*Shakes Hands.*

Don Fer. My dear boy, I thank you.—[*Aside.*]—So, here's an old friend I never saw before.

Don Scipio. Tell Pedrillo where you have left your master's portmanteau. While I go lead him in triumph to his bride. [*Exit.*

Don Fer. Pray, my good, new, old friend, where has your care deposited this portmanteau?

Spado. Gone! [*Looking after* DON SCIPIO.

Don Fer. The portmanteau gone!

Spado. Ay, his senses are quite gone.

Don Fer. Where's the portmanteau that Don Scipio says you took charge of?

Spado. Portmanteau! Ah, the dear gentleman! Portmanteau did he say? yes, yes, all's over with his poor brain; yesterday his head run upon purses, and trumpeters, and the lord knows what; and to-day he talks of dreamers, spies, and portmanteaus.—Yes, yes, his wits are going.

Don Fer. It must be so; he talked to me last night and to-day of I know not what, in a strange incoherent style.

Spado. Grief—all grief.

Don Fer. If so, this whim of my being Pedrillo, is perhaps, the creation of his own brain,—but then, how could it have run through the whole family?—This is the first time I ever heard Don Scipio was disordered in his mind.

Spado. Ay, we'd all wish to conceal it from your master, lest it might induce him to break off the match, for I don't suppose he'd be very ready to marry into a mad family.

Don Fer. And pray, what are you, sir, in this mad family?

Spado. Don Scipio's own gentleman, these ten years—Yet, you heard him just now call me your fellow servant.—How you did stare when I accosted you as an old acquaintance!—But we always humour *him*—I should not have contradicted him, if he said *I was the pope's nuncio.*

Don Fer. [*Aside.*] Oh, then I don't wonder at Dame Isabel taking advantage of his weakness.

Spado. Another new whim of his,—he has taken a fancy, that every body has got a ring from him, which he imagines, belonged to his deceased lady.

Don Fer. True, he asked me something about a ring.

Don Scipio. [*Without.*] I'll wait on you presently.

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don Scipio. Ha, Pedrillo, now your disguises are over, return me the ring.

Spado. [*Apart to* FERNANDO.] You see he's at the ring again.

Don Scipio. Come, let me have it, lad, I'll give you a better thing, but that ring belonged to my deceased lady.

Spado. [*To* FERNANDO.] His deceased lady—Ay, there's the touch.

Don Fer. Poor gentleman! [*Aside.*

Don Scipio. Do let me have it.—Zounds, here's five pistoles, and the gold of the ring is not worth a dollar.

Spado. We always humour him; give him this ring, and take the money.

[*Apart.—Gives* FERNANDO *a Ring.*

Don Fer. [*Presents it to* DON SCIPIO.] There, sir.

Don Scipio. [*Gives Money.*] And there, sir,—Oh, you mercenary rascal! [*Aside.*] I knew 'twas on the purse I gave you last night in the forest.

Spado. Give me the cash, I must account for his pocket money.

[*Apart to, and taking the Money from,* FERNANDO.

Ped. [*Without.*] Pedrillo! Pedrillo! sirrah!

Don Scipio. Run, don't you hear your master, you brace of rascals?—Fly! [*Exit* SPADO.

Don Scipio. [*Looking out.*] What an alteration!

Enter PEDRILLO, *richly dressed.*

Ped. [*To* FERNANDO.] How now, sirrah! loitering here, and leave me to dress myself, hey!
[*With great Authority.*

Don Fer. Sir, I was—— [*With Humility.*

Ped. Was!—and are—and will be, a lounging rascal, but you fancy you are still in your finery, you idle vagabond!

Don Scipio. Bless me, Don Fernando is very passionate, just like his father.

Don Fer. [*Aside.*] The fellow, I see, will play his part to the top.

Ped. Well, Don Scipio,—A hey! an't I the man for the ladies? [*Strutting.*] I am, for I have studied Ovid's Art of Love.

Don Scipio. Yes, and Ovid's Metamorphoses too, ha! ha! ha!

Ped. [*Aside.*] He! he! he! what a sneaking figure my poor master cuts!—Egad! I'll pay him back all his domineering over me.—Pedrillo!

Don Fer. Your honour.

Ped. Fill this box with Naquatoch. [*Gives Box.*

Don Fer. Yes, sir. [*Going.*

Ped. Pedrillo!

Don Fer. Sir?

Ped. Perfume my handkerchief.

Don Fer. Yes, sir. [*Going.*

Ped. Pedrillo!

Don Fer. Sir?

Ped. Get me a toothpick.

Don Fer. Yes, sir. [*Going.*

Ped. Pedrillo!

Don Fer. [*Aside.*] What an impudent dog!—Sir?

Ped. Nothing—Abscond.

Don Fer. [*Aside.*] If this be my picture, I blush for the original.

Ped. Master, to be like you, do let me give you one kick. [*Aside to* FERNANDO.

Don Fer. What!

Ped. Why, I won't hurt you much.

Don Fer. I'll break your bones, you villain.

Ped. Ahem! Tol de rol.

Don Scipio. Pedrillo!

Ped. Sir? [*Forgetting himself.*

Don Fer. [*Apart.*] What are you at, you rascal?

Ped. Ay, what are you at, you rascal? avoid?

Don Fer. I'm gone, sir. [*Exit.*

Ped. Cursed illnatured of him, not to let me give one kick. [*Aside.*

Don Scipio. Don Fernando, I like you vastly.

Ped. So you ought.—Tol de rol.—Who could now suspect me to be the son of a tailor, and that, four hours ago, I was a footman! [*Aside.*] Tol de rol.

Don Scipio. Son-in-law, you're a flaming beau!—Egad, you have a princely person.

Ped. All the young girls—whenever I got behind —Inside of a coach,—All the ladies of distinction, whether they were making their beds, or dressing the —dressing themselves at the toilette, would run to the windows,—peep through their fingers, their fans I mean, simper behind their handkerchiefs, and lisp out in the softest, sweetest tones, "Oh, dear me, upon my honour and reputation, there is not such a beautiful gentleman in the world, as this same Don Pedrill—Fernando."

Don Scipio. Ha! ha! ha! can't forget Pedrillo.—But come, ha' done with your Pedrillos now—be yourself, son-in-law.

Ped. Yes, I will be yourself son-in-law, you are sure of that honour, Don Scipio, but pray, what fortune am I to have with your daughter? You are a grey-headed old fellow, Don Scipio, and by the course of nature, you know, you cannot live long.

Don Scipio. Pardon me, sir, I don't know any such thing.

Ped. So when we put a stone upon your head——

Don Scipio. Put a stone upon my head!

Ped. Yes, when you are settled—screwed down, I shall have your daughter to maintain, you know.

Don Scipio. [*Aside.*] A narrow-minded spark!

Ped. Not that I would think much of that, I am so generous.

Don Scipio. Yes, generous as a Dutch usurer! [*Aside.*

Ped. The truth is, Don Scipio, I was always a smart young gentleman. [*Dances and sings.*

Don Scipio. A hey! Since Don Fernando turns out to be such a coxcomb, 'faith, I'm not sorry that my own child has escaped him:—A convent itself, is better than a marriage with a monkey.—The poor thing's fortune though!—And then my son—I begin now to think I was too hard upon Cæsar—to compare him with this puppy—but I must forget my children, Dame Isabel will have me upon no other terms. [*Aside.*

Ped. D'ye hear, Don Scipio, let us have a plentiful feast.

Don Scipio. Was ever such a conceited, empty, impudent—— [*Exit.*

Ped. Yes, I'm a capital fellow, ha! ha! So my fool of a master sets his wits to work after a poor girl, that, I am told, they are packing into a convent, and he dresses me up as himself, to carry the rich Italian heiress, Donna Victoria—Well, I'm not a capital fellow; but I was made for a gentleman—gentleman! I'm the neat pattern for a lord—I have a little honour about me—a bit of love too; ay, and a scrap of courage, perhaps—hem! I wish I'd a rival to try it though—od, I think I could fight at any weapon, from a needle to a hatchet.

Enter PHILIPPO, *with a Letter and Basket.*

Phil. Signor, are you Don Fernando de Zelva?

Ped. Yes, boy.

Phil. Here's a letter for you, sir, from Don Alphonso.

Ped. I don't know any Don Alphonso, boy. What's the letter about?

Phil. I think, sir, 'tis to invite you to a feast.

Ped. A feast!—Oh, I recollect now—Don Alphonso, what! my old acquaintance! give it me, boy.

Phil. But, are you sure, sir, you're Don Fernando?

Ped. Sure, you dog!—don't you think I know myself?—let's see, let's see—[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*] *Signor, though you seem ready to fall on to a love-feast, I hope a small repast in the field won't spoil your stomach*—Oh, this is only a snack before supper—*I shall be at six o'clock this evening*—You dog, it's past six now—*in the meadow, near the cottage of the vines, where I expect you'll meet me*—Oh dear, I shall be too late!—*As you aspire to Donna Victoria, your sword must be long enough to reach my heart, Alphonso.* My sword long enough! [*Frightened.*] Oh, the devil!—Feast! Zounds, this is a downright challenge!

Phil. I beg your pardon, signor, but if I had'nt met my sweetheart, Catilina, you would have had that letter two hours ago.

Ped. Oh, you have given it time enough, my brave boy.

Phil. Well, sir, you'll come?

Ped. Eh! Yes, I dare say he'll come.

Phil. He!

Ped. Yes, I'll give it him, my brave boy.

Phil. Him! Sir, didn't you say you were——

Ped. Never fear, child, Don Fernando shall have it.

Phil. Why, sir, an't you Don Fernando?

Ped. Me! not I, child—no, no, I'm not Fernando, but, my boy, I would go to the feast, but you have delayed the letter so long, that I have quite lost my stomach—Go, my fine boy.

Phil. Sir, I——

Ped. Go along, child, go! [*Pats* PHILIPPO *off.*] however, Don Fernando shall attend you—but here comes my sposa—

Enter LORENZA, *reading a Letter.*

Dearest LORENZA,

By accident I heard of your being in the castle—If you don't wish to be the instrument of your mother's imposition, an impending blow, which means you no harm, this night shall discover an important secret, relative to him, who desires to resign even life itself, if not your

RAMIREZ.

My love! [*Kisses the Letter.*] I wish to be nothing, if not your Lorenza; this foolish Fernando! [*Looking at* PEDRILLO.] but, ha! ha! ha! I'll amuse myself with him—looks tolerably now he's dressed—not so agreeable as my discarded lover Alphonso, though. [*Aside.*

Ped. I'll accost her with elegance—How do you do, signora?

Lor. Very well, sir, at your service.—Dresses exactly like Prince Radifocani.

Ped. Now I'll pay her a fine compliment—Signora, you're a clever little body—Will you sit down, signora? [*Hands a Chair.*

Lor. So polite too!

Ped. Oh, I admire politeness. [*Sits.*

Lor. This would not be good manners in Florence, though.

Ped. Oh! [*Rises.*] I beg pardon—Well, sit in that

chair; I'll assure you, Donna Victoria, I don't grudge a little trouble for the sake of good manners. [*Places another Chair.*

Lor. Voi cette motto gentile. [*Courtesies.*

Ped. Yes, I sit on my seat genteelly—I find I understand a good deal of Italian—Now to court her, hem! hem! what shall I say? Hang it, I wish my master had gone through the whole business, to the very drawing of the curtains.—I believe I ought to kneel though—[*Aside.—Kneels.*]—Oh, you most beautiful goddess, you angelic angel! [*Repeats.*

For you, my fair, I'd be a rose,
To bloom beneath that comely nose;
Or, you the flower, and I the bee,
My sweets I'd sip from none but thee.
Was I a pen, you paper white,
Ye gods, what billet-doux I'd write!
My lips the seal, what am'rous smacks
I'd print on yours, if sealing-wax.
No more I'll say, you stop my breath,
My only life, you'll be my death. [Rises.

Well said, little Pedrillo! [*Wipes his Knees.*

Lor. There is something in Don Fernando's passion extremely tender, though romantic and extravaganza.

Ped. Oh, for some sweet sounds, signora, if you'll sing me a song, I'll stay and hear it, I'm so civil.

Lor. With pleasure, sir.

AIR XVIII.—LORENZA.

Heart beating,
Repeating,
Vows in palpitation,
Sweetly answers each fond hope;
Pr'ythee leave me,
You'll deceive me,

After other beauties running,
Smiles so roguish, eyes so cunning,
Show where points the inclination. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Gallery of the Castle.

Enter FERNANDO, ALPHONSO, *and* VICTORIA.

Don Fer. Give me joy, Alphonso; Father Benedick, in this dear and wished for union, has this moment made me the the happiest of mankind.

Don Alph. Then, it is certain all you have told me of my Victoria?

Vict. True, indeed, Alphonso, that name really belongs to me.

Don Alph. No matter, as neither lineage, name, or fortune, caught my heart, let her forfeit all, she is still dear to her Alphonso.

Don Fer. Courage, Alphonso—I'll answer you shall be no exception to the general joy of this happy night.

Don Alph. Happy, indeed, if blest with my Lorenza.

AIR XIX.—ALPHONSO.

Come, ye hours, with bliss replete,
Bear me to my charmer's feet!
Cheerless winter must I prove,
Absent from the maid I love;
But the joys our meetings bring,
Show the glad return of spring. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A View of the Outside of the Castle, with Moat and Drawbridge.

Enter DON CÆSAR *and* SPADO.

Don Cæsar. You gave my letter to the lady?

Spado. Yes, I did, Captain Ramirez.

Don Cæsar. Lucky, she knows me only by that name. [*Aside.*

Spado. A love-affair, hey,—Oh, sly!

Don Cæsar. Hush! Mind you let us all in by the little wicket in the east rampart.

Spado. I'll let you in, captain, and a banditti is like a cat, where the head can get in, the body will follow.

Don Cæsar. Soft! Letting down the drawbridge for me now, may attract observation. [*Looks out.*] Yonder I can get across the moat.

Spado. But, captain! [*Calling.*] My dear captain! If you fall into the water, you may take cold, my dear sir,—I wish you were at the bottom, with a stone about your neck! [*Aside.*

AIR XX.—DON CÆSAR.

At the peaceful midnight hour,
Ev'ry sense, and ev'ry pow'r,
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep;
Then our careful watch we keep,
While the wolf, in nightly prowl,
Bays the moon, with hideous howl,

Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance!
Females shriek; but no assistance.
Silence, or you meet your fate;
Your keys, your jewels, cash and plate;
Locks, bolts, bars, soon fly asunder,
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder.
[*Exit* DON CÆSAR.

Spado. I see how this is—our captain's to carry off the lady, and my brethren all the booty, what's left for me then? No, devil a bit they'll give me—Oh, I must take care to help myself in time—Got nothing yet, but that portmanteau, a few silver spoons, and tops of pepper-castors; let's see, I've my tools here still—[*Takes out Pistols.*] Egad, I'll try and secure a little before these fellows come, and make a general sweep—Eh, [*Looks out.*] My made-up Fernando! [*Retires.*

Enter PEDRILLO.

Ped. He! he! he! Yes, my master has certainly married the little nunnery-girl—Ha! ha! ha! Alphonso to demand satisfaction of me! no, no, Don Fernando is a master for the gentlemen, I am a man for the ladies.

AIR XXI.—PEDRILLO.

A soldier I am for a lady,
What beau was e'er arm'd completer?
When face to face,
Her chamber the place,
I'm able and willing to meet her.
Gad's curse, my dear lasses, I'm ready
To give you all satisfaction;
I am the man,
For the crack of your fan,
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

Your bobbins may beat up a row-de-dow,
Your lap-dog may out with his bow wow wow,
The challenge in love,
I take up the glove,
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

Spado. [*Advances.*] That's a fine song, signor.

Ped. Hey! did you hear me sing?

Spado. I did, 'twas charming.

Ped. Then take a pinch of my macquabah.
[*Offers, and* SPADO *takes.*

Spado. Now, signor, you'll please to discharge my little bill.

Ped. Bill! I don't owe you any—

Spado. Yes, you do, sir; recollect, didn't you ever hire any thing of me?

Ped. Me! no!

Spado. Oh, yes; I lent you the use of my two fine ears, to hear your song, and the use of my most capital nose, to snuff up your macquabah.

Ped. Eh! what the deuce, do you hire out your senses and organs, and—

Spado. Yes, and if you don't instantly pay the hire, I'll strike up a symphonia on this little barrel organ here. [*Shows a Pistol.*

Ped. Hold, my dear sir—there—[*Gives Money.*] —I refuse to pay my debts!—Sir, I'm the most punctual——[*Frightened.*] But if you please, rather than hire them again, I'd chuse to buy your fine nose, and your capital ears, out and out.

Spado. Harkye! [*In a low Tone.*] You owe your Donship to a finesse of mine, so mention this, and you are undone, sirrah!

Ped. Sir! [*Frightened.*] Dear sir! [SPADO *presents pistol.*]—Oh, lord, sir! [*Exit.*

Spado. I suspect presently this house will be too hot for me, yet the devil tempts me strongly to venture in once more. If I could but pick up a few more

little articles—Ecod, I'll venture, though I feel an ugly sort of tickling under my left ear—Oh, poor Spado! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter SPADO.

Spado. So many eyes about—I can do nothing; if I could but raise a commotion to employ their attention—Oh! here's Don Juan, father to Fernando, just arrived—Yes, if I could but mix up a fine confusion now—ay, that's the time to pick up the loose things—but hold, I am told this Don Juan is very passionate—heh! to set him and Don Scipio together by the ears—Ears!—I have it.

Enter DON JUAN, *in a travelling Dress.*

Don Juan. Egad, my coming will surprise my son Fernando, and Don Scipio too—tell him, I'm here—I hope I'm time enough for the wedding.

Spado. [*Slily.*] A grim-looking old gentleman! [*Bows obsequiously.*

Don Juan. Who's dog are you?

Spado. How do you do, signor?

Don Juan. Why, are you a physician?

Spado. Me a physician! Alack-a-day, no, your honour, I am poor Spado.

Don Juan. Where's Don Scipio? What the devil, is this his hospitality? he has heard that I am here?

Spado. He hear! Ah, poor gentleman—hear! his misfortune!

Don Juan. Misfortune! What, he's married a gain?

Spado. At the brink.

Don Juan. Marry, and near threescore! What, has he lost his senses?

Spado. He has nearly lost one, sir.

Don Juan. But where is he? I want to ask him about it.

Spado. Ask! then you must speak very loud, sir.

Don Juan. Why, what, is he deaf?

Spado. Almost, sir, the dear gentleman can scarce hear a word.

Don Juan. Ah, poor fellow! Hey! Isn't yonder my son? [*Walks up.*

Spado. Now if I could bring the old ones together, I shouldn't doubt of a quarrel.

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don Scipio. Ah, here's my friend Don Juan! Spado, I hope he han't heard of his son's pranks.

Spado. Hear! Ah! poor Don Juan's hearing! I've been roaring to him these five minutes.

Don Scipio. Roaring to him!

Spado. He's almost deaf.

Don Scipio. Bless me!

Spado. You must bellow to him like a speaking-trumpet. [*Exit* SPADO.

Don Scipio. [*Very loud.*] Don Juan, you are welcome.

Don Juan. [*Starting.*] Hey! Strange, that your deaf people always speak loud—[*Very loud.*] I'm very glad to see you, Don Scipio.

Don Scipio. When people are deaf themselves, they think every body else is too—How long have you been this way? [*Bawling.*

Don Juan. Just arrived. [*Bawling in his Ear.*

Don Scipio. I mean as to the hearing. [*Very loud.*

Don Juan. Ay, I find it's very bad with you.

[*Bawling.*] Zounds, I shall roar myself as hoarse as a raven.

Don Scipio. Ah, my lungs can't hold out a conversation—I must speak by signs. [*Motions to drink.*

Don Juan. What now, are you dumb too?

Enter VASQUEZ. *Whispers* SCIPIO.

Don Scipio. Oh, you may speak out, nobody can hear but me.

Don Juan. [*To* VASQUEZ.] Pray, is this crazy fool, your master here, going to be married?

Don Scipio. What! [*Surprised.*

Vas. [*To* SCIPIO.] Don Fernando would speak to you, sir. [*Exit* VASQUEZ.

Don Scipio. I wish he'd come here, and speak to this old blockhead, his father.—[*Takes his Hand.*]—Don Juan, you are welcome to my house—but I wish you had staid at home.

Don Juan. I am much obliged to you.

Don Scipio. You'll soon see your son—as great an ass as yourself.

Don Juan. An ass! you shall find me a tiger, you old whelp!

Don Scipio. Why, zounds, you're not deaf!

Don Juan. A mad—ridiculous!—

Enter FERNANDO *and* VICTORIA.

Fernando! hey, boy, what the devil dress is this?

Don Fer. My father—Sir—I—I—

Don Scipio. [*To* VICTORIA.] What are you doing with that fellow?

Vict. Your pardon, dearest father, when I own that he is now my husband.

Don Scipio. Eh! eh! By this ruin, this eternal disgrace upon my house, am I punished for my unjust severity to my poor son, Don Cæsar—married to that rascal!

Don Juan. Call my son a rascal!

Don Scipio. Zounds, man! who's thinking of your son? But this fellow to marry the girl, and disgrace my family.

Don Juan. Disgrace! He has honoured your family, you crack-brained old fool!

Don Scipio. A footman honour my family, you superannuated, deaf old idiot!

Enter DAME ISABELLA.

Oh, Dame, fine doings! Pedrillo here has married my daughter.

Don Juan. But why this disguise—what is all this about? tell me, Fernando.

Isab. What, is this really Don Fernando?

Don Scipio. Do you say so, Don Juan?

Don Juan. To be sure.

Don Scipio. Hey! then, Dame, your daughter is left to the valet—no fault of mine, though.

Isab. What a vile contrivance!

Don Fer. No, madam, yours was the contrivance, which love and accident have counteracted, in justice to this injured lady.

Isab. Oh, that villain Spado!

Don Juan. Spado, why that's the villain told me you were deaf.

Don Scipio. Why, he made me believe you could not hear a word.

Isab. And led me into this unlucky error.

[*Exit* ISABELLA.

Don Juan. Oh, what a lying scoundrel!

Enter SPADO, *behind.*

Spado. I wonder how my work goes on here!—[*Roars in* DON JUAN'S *Ear.*] I give you joy, sir.

Don Juan. I'll give you sorrow, you rascal!

[*Beats him.*

Don Scipio. I'll have you hanged, you villain!

Spado. Hanged! dear sir, 'twould be the death of me.

Pedrillo. [*Without.*] Come along, my cara sposa —tol-de-rol—

Enter PEDRILLO.

How do you do, boys and girls—Zounds! my old master!

Don Juan. Pedrillo! heyday! here's finery!

Ped. I must brazen it out.—Ah, Don Juan, my worthy dad!

Don Juan. Why, what in the name of—but I'll beat you to a mummy, sirrah!

Ped. Don't do that—I'm going to be married to an heiress, so mustn't be beat to a mummy.—Stand before me, spouse. [*Gets behind* LORENZA.

Don Juan. Let me come at him.

Spado. Stay where you are, he don't want you.

Don Fer. Dear sir.

Don Scipio. Patience, Don Juan; your son has got my daughter—so our contract's fulfilled.

Don Juan. Yes, sir; but who's to satisfy me for your intended affront, hey?

Don Scipio. How shall I get out of this—I'll revenge all upon you, you little rascal! to prison you go.—Here, a brace of alguazils, and a pair of handcuffs.

Spado. For me! the best friend you have in the world!

Don Scipio. Friend, you villain! that shan't save your neck.

Spado. Why, I've saved your throat.

Don Scipio. How, sirrah?

Spado. Only two of the banditti here in the castle, this morning.

Don Scipio. Oh, dear me!

Spado. But I got them out.

Don Scipio. How? how?

Spado. I told them they should come and murder you this evening.

Don Scipio. Much obliged to you.—Oh, lord!

[*A Crash and tumultuous Noise without;* BANDITTI *rush in, armed;* DON CÆSAR *at their Head.*—FERNANDO *draws, and stands before* VICTORIA.

Band. This way!

Don Scipio. Oh, ruin! I'm a miserable old man! Where's now my son, Don Cæsar?—If I had'nt banished him, I should now have a protector in my child.

Don Cæsar. Then you shall.—Hold! [*To* BANDITTI.] My father! [*Kneels to* DON SCIPIO.

Don Scipio. How! My son, Don Cæsar!

Don Cæsar. Yes, sir; drove to desperation by—my follies were my own—but my vices——

Don Scipio. Were the consequence of my rigour.—My child! let these tears wash away the remembrance.

Don Cæsar. My father! I am unworthy of this goodness.—I confess even now I entered this castle with an impious determination to extort by force.

Sang. Captain, we did'nt come here to talk.—— Give the word for plunder.

Band. Aye, plunder! [*Very tumultuous.*

Don Cæsar. Hold!

Spado. Aye, captain, let's have a choice rumaging. [*Cocks his Pistol.*

Ped. Oh, Lord! there's the barrel-organ!

Don Cæsar. Stop! hold! I command you.

Don Scipio. Oh, heavens! then is Ramirez the terrible captain of the cut-throats—the grand tiger of

the cave?—But all my fault! the unnatural parent should be punished in a rebellious child. My life is yours.

Don Cæsar. And I'll preserve it as my own.—Retire, and wait your orders.

[*Exeunt all* BANDITTI *but* SPADO.

Don Scipio. What then, you won't let me be murdered. My dear boy! my darling! Forgive me!—I—I—I pardon all.

Don Cæsar. Then, sir, I shall first beg it for my companions; if reclaimed, by the example of their leader, their future lives show them worthy of mercy; if not, with mine let them be forfeit to the hand of justice.

Don Scipio. Some, I believe, may go up—Eh! little Spado, could you dance upon nothing?

Spado. Yes, sir; but our captain, your son, must lead up the ball. [*Bows low.*

Don Scipio. Ha! ha! ha! Well, you know, though ill bestowed, I must try my interest at Madrid.—Children, I ask your pardon; forgive me, Victoria, and take my blessing in return.

Vict. And do you, sir, acknowledge me for your child?

Don Scipio. I do, I do; and my future kindness shall make amends for my past cruelty.

Ped. Ha, here comes my sposa.—Eh! got a beau already?

Enter ALPHONSO *and* LORENZA.

Don Cæsar. My beloved Lorenza!
Lor. My dearest. } *Embrace.*

Don Alph. My good captain! as I knew this lady only by the name of Victoria, you little imagined, in your friendly promises to me, you were giving away your Lorenza; but, had I then known we both loved

he same mistress, I should, ere now, have relinuished my pretensions.

Lor. My goodnatured Alphonso! Accept my gratitude, my esteem; but my love is, and ever was, in he possession of——

Don Cæsar. Dear father, this is the individual ady whose beauty, grace, and angelic voice, captiated my soul at Florence; if she can abase her potless mind, to think upon a wretch stained with rimes, accompany her pardon with your approation.

Don Scipio. Isabel has been too good, and I too ad a parent!—Ha! ha! ha! then fate has decreed ou are to be my daughter, some way or other.

Ped. Yes; but has fate decreed that my sposa is o be another man's wife?

Spado. And, sir, [*To* SCIPIO.] if fate has decreed hat your son is not to be hanged, let the indulgence xtend to the humblest of his followers.

[*Bows low.*

Don Scipio. Ha! ha! ha! Well, though I believe ou a great, little rogue, yet it seems you have been he instrument of bringing about things just as they hould be.

Don Juan. They are not as they should be, and I ell you again, Don Scipio, I will have——

Don Scipio. Well, and shall have—a bottle of the est wine in Andalusia, sparkling Muscadel, bright as Victoria's eye, and sweet as Lorenza's lip: hey, now for our brace of weddings—where are the violins, lutes, and cymbals? I say, let us be merry in future; and past faults, our goodhumoured friends will forget and forgive.

GLEE.—FINALE.

Social powers at pleasure's call
Welcome here to Hymen's hall;

Bacchus, Ceres, bless the feast,
Momus lend the sprightly jest,
Songs of joy elate the soul,
Hebe fill the rosy bowl,
Every chaste and dear delight,
Crown with joy this happy night

THE END.

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FONTAINBLEAU

MES CANSY — MERE, YOUR HONOR, HEREA
YOUR HONORS BILL —

ACT. III. SCENE I.

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FONTAINBLEAU;

A COMIC OPERA.

IN THREE ACTS;

By JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT, GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

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REMARKS.

The title of this play gives a sensation of both pain and pleasure.—Fontainbleau was a favourite residence of a number of the French kings, and the spot where the princes of the blood resorted, with all the nobility of the land, when the sports of the field, or the course, were the particular objects of their pastime. Pastime is a word no longer used in the vocabulary of the court of France—Every moment has now its impending cares, and teems with the fate of empires!

At the time this opera was written, (in 1784) the late Duke of Orleans frequently visited England, and was remarkable for his passionate attachment to British modes and manners. The character of Colonel Epaulette, in this drama, was supposed to be founded on this, his highness's extravagant partiality. There is that trait, indeed, of the duke's propensity, in Epaulette; but in all other respects, the colonel neither soars, nor grovels, with his royal archetype, in any one action of notoriety.

The author would not take the liberty to characterise a foreigner, without dealing, at the same time, equally free with one of his own countrymen. The

part of Lackland was taken more exactly from life, than that of Epaulette, from a gentleman well known abroad by every English traveller; and whose real name is so very like the fictitious one here adopted, that a single letter removed, would make the spelling just the same.

The reader will observe in this Lackland, so much of debased nature, and of whimsical art; so much of what he has probably met with upon journeys, or amongst common intruders at home, that he will regret, that the author, in his delineation, swerves now and then from that standard of truth, to which he, possibly, at first meant to adhere; and for the sake of dramatic effect, has made this hero, in effrontery, proceed somewhat too far beyond its usual limits.

The family of the Bulls, especially Miss Bull and her father, are likewise portraits rather too bold; but they are humorous pictures, and, no doubt, perfect copies of such citizens, as inhabited London a few centuries past.

Squire Tallyho gives, like them, some idea of former times; for his manners do not exactly correspond with those of the modern gentlemen of the turf.

Lapoche is, perhaps, an exact Frenchman of the time in which he was drawn; and, as such, the most agreeable object for an Englishman's ridicule. The mistakes which occur, to both Mr. and Mrs. Bull, in respect to this insignificant, and that pompous man, Epaulette, are incidents of very rich humour, though they place the opera more in that class of the drama,

which is called farce, than in that of comedy. Such is the incident, but more excellent in its kind, of Lackland's courtship of Miss Dolly, and her equal affection for her three suitors.

The real lovers, in this piece, would all be extremely insipid, but that they all sing; and music is called, "the voice of love."

When music had fewer charms for the British nation, operas were required to possess more of interesting fable than at present is necessary—for now, so rapturous is the enjoyment derived from this enchanting art, even by the vulgar, that plot, events, and characters of genuine worth, would be cast away in a production, where music had a share in bestowing delight.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD WINLOVE	*Mr. Incledon.*
SIR JOHN BULL	*Mr. Waddy.*
COLONEL EPAULETTE	*Mr. Farley.*
SQUIRE TALLYHO	*Mr. Munden.*
LACKLAND	*Mr. Lewis.*
HENRY	*Mr. Bellamy.*
LAPOCHE	*Mr. Melvin.*
LADY BULL	*Mrs. Davenport.*
ROSA	*Miss Bolton.*
MISS DOLLY BULL	*Miss Waddy.*
CELIA	*Miss Davies.*
MRS. CASEY	*Mrs. Dibdin.*
NANNETTE	*Mrs. Liston.*

FONTAINBLEAU.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Town.—Sign on one Side, the Lily of France, on the other, the British Lion.

Bells ring.—Enter MRS. CASEY *and First* WAITER.

Mrs. Casey. Come, Bob, what are you about, boy? The company tumble in upon us like smoke; quick, all the cooks at work, do you hear me now?

[*Bell rings.*

1 *Waiter.* Yes, ma'am. Coming, coming. [*Exit.*

Lackland. [*Within.*] You scoundrel, I'll teach you to talk to a gentleman!

2 *Waiter.* [*Within.*] Oh, very well, very well, sir.

Mrs. Casey. Hey day!

Enter Second WAITER, *stumbling in.*

What's the matter now?

2 *Waiter.* Only Mr. Lackland, ma'am; you know you ordered me to keep the Globe for the large com-

pany; there, he takes possession of it; and though I told him it was bespoke, he would dine no where else:—orders a bottle of champagne, and because I did'nt fly with it, kicked me down stairs, though I cried coming up, sir.

Mrs. Casey. Champagne, and not a Louis in his pocket!—d'ye hear, tell Mr. Lackland, it's my desire he'll quit my house.

2 *Waiter.* Your desire! Ecod, ma'am, he said he'd make you bounce.

Mrs. Casey. Make me bounce! A shabby, spunging——though without a second coat, the fellow's as proud as a Galway merchant.—Make me bounce in my own house!—pretty well, that, upon my honour!

Lack. [*Within.*] What! house!

Mrs. Casey. Run, don't you hear?

Lack. [*Within.*] Where is that infernal——

2 *Waiter.* Infernal! that's you, ma'am, he's calling.

Mrs. Casey. Hush! here he is. [*Exit Second* WAITER.] Because I'm a lone woman, he thinks to impose upon the house.

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. Landlady, your attendance is shameful!

Mrs. Casey. Why, the truth is, sir, my waiters have enough to do if they properly attend on folks who have money to pay for what they call for.

[*Takes out her Snuff Box.*

Lack. [*Takes a Pinch.*] And even your snuff, is execrable!

Mrs. Casey. Lookye, Mr. Lackland, that you're a gentleman every body knows; and you've a good estate, only it's all gone; and you're allowed to be a six bottle man, and a choice companion. Ah! the beginning of a good song at the latter end of a bottle is a capital thing for a house—Now, here, during the race time, I'll give you your board at the table d'hôte, *and* money in your pocket to pay the reckoning, if

you'll only be a good jolly fellow, and encourage the company to drink, by a funny song, or a comical story.

Lack. What! live by entertaining a company?

Mrs. Casey. Yes; that's what I call earning your bread like a gentleman.

Lack. Make me your decoy-duck? Mrs. Casey, you're a widow, you'll oblige me if you'll marry somebody immediately.

Mrs. Casey. And why so, pray?

Lack. Madam, that I might have the superlative honour of twisting your husband by the nose.

[*Bows gravely.*

Mrs. Casey. Well, upon my honour, you're a very mannerly fellow! but I wish I had a husband, for your sake—Oh, I wish I had a husband!

Enter GAGGER.

Gag. Madam, there's a Paris chaise stopped, and the master of the Lily of France has got hold of them already.

Mrs. Casey. Then he shall soon quit his hold, that he shall, as sure as my name is Casey.—Bob, do you go and try to bring them this way, and I'll go see the rooms prepared myself. [*Goes to the Door.*] Ah, my dearee, I wish I had a husband!

[*Exeunt* MRS. CASEY *and* GAGGER.

Lack. [*Looking.*] An English officer. [*Retires.*

Enter HENRY *and* FRENCH POSTBOY.

Henry. There—[*Throws Money into the* BOY'S *Hat, who is discontented.*] never satisfied!

Postb. Monsieur, c'est toût poste royale, de Paris jusqu'a Fontainbleau.

Henry. Oh, double postage for the horses! Ay, ay, if we approach a mansion of the grand monarque, we must pay for it.—Seven posts. [*Gives more Money.*

[*Exit* POSTBOY.

Lack. [*Comes forward.*] By Heaven, my old college chum, Harry Seymour!

Henry. Pray, friend, can you direct me to the best —[*Stops, and looks attentively on* LACKLAND.] Is it possible? but I heard something of this—Can you be Charles Lackland?

Lack. How d'ye do, Harry?

Henry. My poor fellow! [*With Concern.*] But how has all this come about?

Lack. Eh?

Henry. I feel for you, sincerely!

Lack. What d'ye mean? Oh, my—[*Looking at his Clothes.*] Pshaw! never mind a man's outside; I've a heart within, equally warm to an old friend, in snow, or sunshine.

Henry. That I have passed so many happy, happy days with!

Lack. Have—ay, and will again.

Henry. All gone?—Play, I suppose?

Lack. Ay, my dear fellow! play, and pleasure, and—but what the devil, musty melancholy! Come to sport here at the races, eh? flush?

Henry. Why, 'faith, Lackland, as to cash, my affairs, at present, are little better than your own.

Lack. Ahem! Egad, that's rather unlucky for us both.

Henry. But my mind, my dear Charles! I am this moment the most unhappy—in a word, you see me here an exile, fled from the hands of justice!—You remember my sister Rosa?

Lack. What, little romping Rose, that used to steal our fish, and throw our cards in the fire? Eh, did I dream, or wasn't there a match talked of, between her and Lord Winlove?

Henry. All over, my dear Lackland! guided only by the weakness of her sex, and the art of ours, she was prevailed on by Lord Winlove to take the road to the Continent; I overtook them at Rochester, de-

manded reparation of my sister's character by an instant marriage—I was violent—my lord's pride, hurt at a charge, which, perhaps, he did not deserve—a pistol was the umpire—he lost his life, and, in apprehension that a verdict might endanger mine, I was compelled to assume the disguise of a woman, to effect my escape.

Lack. Bravo! shot a lord! I wing'd a marquis yesterday—poor Rosa! where is she now?

Henry. I have lodged her in the convent of Villeneuve.

Lack. And have taken the races of Fontainbleau in your way back to Paris?

Henry. I'll tell you frankly, though you'll say, rather inconsistent with my present situation; I'm drawn hither purely by the hopes of meeting an amiable young lady, who engaged my conversation at the Sunday opera, in Paris.

Lack. Her name?—Good family, eh?

Henry. I'm a total stranger to both—talks of her brother's having horses to run, and of their intention of being there at the races.

Lepoche. [*Without.*] Je n'y manquerai pas.

Lack. [*Aside.*] This cursed tailor! now I shall be dunned and pestered!

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lap. Monsieur Lackland, I ville no longer vait for my——

Lack. [*Apart to him.*] Hush! I'll make your fortune—A customer, rolling in money. Captain, if you're unprovided with neat lodgings, and a good tailor, here's your man, and there's his house.

Lap. Oh, de new customer! bon—speak de goot vort for me.

Lack. He has good apartments.

Lap. Oh, very goot—Speake more.

Enter SIR JOHN *and* LADY BULL, FRENCH INN-KEEPER, *Four* FRENCH PORTERS, *with small Band-boxes, &c.*

Mrs. Casey. Sir John, you are welcome from Paris.

Sir J. B. Welcome from Paris! [*Mimicking.*]—Where the devil are you taking us? Such a way, to walk over your damned pavement!

Lady B. Oh fie, Sir John! Do you consider where you are? When English gentlemen come to France, they should leave their dammes at Dover.

Sir J. B. I wish I had left you, or myself there, damme!—what are these fellows doing with the things?

Lady B. Don't you see, the gentlemen are porters, Sir John?

Sir J. B. Porters! pickpockets—paid by the ounce: One Thames Street porter, would take the whole seven and their bundles on his knot; here's a proof—

Enter ROBIN, *with a very large Trunk.*

My trunk, Robin?

Rob. Yes, your honour; four of the monsieurs trying to carry it, dropped it in the dirt, yonder.

[*Puts it down.*

Lady B. Robin, you must immediately find Colonel Epaulette's lodge, and let him know we are arrived.

Sir J. B. Yes, when you've taken care of the trunks:—and, d'ye hear, Robin, you'll find Squire Tally-ho there, tell him that I'm come, and that Dolly's longing to see him. [*Exit* ROBIN.] But where is she?

Lady B. Ay, where's Dolly Bull?

Enter MISS DOLLY BULL.

Miss Dolly B. Here I am, mamma. [*To* MRS. CASEY.] Ma'am, pray which is the inn?

Lady B. Inn! Hotel, miss, if you please.

Miss Dolly B. Miss! Mademoiselle, if you please, ma'am.

Sir John B. Aha! well said Dolly—there was French upon French.

Lady B. Dear sir, which is the hotel?

[*To* FRENCH INNKEEPER.

Sir J. B. How cursed polite, to a waiter too! only because he's French. [*Aside.*

French Innk. Dis vay, mademoiselle—I keep de Lily of France. [*Bowing.*

Sir J. B. Let's in, I'm plaguy hungry.

French Innk. Ah, monsieur, de nice Vermecelle-soup, de bon ragout, and de grande salade.

Sir J. B. Ragouts! Pshaw!

Mrs. Casey. D'ye hear, George, carry that big piece of roast beef up to the Lion.

Sir J. B. [*Goes to her.*] Ay, and carry me up to the Lion, I like to dine in good company:—Who are you madam?

Mrs. Casey. I'm Mrs. Casey, at your service, sir; and I keep this house, the Lion of England.

Sir J. B. And are you English?

Mrs. Casey. Yes, that I am, born in Dublin; an honest Irish woman, upon my honour.

AIR.—MRS. CASEY.

The British Lion is my sign,
A roaring trade I drive on,
Right English usage, neat French wine,
A landlady must thrive on.
At table d'hôte, to eat and drink,
Let French and English mingle,
And while to me they bring the chink,
'Faith, let the glasses jingle.

Your rhino rattle,
Come men and cattle,
Come all to Mrs. Casey.
Of trouble and money,
My jewel, my honey!
I warrant, I'll make you easy.

Let love fly here on silken wings,
His tricks I shall connive at;
The lover, who would say soft things,
Shall have a room in private:
On pleasures I am pleas'd to wink,
So lips and kisses mingle,
For, while to me, they bring the chink,
'Faith, let the glasses jingle,
Your rhino rattle, &c.

Sir J. B. Bravo, Mrs. Casey!—introduce me to your roast beef.

[*Exeunt* LADY BULL, DOLLY, *and* PORTERS.

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. Sir John Bull, I think they call him, from the city—[*Aside.*] Monsieur, Je vous veux parler—

Sir J. B. Don't vow parley me, I am English.

Lack. You are?—Your pardon, I see it in your honest face.

Sir J. B. Well, what have you to say to my honest face?

Lack. Say? me!—Damme, if I have any thing to say—but, only—how d'ye do?

Sir J. B. Why, pretty well; how are you?—A damned impudent fellow! [*Aside.*

Lack. And how have you left all friends in a—a—a—Throgmorton Street?

Sir J. B. Throgmorton Street!

Lack. That is—I mean—You're come to Fontainbleau, and just arrived:—my heart warmed at the sight of my countryman, for I'm English too,—a little unfortunate, but——

Sir J. B. You're poor, eh?

Lack. Why, sir,—I have had money—

Sir J. B. And what did you do with it?

Lack. Sir, I laid it out in experience.

Sir J. B. Oh! then, I suppose, now, you're a very cunning fellow.

Lack. I know the world, sir—I have had rent rolls, lands, tenements, hereditaments, mansions, arables, pastures, streams, stewards, beasts, tenants, quarter-days, and such other incumbrances.

Sir J. B. What, and you've got rid of them all?

Lack. Oh, yes.

Sir J. B. You're a devilish clever fellow:—but couldn't you have got your teeth drawn at the same time?—I suppose, now, you've little use for them.

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! very clever—smart and clever!—Oh, you vile dog! [*Aside.*] As you're English, I feel an attachment;—harkye—a damned sharping place, this—you may profit by my advice; avoid strangers, particularly our own countrymen;—all upon the sharp—they'll introduce themselves, intrude their conversation, amuse you with some flam of their families, and spending fortunes, and losses; and the story generally ends in borrowing money from you, that is, if you are fool enough to lend it.—Now, my dear sir, 'tis my pleasure to warn a gentleman, like you, of the tricks and deceptions, of these sort of fellows.

Sir J. B. I'm very much obliged to you—give me your hand—will you eat a bit of mutton with us?

Lack. Sir, I should be proud of the honour, but

something awkward—this dishabille!—and as I understand you have ladies, you know, they expect a man—the fellow here over the way, detains a handsome suit of mine, only for—sir, if you could oblige me with a guinea, I should repay you with many thanks.

Sir J. B. What, when the arables come back!—A guinea—well, I don't mind as far as—distress in a strange country, is—what's your name?

Lack. Lackland, at your service.

Sir J. B. A guinea, you say—there, Mr. Lackland—— [*Gives a Guinea.*

Lack. Sir, I am eternally obliged to you.—I fancy I may pass in these clothes, eh?

Sir J. B. Yes, yes, you may pass—[*Aside.*]—for a shoplifter.

Lack. Waiter! [*Calling.*]—If you'll give me leave, I'll treat you with a flask of most excellent champagne. [*Goes to Tavern.*

Sir J. B. Treat with champagne! my own money too!—champagne! and I doubt if the fellow has got a shirt to his ruffles.

Lack. Upon my soul, you're a very fine old gentleman!—mind my advice—I warn you against our countrymen—they'll only borrow your money, and laugh at you after!—Ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. B. Ha! ha! ha! So they'll laugh at me after! Ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Now you know their tricks; mind you keep your hand on your cash.

Sir J. B. Yes, yes; the moment they talk of Throgmorton Street, you may be sure I will, ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! very well—Ha! ha! ha!—Bless your jolly face, how a laugh becomes it! Ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. B. My jolly face!—good—Ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! I'm thinking how surprised *you'll be, when* I pay you this guinea to-morrow!

Sir J. B. I shall be surprised, indeed!

Lack. Ay, I have bought my experience by wholesale.

Sir J. B. Yes, and you now retail it out at a guinea a dose.

Lack. My dear sir, I shall always acknowledge myself your debtor.

Sir J. B. I dare say you will.

Enter second WAITER.

Lack. Show a room, scoundrel! and change for a guinea. [*Exeunt, laughing.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber at LAPOCHE'S *House.—Folding Doors a little open.*

Enter ROSA, *reading.*

Rosa. *Canst thou forget, what tears that moment fell,*
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell!
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale.

Poor Eloisa in her cloister, spoke my sentiments!—I begin to repent my elopement.—By this time the abbess has heard of my departure from the convent.—Heigho! I wonder if Lord Winlove has got my letter—I wish he was come!

AIR.—ROSA.

Oh, ling'ring time! why with us stay,
When absent love we mourn?
And why so nimbly glide away,
At our true love's return?

Ah, gentle time! the youth attend,
Whose absence here I mourn;
The cheerful hours, in pity, send,
That bring my love's return!

I feel my heart with rapture beat,
No longer shall I mourn;
My lover soon, with smiles I'll meet,
And hail his dear return.

Enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Madam, here's a gentleman wants——

Rosa. My Lord Winlove himself!—Why didn't I wish sooner? [*Exit* NANNETTE.

Enter LORD WINLOVE.

Lord W. My charming Rosa!

Rosa. Oh, my lord!

Lord W. My dear creature! how could you think of Fontainbleau, of all places—and at such a time too! so full of English, and fifty people that may know both you and me! Safer, as I advised you, waiting for me at Villeneuve, and, by a cross route, got to Paris.

Rosa. Nay, don't be angry with me! if I had remained at all in the village, the abbess might have discovered my retreat; for, though in my noviciate, I dare say, she's highly incensed at my escape.

Lord W. Your letter says, you got out of the convent in boy's clothes, ha! ha! ha!

Rosa. Yes; and I was e'en obliged to change them before I reached Fontainbleau. Oh, my lord! this is a wicked step of me!

Lord W. The impiety was mine, my love! to rob Heaven of an angel—But how unlucky! here, my dear, you've got into the house of this Lapoche—the most busy little coxcomb!

Rosa. I wish. indeed, I had been any where else!

Lord W. Well, we may get from hence to-night: my death, from that rencontre with your brother, is every where believed.

Rosa. My dear lord! now only yours—I know no guide but your opinion.

Lord W. My sweet Rosa! though I wasn't to be threatened into a marriage, by the young Chamont, your brother, when he overtook us at Rochester; on my return to England, I shall, with pride, acknowledge my sweet Rosa to be Lady Winlove.

AIR.—LORD WINLOVE.

Flow'rs their beauties all surrender,
When the sun withdraws his ray;
Now they shine in borrow'd splendour,
Painted by the beam of day.
With each good fair Eden planted,
Ev'ry sweet that sense could move,
Passion, sighs, though all is granted,
No enjoyment without love.
Dearest maid! thy smiles bestowing,
Bright and gay, my hours shall be;
By this heart, with rapture glowing,
Thou art light and love to me.

Enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Oh, madam! madam! here my master has brought in a new lodger with him; the charmingest, beautifulest young officer—our countryman too!—

Lord W. Young officer!

Nan. I ask pardon, sir; I didn't see you.

Lord W. Then I see the necessity for our immediate departure: I'll instantly order a chaise, and remove you, my love, out of this group of jockeys, grooms, peers, and pickpockets. [*Exit.*

Nan. Ah, madam! See all the men in the globe, give me an Englishman after all!—This pretty officer—[*Opens the folding Doors wider*—HENRY *discovered asleep on a Sofa.*]—Dear madam, look! asleep—yes, he complained to my master, that he had been up all night. [*Makes Signs to* ROSA, *to go and kiss him.*

Rosa. Oh fie, Nannette!—D'ye hear, Nannette, when that gentleman returns, you'll call me to him. [*Exit.*

Nan. Lud, how nice we are!—then I'll win the gloves myself—[*Stealing softly towards him*—HENRY *stirs.*] Oh lud! he's awake!

Henry. [*Coming forward.*] This travelling by night—thought to have slept in the chaise; but, not a wink——

Nan. Did you call, sir?

Henry. Who are you, my little countrywoman?

Nan. Nanny, sir, at your service: [*Courtesies.*]—Master will call me Nannette, though, in the French fashion.

Henry. Oh, you're the little English fille de chambre to Monsieur Lapoche, the French tailor?

Nan. At your service, sir.

AIR.—NANNETTE.

Indeed, I'll do the best I can
To please so kind a gentleman,
You lodge with us, and you shall see,
How careful poor Nannette will be :
So nice, so neat, so clean your room,
With beau-pots for the sweet perfume!
An't please you, sir,
When you get up,
Your coffee brown,
In China cup,
Dinner, desert,
And bon souper,
Sur mon honneur,
At night you be,
With waxen taper light to bed
By poor Nannette, your chambermaid.

Enter LAPOCHE, *gets round, and turns* NANNETTE *from* HENRY.

Lap. Ah! here is fine doings in my house!—And ou come here vid your vaxen taper, and your caper; our smile and your smirk, on dis English boy—Par- i! I vill knock his head against de—[*Turns to* HEN- Y.] Hope you had a good sleep, sir. [*To* NAN- ETTE.] Get you down stair—I [illegible] his nose at; allez, allez! [*Exit* NAN[illegible] be you nd every ting agreeable, [illegible] disturb [illegible] here you [illegible] two course [illegible] invite your [illegible] re in my house [illegible] runk, and [illegible] r fists [illegible] mode de [illegible]

Aha!—you please to valk dis vay, sir; I vill show you your chambre à manger.

Enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Here is——

Lap. Go, get you gone. Vat, you come again here, peeping at de men.

Nan. Monsieur, I only want——

Lap. You vant! Oui, I know vat you vant. Allez, allez! Begar, I shall have no girl to myself—all de girl in my house vill come after dis jolie garçon!

Nan. Sir, you won't let me tell you, that Colonel Epaulette has sent to know if his new liveries are finished; and the great English squire, Mr. Tally-ho, has sent for his hunting frock.

Lap. Colonel Epaulette and Squire Tally-ho, monsieur, dese are my great customer; dey match de two horse to run on de race to-morrow: Dat Squire Tally-ho is fine man. Ah! I do love to vork for Milor Anglaise!—dis vay, s'il vous plait, monsieur—you vill excuse a me—[*To* NANNETTE.] Come, he vill excuse a you too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room at LAPOCHE'S.

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. I wonder what can keep Lord Winlove! I wish we were once upon the road!—this anxiety is tormenting; I long, though why desire, to see England, when all I love, is here?

Enter NANNETTE.

Oh, Nannette, is the gentleman come?

Nan. No, ma'am, but I desired the boy to show him to this apartment.

Henry. [*Without.*] What! is the lady this way?

Nan. The devil take the blockhead! may I die, if it isn't the young English officer, he's sending up here.

Rosa. Shut the door, I'll be seen by nobody—Undone! my brother Henry!—

Enter HENRY.

Henry. Is it possible? can it be!—My dear, will you step down a moment? [*Exit* NANNETTE.] My sister Rosa!

Rosa. What shall I do?

Henry. Escaped from the convent, I suppose?—Tell me, Rosa, what—lost to every sense of virtue! to fly from the only place that could afford an asylum for your shame?

Rosa. My dear brother! though appearances are against me, yet, when you are acquainted with certain circumstances, which prudence forbids me, at present, to account for——

Henry. Talk of prudence, and your fame blemished—your character departed with its destroyer.—But, of your Lord Winlove's memory, let me be tender, as his life has answered for his share in your offence.

Rosa. [*Aside.*] He does not know yet of my lord's being alive—I dread his return—their meeting again must, indeed, be fatal.

Henry. Tell me, Rosa, why would you quit the convent?

Rosa. [*Aside.*] I must get Henry out of the house before my Lord Winlove comes back! how shall I?—Come, take me, I'll go with you there this instant—do forgive me; come, dear brother!

Henry. Yes, yes; I'll lodge you once more:—yet how perplexing! if I quit Fontainbleau at this juncture, I may lose my wished-for interview, with the unknown charmer that brought me hither.

Rosa. [*Aside.*] Ruin! I think I hear—if it should be Lord Winlove!—Come, Henry, I have but little preparation, and will immediately attend you.

Henry. Be assured I won't part with you now, untill I again deliver you to the Lady Abbess, with a strict charge, that she'll strengthen your spiritual chains. [*Aside.*] And yet the sympathy of my own heart, inclines me to excuse the weakness of my sister's.

DUETT.—HENRY *and* ROSA.

Brooks, to your sources, ah, quickly return!
Tear drop on tear, and give life to the urn;
Truth and virtue pass away,
Ere I for another my true love betray.

[Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Course.—A Shouting within.

Enter TALLYHO *and* JOCKEY.

Tall. Huzza! Ecod, Dick, my boy, you did the thing nicely!

Jockey. Didn't I, your honour? I said I'd win for you—Huzza!

Tall. Huzza! we've banged the monsieurs. Hey for Yorkshire! d'ye hear—See Whirligig well rubbed down, and give her a horn of egg, milk, oil, and saffron; and while you lead her down the course in triumph, let the French horns play, *Britons strike home.* [Sings.] *Merry be the first of August.*—Let's see, besides the fifteen thousand from this French Colonel Epaulette,—ay, I shall win twenty thousand by the day; and then my slang match to-morrow—Eh, Dick?

Jockey. Ay, sir; Whirligig and old England against the Globe—Huzza! [*Exit.*

Enter ENGLISH WAITER.

Eng. Wait. Sir, my mistress would be glad to know how many she must provide dinner for.

Tall. Eh! Dinner!—true: Tell old Moll Casey to knock her whole house into one room, and to roast, boil, bake, and fricassee, as if she hadn't an hour to live—we're a roaring, screeching party——

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. Yes, tell your mistress we're a numerous party—I've left my name at the bar. [*Calling out.*

[*Exit* WAITER.

Tall. Yes, I dare say they have your name in the bar—I see, by his grin, he wants to come Captain Borrowman, but 'twon't do. [*Aside.*

Lack. Ah, Tallyho, my dear fellow, I give you joy—Upon my honour I never saw finer running in the whole course of——

Tall. I won't lend you sixpence.

Lack. Sir!

Tall. It's a fine day.

Lack. Why, sir, as to the—ha! ha! ha! Upon my soul, you are the most——

Tall. So I am, ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! Oh, I have you, ha! ha! ha!

Tall. No, you han't, ha! ha! ha! Nor you won't have me, ha! ha! ha! I'm not to be had—know a thing or two—up to all—if you're flint, I'm steel.

Lack. Well, but don't strike fire to me—reserve your flashes of wit or——

Tall. You will catch them, as your coat is a kind of tinder, ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Sir, I desire you will find some other subject for your jokes.

Tall. True, your coat is rather a thread-bare subject, ha! ha! ha!—touching the cash makes a body so comical, ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Cash; ay, your wit is sterling to-day, Tallyho, and as you carry your brains in your pocket, I wish you'd change me a twenty pound joke.

Tall. Ha! ha! ha! Ah, well, Lackland, you're so full of jokes, that you even laugh at the elbows, ha! ha! ha! that is the best humoured suit of clothes—

Lack. [*Calmly.*] Sir, if you were any body else, upon my honour, I'd knock you down!

Tall. Hold, if you raise your arm, you'll increase the laugh—Come, don't be angry, [*Looks out.*] and I'll help you to a graver sort o'coat, that's not quite so much upon the broad grin, ha! ha! ha! Hush! I'll introduce you to Colonel Epaulette yonder.

Lack. [*Looking.*] That, ay, a right Frenchman; one might guess by his mirth that he has lost to day.

Tall. True; but I keep up the old saying, ha! ha! ha! they may laugh that win.

Lack. I've heard the most unaccountable stories of his attempt at our style of doing things.

Tall. Yes, I'm his tutor; I teach him all our polite accomplishments.

Lack. Polite! then I suppose he can drink, swear, play at cricket, and smoke tobacco.

Tall. Yes, he comes on, but I'll give him up to you —or you to him, to get rid of you. [*Aside.*

Lack. Yet, I am told this French gentleman has a most benevolent heart—a man of much worth.

Tall. Yes, he is worth twenty thousand a year.

Lack. I like a man of twenty thousand a year—hem! tell him who I am. [*With great Consequence.*

Tall. I'll tell him, you're a wrangling mastiff, pointer-made—he thinks so highly of our courage, with him, the boldest bully, is the bravest Briton, ha! ha! ha!—he's so fond of our English customs, ha! ha! ha! why, he'd introduce himself to a duchess, with a zounds; and thinks if he can come out with a dozen dammes or so, he speaks very good English.

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE, *singing.*

Colonel E. *Rule Britannia, Britannia rule de vay.* Ah, my victorious squire—[*Sings.*] *If you should like, De Yorkshire tyke, an honest lad behold me.*

Both. Tol lol de rol, &c.

Colonel E. I lose five tousand to you on dis match—Dere is one tousand on de Paris bank, two de bank of England, von Drummond, and von Child.

[*Gives Notes.*

Lack. Tallyho, as I have none of my own, I'll adopt that child.

Colonel E. [*Looks at* LACKLAND *with Admiration.*] Ha! ha! ha! Le drole!

Tall. Oh yes, it's a very good joke. [*Puts up Notes.*] Colonel, this here is Squire What d'ye call him—Squire, that there is Colonel Thing-o-me, and now you know one another, shake fists.

Lack. Sir, your most obedient.

Tall. Colonel, this is an honest fellow, and a finished gentleman; a jig or allemande—Robin Gray or Mallbrook—he'll whip you through with a small sword, or break your head with a cudgel.

Colonel E. I'm much oblig'd to him, but is he fond of play?

Tall. Play! He'll pull the longest straw for a twenty pound joke, or run with you in a sack for a gingerbread hat.

Lack. Sir, my friend Tallyho is rather lavish in his recommendations—I have the honour to be known, and, indeed, live with some persons, not of the lowest order, in this, and—every country.

Tall. Yes, he has so many great acquaintances, and so polite himself—look at his hat—he has almost saluted away the front cock.

Lack. I hate ceremony, but one must be civil, you know.

Tall. Says so many good things too!—A capital bon motter.

Lack. Hang it!—no, Tallyho, my wit is rather o' the—sometimes, indeed, comes out with a little sally, that——

Colonel E. Sir, I should be proud to be introduced to your little Sally.

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! You shall, Colonel—my little Molly, and my little Jenny, and—ha! ha! ha! you see what I am, Colonel—rather an ordinary fellow, [*Conceitedly.*] but the ladies do squint at me, now and then, ha! ha! ha!—overheard a most diverting confab amongst that group of ladies yonder, as I passed them—Oh, dear! look at him, says one—at who? says another—that smart gentleman, says a third—I vow, a monstrous pretty fellow, says a fourth—but who is he? perhaps he's the English ambassador—oh, madam, not he, oh, not him, no, no—but at last they all concluded, from a certain something in my air, that I can be no other than—the Emperor, incog.—ha! ha! ha!

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Tall. Well said, Master Emperor! ha! ha! ha! but I will new robe your Imperial Majesty. [*Apart to* LACKLAND.] I'll touch him for a coat for you—

A man of high taste in our modes. [*Apart to the* COLONEL.] I'll try and get him to change a suit with you.

Lack. Why, I must say, I'm somewhat partial to the Newmarket style.

Colonel E. I tink his coat look de Oldmarket style.

Tall. Yes, but from your coat, and your feathered head, he took you for a drummer.

Colonel E. Sacré Dieu! he did not—Zounds—Damme!

Tall. [*To the* COLONEL.] Yes; but he's such a shot, he'd snuff a candle on your head!

Colonel E. Sir, I vill snuff my head myself; and I vill snuff my nose myself, in spite of any body.

[*Takes Snuff in a hasty manner.*

Lack. Colonel, without offence to your nose, lend me your little finger.

Tall. Do, he'll give it you again.

Colonel E. [*Shaking Hands with* LACKLAND.] Ah, I see he is de true Englishman; for he has de courage to fight, and de good nature to forgive.—Mr. Lackland, vill you dine vid me to-morrow?

Lack. Dine! my dear fellow, I'll breakfast with you—I'll stay a whole month in your house.

Colonel E. [*With Joy.*] Indeed!

Tall. Yes, and you'll find it cursed hard to get him out of it, he's so friendly.

Colonel E. [*To* LACKLAND.] Gi' me your hand—You're a most hospitable fellow! Zounds! Damme!

Lack. Oh, pray, Tallyho, isn't that your sister Celia?

Tall. [*Looking.*] Yes, that's sister Celia.

Lack. Haven't seen her some time—A fine girl, indeed!

Tall. I wish I'd left her behind, in Paris.—Badger'd—pestered with petticoats, when one has their betts and their business to mind.

Colonel E. I vill vait on de lady.

Lack. Yes, we'll all wait on the lady.—I shall engage her hand at the ball to-night.

Tall. Lackland, be quiet: she has a fortune.

Lack. Well, has her money spoiled her dancing?

Tall. No; but I am her guardian, Master Emperor.

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! then, by Heaven! I'll attack Miss Buffalo, or what is that—the grocer's——

Tall. What, then you have thrust your copper face into Sir John Bull's family?

Lack. Bull! ay, I thought it was some beast or other.

Colonel E. Oh, my Lady de Bull—Oh, dat is she, dat is recommend to me by a noble duke in Paris.

Tall. The daughter Doll is a fine filly—We start for matrimony, on our return to Paris.

Lack. After dinner, I'll challenge him in pint bumpers of Casey's burgundy.

Colonel E. And I sall shake an elbow, and set de merry caster.

Tall. Very well, very well, gentlemen, have at you both—yoicks—hurrah!

AIR.—TALLYHO.

I'm yours at any sort of fun,
My buck, I'll tell you so;
A main to fight, a nag to run,
But say the word, 'tis done and done,
All's one to Tallyho.

Upon a single card I'll set
A thousand pound, or so.
But name the thing, I'll bind the bet,
And, if I lose, I'll scorn to fret;
All's one to Tallyho.

Suppose you challenge in a glass,
Sweet Doll, my pretty Doe;
And think your love could mine surpass,
I'd swallow hogsheads, for my lass,
All's one to Tallyho.

[Exeunt.

Enter CELIA, *calling after them.*

Celia. Brother! why, brother! was there ever such a mad mortal! Lud, I wish he'd left me in Paris. I wish I hadn't left England—Fontainbleau!—better to have shone on the Steyne, at Brighton—Bless me! I wish I had only one dear beau, if but to keep me out o'the way o'the coaches—talk of French gallantry, and attention to the ladies! I protest, we've quite spoiled them—No, I find I have no chance here, while rivalled by Eclipse, Gimcrack, and Whirligig—Now, if love would but throw the handsome officer in my way, that entertained me so agreeably at the Sunday opera, at Paris.

Enter HENRY *and* ROSA.

Henry. [*Seeing* CELIA.] Yes, 'tis she, 'tis my charming unknown. [*Aside.*

Celia. Is that lady with him? [ROSA *takes* HENRY'S *Arm.*] takes him by the arm!—I wonder women haven't some regard to decency, in public!

[*Exit, singing.*

Rosa. [*Agitated, and looking about.*] If Lord Winlove follows me,—death to him, or my brother, must be the consequence. [*Aside.*] Henry, if you design to take me to the convent to-night, we shall be too late—the gate's shut at vespers.

Henry. [*Looking after* CELIA,] 'Sdeath, if I lose her now, difficult, perhaps, to meet again—and, if I quit Rosa, she'll——

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lap. Ah, Mademoiselle Rosa! I'm glad you have escape from dat cruel rogue of a—[HENRY *turns.*] my dear friend, I am so overjoice I overtake a you—I did vash you all over dis great horse field—I did ask a for you all de littel jockeyboy, and I vas vip, and push, and kick, and tump about, from dis a post, to dat a post—

Henry. Well, pray what did you want with me?

Lep. Only in your hurry, I did forget to give you de receipt for your lodging money.

Henry. Oh, I forgot to pay you, that's it; but I wasn't gone.—[*Looking out.*] If she mixes in that crowd, I shall certainly lose her—may I venture to leave Rosa in this fellow's care? [*Aside.*] Lepoche, I want to speak to a person yonder, you'll oblige me exceedingly, if you'll not quit this lady till I return.

Lep. [*Apart.*] I varrant I vil stick close.

Henry. Rosa, I shall be back in a few minutes.

[*Exit.*

Lap. [*Aside.*] Ah, dat you may never come back, except to pay a me.

Rosa. Cruel Henry! so severely to censure me for a passion, of which, your own heart is so susceptible!

Lap. Oh my dearest, sweetest———

Rosa. Tell me, have you seen the gentleman since?

Lep. De pretty gentilhomme dat love a you? oui.

Rosa. Where?

Lep. Dis morning, in my looking glass.

Rosa. How perplexing! Tell me, man—I mean the gentleman that—has that gentleman been to inquire for me since?

Lep. Ah, sly coquin—I have hear all about you—You, 'scape from de convent in man's coat, to de gentleman—den here you run avay vid de captain from de

gentleman, and now, I see it in your eye, you vant to run back to de gentleman again.

Rosa. You're not much out there.

Lep. I see she love me ver much. [*Aside.*] I vill go see vere de captain is got—hush you little devil of a sly pretty rogue! [*Exit.*

Rosa. How perverse! by loitering here, Lord Winlove and Henry must certainly meet, and I have the worst to dread from their violence of temper.

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lap. All is safe—your captain is facing up to anoder lady—come to my house vid me.

Rosa. 'Tis certainly the surest, and speediest means of seeing my lord again—then the necessity of relieving him from the anxiety, into which, my absence must have thrown him—I'm strongly tempted, notwithstanding the impertinence of this fellow.

Lep. She ver fond of me, vonce I have her in my power, if she be unkind—up I lock her for de Lady Abbess. [*Aside.*] Oh, you pretty pattern for a tailor's wife—I do adore de dimple of your chin—your hand soft as Englis broad cloth—your lip, Genoa velvet, and your eye bright as de Birmingham button.

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Course.

Enter CELIA *and* HENRY.

Henry. Charming creature! since the joy inspired by your conversation at the opera, and the grief of

such a hopeless parting, to the instant of this lucky meeting, I have not enjoyed a moment's peace.

Celia. You think this a lucky meeting, sir; I congratulate you on your good fortune, and leave you to the enjoyment of your happiness.

[*Courtesies and going, he takes her Hand.*

Henry. One moment, my love!

Celia. Very fine, this; so here my captive presumes to make his conqueror a prisoner of war!

Henry. I am your captive, your slave—thus I kiss my chain; [*Kisses her Hand.*] and thus on my knee—

Celia. Stop, you'll soil your regimentals.

Henry. Dear, charming—[*Aside.*] I wish I knew her name.

Celia. Ha! ha! ha! do forgive me.

Henry. I am enchanted with your gaiety, charmed with your beauty—

Celia. 'Pray, were you ever enchanted, or charmed before?

Henry. But never lov'd till now.

Celia. Oh, if you're serious, I must—Come, come, come, I'll talk no more to you; walk that way, and I'll walk this way.

Henry. Nay, but my angel—

Celia. Well, well, I know all that, but if you really expect to meet me in the field again, you must send me a challenge by my brother—Eh—but I'll not tell you, for you seem to be conceited enough already.

AIR.—CELIA.

No hurry I'm in to be married,
But if it's the will of my brother,
I'd much rather stay,
Yet, since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.

A strange custom this, to be marry'd,
Though follow'd by father and mother,
The grave and the gay,
But, since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.

A prude, though she long to be marry'd,
Endeavours her wishes to smother,
I'd give you her nay,
But, since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.

[Exit.

Henry. Charming woman!

Tallyho. [*Without.*] Yoics! I'll bring in the stragglers—I'm the boy to fill the rooms, and empty the bottles.

Henry. Oh, here's Tallyho—as this brother she speaks of, is a man of the turf, probably he knows him—I'll just ask him, and—then for my sister Rosa.

Enter TALLYHO.

Tall. I'm an excellent whipper-in for the bottle—Oh, ho! [*Looking at* HENRY, *then takes him under the Arm.*] Come along.

Henry. Where?

Tall. To get drunk, to be sure—You wear his Majesty's cloth, and go to bed sober, when my English Whirligig has beat the mounseers!—Such a pack of jolly dogs! such burgundy!—won't you come and get drunk with us?

Henry. Certainly, my boy—but, pray, Tallyho, can you tell me—you saw the young lady that parted from me now—admirably handsome!——

Tall. Handsome! Yes, every body says she's like me.

Henry. I shall soon call her mine.

Tall. The devil you shall!

Henry. I have some hopes; the only obstacle is a

brother—but, perhaps, you know him—one of our stupid, thick-headed fellows, without an idea, beyond a cock, or a horse.

Tall. For fifty pounds, I have as many ideas as you.

Henry. You!

Tall. Yes, Mr. Captain; who gave you commission to talk o'my thick head?

Henry. What a blunder! [*Aside.*] But, really, Squire, is that young lady your sister?

Tall. Celia? yes, to be sure she is my sister, and that's your share of her too. [*Snaps his Fingers.*] She has a great fortune, and you captains are damned poor—but, huzza! I have it, tol de rol lol!—[*Sings and capers.*] You shall fill your pockets with French gold—Louis d'ors, sous and souces, you damned son of a—give me your hand.

Henry. Now, what—what is all—

Tall. You shall go halves in my slang match tomorrow. Colonel Epaulette has matched his Black Prince, to run against my Kick-him-Jenny—it's play or pay.—You shall back his Black Prince, take all the odds—I will get my jockey to lame Kick-him-Jenny; and, to give a colour for her not being able to run, I've mounted Sir John Bull to take an airing on her, ha! ha! ha!—I warrant she plays him some prank or other, so, as he's a bad horseman, I'll lay her accident upon him—she can't run—pays forfeit—you sweep the field—touch them all—and when you've gathered in the cash, we'll meet privately, and divide it, even, fair and honest, in our pockets—Damme, there's our snug ten thousand a piece with a twopenny nail!

Henry. And this, perhaps, you call honour?

Tall. Yes, 'tis good turf honour.

Henry. What! to be a scoundrel?

Tall. Oh, very well; if you're so nice—ay, now, you're a very delicate chicken! But, harkye, the next *time you see sister* Celia, don't look at her. [*Going*

Henry. Stop, Tallyho—I think I'll punish my knowing one. [*Aside.*] On second thoughts, I will join with you in this roguery.

Tall. Then you're a cursed honest fellow—my sister's yours.

Henry. Ay, with her consent——

Tall. Her consent! if we make the match, what has her consent to do with it?—but I'll settle that—come, you shall have it from her own mouth, this instant.

Henry. But what shall I do with Rosa?

[*Aside, and looking out.*

Tall. What, are you making a set, my pointer? Come, and be merry with us—Why, I'll get drunk to-night, though I'm in love up to the saddle girts—Oh, my darling Dolly!

Henry. Oh, Miss Bull—Ay, we shall soon have you a bridegroom too.

Tall. Yes, ha! ha! ha! I shall soon be a happy bull-calf.

DUETT.—HENRY *and* TALLYHO.

Tall. *Your hand,*
Henry. *Your hand,*
Tall. *My hero,*
Henry. *My buck,*
Tall. *No more words;*
Henry. *No more pother!*
Tall. } *My sister is yours,*
Henry. } *Your sister is mine,*
Both. *And the bargain is struck,*
Tall. *My brother!*
Henry. *My brother!*
Both. *The field round,*
Tall. *We'll slang 'em,*
Henry. *We'll slang 'em,*
Tall. *And if they complain, the captain shall bang 'em.*

Henry. *In this and that, and every nation,*
Tall. *Every rank, and every station,*
All, all declare,
That cheating is fair,
Henry. *If it takes but the knowing one in.*
Tall. *Miss Polly, how coy!*
With her amorous boy,
Cries, dear sir! Oh fie, sir! and bridles her chin;
You impudent man, you,
How can you? how can you?
Henry. *'Tis all*
Tall. *'Tis all*
Both. *To take the knowing one in;*
For all declare,
That cheating is fair,
If it takes but the knowing one in.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Hotel.

Enter SIR JOHN BULL, *with a large Patch upon his Forehead, and* FRENCH WAITER.

Sir J. B. Ah, see when they catch me upon a race horse again!—That scoundrel, Tallyho, did it to break my neck—Above all the beasts o'the field, to mount me upon Kick-him-Jenny! But I must get something to this cut—Have you no'pothecaries here in France? [WAITER *bows, and cringes.*] I say, get me a doctor—[WAITER *bows and cringes.*]—I want a surgeon.

[*Loud.*

Waiter. Oui, you be Sir John— [*Bows, &c.*

Sir J. B. D'ye understand?—I was riding, and Tallyho's mare threw me—[*Roaring,* WAITER *bowing, &c.*] You scoundrel! what, d'ye stand grinning at me? Get somebody to dress my head.

Waiter. Oui, monsieur. [*Exit.*

Sir J. B. Oh dear, oh dear! get me once out of France—Then my wife and daughter! such a pair of mademoiselles, as they are making of themselves, to receive this great French Colonel Epaulette—— Egad, here they come, in full puff!

Enter LADY BULL *and* DOLLY, *extravagantly dressed.*

Sir J. B. [*Bows ridiculously.*] A-la-mode de Paree!

Miss Dolly B. Bless me, papa, what's the matter?

Lady B. What, have you been fighting, Sir John? [*Looking at his Forehead.*

Sir J. B. Fighting! no, my Lady Bull—I got upon Kick-him-Jenny, she threw me off, and broke my head. [*Eying them curiously.*

Lady B. What is he at now?

Sir J. B. Eh, nothing. [*Looking, and smothering a Laugh.*] George, get me a pipe.

Miss Dolly B. La, papa, let's have no piping here!

Lady B. Pipes! what man, d'ye think you're at Dobney's bowling-green?

Miss Dolly B. Consider, we are now at Fontainbleau, in France, papa, the very country seat of the beau monde.

Sir J. B. Oh, very well—Mrs. Casey, get me yesterday's Ledger.

Lady B. Ledger! Oh, now, he's got to Garraway's —I tell you again, you are not at Margate, raffling for twopenny toys.

Miss Dolly B. Or dancing in your boots, at Dandelion, papa—La now, do, pa, get into the mode, like us!

Sir J. B. Thank you, daughter, but I'm not quite so modish.

Lady B. But, consider, my dear, if Colonel Epaulette does us the honour of a visit, how he'll be shocked at your appearance!

Sir J. B. Thank you, thank you, wife; but I don't think I'm quite so shocking.

Lady B. Then, if he does introduce us to the prince—Sir John, to tell you a secret, I have already sent for one Mr. Lapoche, a celebrated French tailor, to make you a new suit of clothes for the occasion.

Sir J. B. A French tailor for me!—very well, very well, ladies.

Enter FIRST WAITER.

Waiter. Mr. Lackland, madam; would you chuse to see him?

Sir J. B. Ay, ay, let the poor devil come up.

[*Exit* WAITER

Lady B. Mr. Lackland! ay, here's more of your —a pretty thing, to come all the way to France, to pick up English acquaintances! and then, such a paltry—shabby——

Enter LACKLAND, *elegantly dressed in* COLONEL EPAULETTE'S *Clothes.*

Lack. Ladies, your most obedient—How d'ye do, Bull?

Sir J. B. [*Looking at him with Surprise.*] Shabby —Eh!—Why, in the name of—Oh! ho!—Ha! ha! ha!—recovered the arables, or another old fool from Throgmorton Street?

Lack. Oh, pray don't let my presence disconcert any body—Ladies, I dined with my friend Tallyho, and Colonel Epaulette; the colonel understanding *that I admitted* Sir John here, to some share of my no-

tice, begged I'd make his respects, and that he'd wait on you immediately.

Lady B. Now, Miss Bull, summon all the graces.

Miss Dolly B. Oh, lud! and the powder's all—the duchess's barber must titivate me up directly.

Lack. Miss, don't mind me—people say I'm particular—but I'm the most condescending—Bull, be seated.

Sir J. B. Bull! I will not be seated.

Lack. Yes, she is a fine girl, indeed.

Sir J. B. Who, Doll? Yes, Doll's a dev'lish fine girl, and I shall give fourscore thousand pounds with her.

Lack. What!—[*Aside.*] This may prove a good hit—but such a vulgar family!—Hearkye—pray—[*With Haughtiness and Contempt.*] You've kept shop?

Sir J. B. Fifteen years—the Grasshopper, on Garlick Hill.

Lack. And you sold raisins, and—

Sir J B. Yes, I did, and figs too.

Lady B. D'ye hear him?

Lack. [*Aside.*] Hem! Yes, I'll marry her—a dowdy—he's a seller of figs—yet, fourscore thousand—

Sir J. B. And yet, do you know——

Lack. [*Puts him back gently.*] Softly—Ma'am, [*To* MISS DOLLY BULL.]—upon my soul, you're a very fine creature!

Miss Dolly B. Sir! [*Aside.*] Lord, I like him, vastly!

Lack. I say, ma'am, I—but, hold—I had best begin with a compliment to the mother though—Ma'am, —[*Looks first at* LADY BULL, *then at* SIR JOHN.]—Figs! [*Stifling a Laugh.*] Ma'am, your dress is extremely elegant—admirably fancied—and——

Sir J. B. Yet if I was to advise——

Lack. [*Puts him back, without looking at him.*] Be quiet, Bull—with so many native charms—difficult to

say, whether ornaments grace the person, or the person ornaments the dress.

Miss Dolly B. He's vastly well bred, mamma.

Lady B. Yes, but speaks English too plain for a gentleman.

Lack. Miss Bull's spirit and good humour, is the emblem of English liberty, and your ladyship, [*Bows.*] the Ninon de l'Enclos of Britain.

Sir J. B. [*Aside.*] Ninon-don—talks French—I lent him a guinea too—well!

Lack. I presume, ladies, you go to the ball to-night—if disengaged, miss, I should be proud of the honour of your hand.

Miss Dolly B. Yes, sir, with all my heart, sir.

Sir J. B. Your heart, hussy! didn't you promise Squire Tallyho?

Miss Dolly B. True, papa; but then, I hadn't seen this gentleman.

Lady B. Haven't I hopes of Colonel Epaulette, for you?

Miss Dolly B. Ay, but none of us have ever seen the colonel—he mayn't like me, and, perhaps, I mayn't like him.

Lady B. Dolly, you're too ready with your yes.

Lack. Consider, if your ladyship had always cruelly said no, Miss Dolly could never have been the admiration of the Court of Versailles.

Sir J. B. Yes, and I dare say——

Lack. Softly, my honest fellow.

Sir J. B. [*Stamping.*] What d'ye mean, friend—honest fellow! I don't believe you know who you're talking to!—[*Aside.*] Oh, oh! Tallyho is likely to be jockeyed here—[*Calls out.*] Bob, if Squire Tallyho comes, show him——

Lady B. Show him out of the house.

Miss Dolly B. What! the Squire?

TALLYHO *sings without.*

At six in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode to Kilruddery, in search of a fox. Tol de rol lol.

Lack. Here comes Tallyho—Yes, Casey's burgundy has quite done him up.

Lady B. Fontainbleau! one might as well be at Ascot Heath.

Enter TALLYHO, *drunk, and singing.*

Tall. *Or, I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all, tol de rol*—Ha! ha! ha! Sir John, I am so sorry you should be hurt by that fall!

Sir J. B. Ha! ha! ha! Yes, I see you are very sorry.

Tall. But how is your leg?

Sir J. B. My leg! it's my forehead.

Tall. Ah! ha! my old prize fighter!

Sir J. B. I've been fighting your battles here.—
[LADY BULL *looks scornfully at* TALLYHO.

Tall. Right, Sir John—[*Observing her.*] for I see, if the grey mare's the better horse, I lose the filly.

Lady B. I can't stay with this savage.

Lack. Will your ladyship honour me—Miss Dolly, your lily hand— [*Takes her Hand.*

Tall. [*Interposing.*] No matter whether her hand is a lily, or a tulip, or a daffydowndilly—by your leave, neighbour— [*Gets between* DOLLY *and* LACKLAND.

Lack. Sir, you know I am always ready to correct insolence; if a man insults me, 'tisn't his fortune can protect him—[*Turning to* SIR J. BULL.] pr'ythee, Bull, step and ask if I left my snuff-box in the bar below. Mr. Tallyho, when you're inclined to quarrel, I am always ready to go out with you.

say, whether ornament
son ornaments the dres

Miss Dolly B. He's

Lady B. Yes, but sp
gentleman.

Lack. Miss Bull's sp
emblem of English liberty,
the Ninon de l'Enclos o

Sir J. B. [*Aside.*] N
lent him a guinea too—

Lack. I presume, lad
—if disengaged, miss,
nour of your hand.

Miss Dolly B. Yes,

Sir J. B. Your h
Squire Tallyho?

Miss Dolly B. Tru
this gentleman.

Lady B. Haven't
you?

Miss Dolly B. A
the colonel—he
mayn't like him.

Lady B. Dolly,

Lack. Consider,
ally said so, M
admiration of

Sir J. B. Y

Lack. Softly,

Sir J. B. [illegible]

how cursed comical you looked, when Kick-him-Jenny flung you over her ears, ha! ha! ha! damme, you came upon all fours, like a tom cat with a parachute, ha! ha! ha!

Miss Dolly B. Ha! ha! ha! Oh, what a rare fellow you are, ha! ha! ha!—what fine game you do make of my father! ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. B. Game o'your father! why, you confounded jade—

Tall. Sir John, I am sorry my mare broke your nose.

Sir J. B. Zounds! don't you see it's my forehead?—but, however, I forgive you, since—ha! ha! ha!—I'm so pleas'd at your winning the race to-day, and beating the mounseers, that, if I'd twenty daughters, and each with a plumb in her mouth, you should have them all.

Tall. [*Looking at his Tablets.*] Plumb! Oh, true, Sir Jackey, my lad, I have you down here, for a fifty.

Sir J. B. How?

Tall. That you owe me.

Sir J. B. Me? I never borrowed sixpence of you, in my life.

Tall. No, but you lost fifty pounds though.

Sir J. B. [*Alarmed.*] Lost! oh, lord! I had a fifty pound note in my pocket book—[*Takes out his Pocket Book.*] No, 'faith, here it is.

Tall. Then you may as well give it me, Jackey.

Sir J. B. Give it you! for what?

Tall. Why, don't you know you laid me fifty pounds upon the colonel's Joan of Arc, and didn't my Whirligig beat her?

Sir J. B. Damn your Whirligig!

Miss Dolly B. Oh, lord, father! how can you damn his Whirligig?

Tall. Come, fifty pounds here—down with your dust!

Miss Dolly B. Ay, papa, down with your dust!

Sir J. B. You hussy! I'll dust your gown for you!

Tall. Why, didn't you lay?

Sir J. B. Lay! I remember, I said, I thought the brown horse run the fastest.

Tall. Yes, but when I laid fifty he'd lose, didn't you say done?

Sir J. B. And so you come the dun upon me—pho, pho! none of your jokes, man.

Tall. Jokes! you shall pay me in earnest.

Sir J. B. Pay you—what the devil, do you think I'll give you fifty pounds, because one horse thrusts his nose out before another? Doll, that's a rogue!

Tall. Rogue! Cut while you're well—I'll make no more words—that bet was done and done, and if you don't pay me, I'll post you at Tattersal's—indeed, I will, Sir Jackey, my lad.

Miss Dolly B. Never mind old Fogrum—run away with me. [*Apart to* TALLYHO.

Sir J. B. Oh, very well—there—[*Gives a Note.*] by winning fifty pounds, you lose my daughter, and fourscore thousand; and now post that at Tattersal's, Tally, my lad—Dolly, child, go to your mamma.

Miss Dolly B. I won't—I won't go to my mamma —I'll meet you, bye and bye, at the Colonel's.

[*Apart to* TALLYHO.

Sir J. B. You won't—you shall, hussy!

Miss Dolly B. I won't—I won't—[*Crying and sobbing.*] Oh, the cruelty of old tough fathers, to force young, tender maidens, away from the sweet, amiable swains, that so dearly love them! oh! oh! oh!

Sir J. B. Go in there, you jade! [*Forces her off.*] how cunning you look now, Tally, my lad!

[*Exeunt* MISS BULL *and* SIR JOHN.

Tall. Don't force her away from her beautiful swain—[*Looks disappointed, and whistles.*] So, here's a *pretty commence*! but if Doll meets me at the Colo-

nel's, I'll whip her off; and if Captain Henry has laid the betts upon my slang match, I shall roll in rhino —first, marry Doll, in private—then, London—hey for a wedding, in full cry, and, then for the dear delights of London!

AIR.—TALLYHO.

In London, my life is a ring of delight;
In frolics, I keep up the day and the night,
I snooze at the Hummums till twelve, perhaps later;
I rattle the bell, and I roar up the waiter;
"Your honour," says he, and he tips me a leg;
He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg;
For tea in a morning's a slop I renounce,
So I down with a glass of the right cherry bounce.
With swearing—tearing!
Ranting—jaunting!
Slashing—smashing!
Smacking—cracking!
Rumbling—tumbling!
Laughing—quaffing!
Smoking—joking!
Swagg'ring—stagg'ring!
So thoughtless, so knowing, so green, and so mellow!
This—this is the life of a frolicsome fellow.

My phaeton I mount, and the plebs they all stare,
I handle my reins, and my elbows I square;
My ponies so plump, and as white as a lily!
Through Pallmall I spank it, and up Piccadilly;
Till, losing a wheel, egad, down I come, smack!
So, at Knightsbridge, I throw myself into a hack,
At Tattersal's, fling a leg over my nag;
Then visit for dinner, then dress in a bag.
With swearing, &c.

Ogh, you've run up a thumping bill, and, I warrant, you'll pay it like a lord. [*Courtesies ironically.*

Lack. That I shall, ma'am; produce your bill.

[*Takes out a Purse, and chinks it.*

Mrs. Casey. Oh, miracles will never cease—well, I said all along, that your honour was a prince.

[*Courtesies.*

Lack. Madam, my bill!

Mrs. Casey. Lord, your honour, what need your honour mind the bill now? sure your honour may pay it any time. [*Courtesies.*

Lack. Very true, Mrs. Casey, so I can.

[*Puts up the Purse.*

Mrs. Casey. But, however, since your honour insists upon paying it now, you shall see it—Here, Bob! [*Calling.*] Squire Lackland's bill—then Heavens save your handsome face, and your handsome hand, and your handsome leg—pretend to be without money! —Oh dear, how jokish these gentlemen are!—Here, Bob, Squire Lackland's bill—quick, quick!

[*Exit* MRS. CASEY *and* SERVANTS.

Lack. I am sure, I'm vastly obliged to Colonel Epaulette, for this recruit of finance, if 'twas only to rescue me from this Irish harpy—Come, I do very well—Oh, lucky, lucky cards!—after paying her bill, I shall have as much as will set me up at the faro bank—Dem it, I mustn't—cannot think of this grocer's daughter—vile city bulls and bears—no, no, Tallyho may have her—Oh, here he comes!

Enter TALLYHO, *crossing quick, and singing.*

Oh, Tallyho!

Tall. Couldn't stop to speak to a duke—not even a clerk of the course.

Lack. I'll bet you fifty guineas, you stop with me though.

Tall. But my little doe Doll waits for me at Colonel Epaulette's—a word—she's going off with me—so I

must leave my match in the hands of my jockeys—Soho, puss! [*Going.*

Lack. A word.

Tall. What the devil, d'ye think people of business can stand gabbling—lose time with people that's got no money—this is a place of sport, and those that can't———

Lack. What d'ye mean, sir—gabbling!—Can't sport!—Sir, I have spirit, and ability—

[*Shows the Purse.*

Tall. Spunk and rhino!

Lack. Gabble—can't sport—there—[*Gives him the Purse, and takes out a Pack of Cards.*] the highest card against that, if you dare—Can't sport!—You shall find me spunk.

Tall. You're spunk—tol de rol lol—At you, my merry harrier.

Lack. [*Cutting the Cards.*] Trey.

Tall. [*Cutting.*] His nob.—I have won!

[*Mimicking* LACKLAND, *and puts up the Purse.*

Lack. Damnation! [TALLYHO *sings, going.*] Tallyho, you'll never miss it—return me the purse.

Tall. The purse—to be sure, my dear boy, you shall have it—there's the purse.

[*Takes out the Money, and throws him the empty Purse.*

Sings.] "*Then he leap'd over Lord Anglis's Wall,*
And seem'd to say, little I value you all."

[Exit, singing.

Lack. Perdition seize cards, dice—every cursed tool of fortune—that infernal—blind—partial hag! Oh here comes Mrs. Casey, with her sedan chair, and brown musket, upon me—what—what shall I do?

Enter MRS. CASEY, WAITERS, BOOTS, COOK, *&c.*

Mrs. Casey. Here, your honour—here's your honour's bill—Bob has drawn it out fairly—

Lack. Damn you and Bob!

Mrs. Casey. What d'ye say, honey?

Lack. What, do you think a gentleman has nothing else to do, but to encumber his pockets, and to carry about lumps of cursed, heavy gold, when you and Bob take a fancy to thrust long scrawl papers into his hand?

Mrs. Casey. Why, didn't you desire me to get your bill? and hadn't you your purse out just now to pay me?

Lack. There, you see my purse out just now, but nothing in that.

Mrs. Casey. Well, upon my honour, this is a pretty caper!—all because I'm a lone woman—I see there's no doing without a bit of a man after all.

Lack. Well, I find marriage is the dernier resort after all.

1 *Waiter.* Your honour will remember the waiters?

Cook. The cook, your honour?

Boots. Your honour won't forget Jack Boots?

Lack. Jack Boots too!—Scoundrels—saucy—impertinent—insolent——

[*Drives off* WAITER, COOK, *&c.*

Enter LEPOCHE.

Lep. Monsieur Lackland, I hear you have hooked up some cash; so, before it's all gone, pay me my money.

Lack. You too!—you little infernal miscreant, I'll pay you! [*Beats him.*

Lep. Ah misericorde! Ah pauvre moi! [*Exit.*

Lack. In spite of figs, raisins, canvass sleeves, and moist sugar, have at Miss Bull, of Garlick Hill, and her fourscore thousand! [*Exit.*

Enter LEPOCHE, *peeping.*

Lep. Vat, is he gone? [*Softly.*] 'Tis vell for him he is gone; Monsieur Lackland, you be von damned scoundrel, villain of de rogue—rascal! [*Vaunting.*] and I voud break your——

Enter ROBIN, *from* MRS. CASEY'S *House.*

Robin. I say, master—

Lep. [*Starts, much frightened.*] Heigho! Oh, if it had been Monsieur Lackland, how I voud—hem!—vat you vant, Monsieur? [*Imperiously.*

Robin. What do I want? I want you, if you're the French tailor.

Lep. Oh, I must not affront my customer—[*Aside.*] Vel, sir, I be de taileur, a votre service. [*Bows.*

Robin. Then, my master, Sir John Bull, is ever so impatient for you.

Lep. Oh, Sir John Bull—Ah, to take measure of him, for de new clothes—malpeste! I ave as much business as de grand financier.

Robin. Will you come?

Lep. Aprez vous, monsieur.

Robin. What?

Lep. After you, monsieur.

Robin. Oh! [*Exeunt,* LEPOCHE, *ceremoniously.*

SCENE II.

SIR JOHN'S *Apartments in the Hotel.*

Enter FIRST WAITER, *introducing* COLONEL EPAULETTE *in an English Dress.*

Colonel E. Only tell Sir John and my Lady de *Bull, dat Colonel Epaulette* is come to vait on dem.

Waiter. Sir!

Colonel E. Dat Colonel Epaulette is come to vait on dem.

Waiter. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Colonel E. By all I can hear, de must be vile bourgeois, but on account of my lord's recommendation, I must show dem some civility, and Squire Tallyho tells me, dey have a fine daughter too—Ay, my English dress is lucky upon de occasion—dey must be vonderfully pleased vid it. Lepoche, my taileur, has not been in London for noting, and I am much oblige to Mr. Lackland for his advice in my affairs—I hope dey did tell my Ladyde Bull too, dat I vas coming to vait on her. [*Retires.*

Enter SIR JOHN BULL, *in a Passion, and* ROBIN.

Sir J. B. You've been, sirrah, but where have you been?

Robin. Why, wasn't I sent for the French tailor?

Sir J. B. The French tailor! Oh, to take measure of me—well, where is he?

Robin. I don't know, he came into the house with me.

Sir J. B. Very well; since it must be so, go, and send him here.—[*Exit* ROBIN.] Ha! ha! ha! any thing to please mademoiselle my wife, since I must be a jackanapes, and have a French tailor, ha! ha! ha! Oh, 'gad here he is!

Colonel E. Oh, dis must be Sir John—[*Aside.*] Sir, I am your most obedient servant.

Sir J. B. Servant, friend!

Colonel E. I presume, you are Sir John de Bull.

Sir J. B. Ay.

Colonel E. Sir, I have receive a lettre, from my friend de Duke——

Sir J. B. His friend the Duke—what a grand tailor it is! [*Aside.*

Colonel E. I ave great reason to tink I am dear

to him, and he recommend you to me in de highest terms.

Sir J. B. Sir, if you are dear to your friends, no doubt but your terms will be high to me.

Colonel E. Sir!

Sir J. B. However, since my wife will have it so—out with your shears.

Colonel E. Sir!

Sir J. B. Let's see your book of patterns.

Colonel. E. Pattern!

Sir J. B. Yes, to chuse my colour.

Colonel E. I carry de colour! vat, you take me for an ensign?—but I excuse, as de custom of your country gives a privilege—

Sir J. B. I can't answer for my country, but you shall have my custom—Now, pray, friend, how many men may you have?

Colonel E. About a tousand.

Sir J. B. [*Aside.*] A thousand journeymen! must have great business.

Colonel E. About a tousand in my regiment.

Sir J. B. Oh, you work for a regiment?

Colonel E. Vork! I no understand vat he mean—Sir, de ladies——

Sir J. B. You understand the work for the ladies?

Colonel E. Monsieur, in compliance vid the lettre of his grace, I shall show every civilite, and, if you please, vill ave de honour of introduce my Lady de Bull, and mademoiselle, her daughter, to de prince.

Sir. J. B. You! My Lady Bull introduced by a tailor!

Colonel E. Tailor! Aha! Sir, if you vere not an Englishman, your life—your life, sir, should answer for dis affront—but from my respect to your country, I pardon you.

Sir J. B. Affront! What! are you above your business, you proud monkey, you?

Colonel E. You are under some gross error, or you

are a person void of manners—if de former, you are a fool by nature; if de latter, a clown by habit—and as both is beneath my resentment, I sall look to my noble friend for an explanation of dis affront offered to Colonel Epaulette. [*Exit.*

Sir J. B. Colonel Epaulette! Oh, the devil! what a blunder I have made!—[*Calls out.*] My lady—my Lady Bull!

Enter LADY BULL.

Lady B. What's the matter—what's the matter now with you, Sir John?

Sir J. B. The mischief to play—here has been Colonel Epaulette, and I unfortunately mistook him for the French tailor that I expected, to take orders for my new clothes.

Lady B. Sir John, why will you ever attempt to speak to persons of distinction? Take a Colonel of the Gendesarmes for a tailor—how absurd!—[*Calls.*] Who waits?—Sir John, pray stay and explain this affair.

Sir J. B. Me!—damme, I wouldn't face him again for the pay of his whole regiment. [*Exit.*

Lady B. [*Passionately.*] Who waits, I say?

Enter ROBIN.

Show that gentleman up stairs.

Robin. Who, madam?

Lady B. The tailor, as your master calls him.

Robin. The tailor—oh, here he comes, madam. [*Exit.*

Lady B. Ay, here is the colonel, endeed—no regimentals—yes, I heard of his dressing entirely in the English manner.

Enter LEPOCHE.

[*Courteeies very respectfully.*] Sir, I almost blush to see you, and scarce know how to apologize for Sir *John's mistake.*

Lep. Madam, I vait upon Sir John, to——

Lady B. Really, sir, he's ashamed to appear in your presence, after——but he has contracted such unfashionable habits, that he——

Lep. Madam, I vill equip him vid de fashionable habit, dat he need not shame to appear in de royal presence.

Lady B. Sir, you have had a loss to-day?

Lep. Oui, I lose my lodger.

Lady B. By this day's running?

Lep. Oui, they did run away.

Lady B. Sir, I mean the match.

Lep. Oui, dey make de match.

Lady B. But, sir, I wish better success to your Joan.

Lep. [*Aside.*] Success to my Joan!

Lady B. But, for all your turf amusements, I dare say, you are a great man in the cabinet—in committees—privy councils, and board of works.

Lep. Board of vorks! [*Aside.*] Ay, she mean my shopboard.

Lady B. And, I warrant, you are in all the deep French political secrets—you know all the ministers' measures.

Lep. Oui, I take all deir measures.

Lady B. We were informed, sir, in Paris, that you were much with the prince.

Lep. Oui, I am quite free in de family.

Lady B. And, when it suits you to introduce us to his highness—

Lep. Me? non!—de prince? I could introduce you to de head butler indeed—

Lady B. Introduce us to the butler!—Ay, ay, from Sir John's rustic behaviour, the colonel here, thinks us fit for no better company.

Enter SIR JOHN, LEPOCHE *takes out Pattern-Book.*

Oh, Sir John, I have been endeavouring to apologise *for you, to the colonel here.*

Lep. [*Looks about.*] Colonel!

Sir J. B. Egad, I fancy this is the tailor, indeed.

Lep. I am, at your service, sir.

Lady B. How!

Sir J. B. Ha! ha! ha! My lady, why will you pretend to speak to persons of distinction?—mistake a tailor, for a colonel, and a gendesarmes! ha! ha! ha!

Lady B. A tailor! then you're a very impudent little fellow!

Lep. Vell, miss, your moder voud not call me so.

Sir J. B. Her mother, you villain!

Lady B. Sir John, pray don't abuse the young man.

Sir J. B. Abuse! You little rascal, how dare you have the impudence to be taken for a colonel?—Get away, this instant, or, I'll crop you, with your own shears—Get along, you rascal.

[*Pushes out* LEPOCHE.

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Madam, there's Miss Dolly gone off,—and Mrs. Casey says, it's upon some marriage scheme, or other.

Lady B. My daughter!

Sir J. B. My Doll!

Robin. And from what I can learn from Squire Tallyho's man, she's to meet his master.

Lady B. There's your honest Yorkshireman, Sir John Bull!

Robin. I think they say, sir, she's gone to Colonel Epaulette's lodge.

Sir J. B. Ay, there's your honourable Frenchman, my Lady Bull!—but, come along—I'll have my daughter!—Rob me of my child!—Oh, for a search warrant!—Oh, for an English jury! Come along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the COLONEL's *Lodge.*

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE *and* MISS DOLLY BULL.

Colonel E. Miss, I do congratulate my felicity in meeting of you.

Miss Dolly B. I'm sure, I'm much obliged to you, indeed, Colonel.

Colonel E. [*Aside.*] If I could get her, instead of my fille de opera, I should be up vid her fader, for calling me a tailor.

Miss Dolly B. [*Aside, looking out.*] Lord, I wonder what keeps Squire Tallyho!

Colonel E. Miss, vas you ever in love?

Miss Dolly B. Not above nine times, I thank you, sir. [*Courtesies.*

Colonel E. Hey!

Miss Dolly B. Nine! Yes, three times before I got out of my slips—twice at Hackney boarding school —I don't reckon my guitar-master—then Frank Frippery—Mr. Pettitoe—No, sir, only eight, for I never would listen to the handsome staymaker, of Duck Lane.

Colonel E. Miss, vill you be in love de ninth time, and run avay vid me?

Miss Dolly B. Lord, sir, are you going to run away?

Colonel E. Oui, I vill scamper off vid you.

Miss Dolly B. Oh, now I understand you—but

why scamper off, sir, when I'm sure mamma would consent?

Colonel E. Oui, consent—but dat is so mechanique!—

Miss Dolly B. True, sir, it does sound of Bow bell; and, as you say, scampering off is such a funny thing, he! he! he!—[*Aside.*] Ecod, I've a great mind, if I should, how Squire Tallyho would be surprised!

Colonel E. Allons, ma chere. [*Going.*

Miss Dolly B. Stop, will you excuse me afterwards to Squire Tallyho?

Colonel E. For vat?

Miss Dolly B. Because I promised to run away with him.

Colonel E. Indeed!

Miss Dolly B. Yes, but don't tell mamma—Sure, 'twas for that I came here to meet him.

Colonel E. Yes, but here I come first.

Miss Dolly B. True, sir, and first come, first served, as pa used to say, in the shop at home—he! he! he!

Colonel E. Come, then, my dearest angel!—Aha—Stay, mademoiselle, I vill order my gentilhomme to pack up some poudre, and pomade, and my dancing pump, as von cannot tell vat may happen—den, hey for love and pleasure! [*Exit.*

Miss Dolly B. [*Calling after him.*] Colonel, make haste!

Tall. [*Without.*] Halloo, Doll! hip, my dainty Dolly!

Miss Dolly B. Squire Tallyho!—Oh, dear, what shall I do?

Enter TALLYHO.

Tall. Well, Doll, are you ready, my sweet Gosling? —I've got a fine rosy, drunken friar here—but, when I get you over into Yorkshire, we'll be married over again—you remember my chaplain, honest Parson Thump?

Miss Dolly B. Lord, Squire, don't tell me of Parson Thump—what kept you so long?—here have I been crying my eyes out for you.

Tall. Crying—fudge—show—why, your eyes do look as if—Ah, come now, you've an onion in your handkerchief?

Miss Dolly B. No, indeed, as I hope for—he! he! he!

Tall. Now, now, there—now, what's that for?

Miss Dolly B. I was laughing, to think of our marriage.

Tall. I begin to think, marriage is no laughing matter, Doll—now, I tell you truly, I like you as well as any thing I ever saw—Good points—fancy, thirteen hands high, and, by my lady's account, rising nineteen years last grass—but I tell you some things you must learn, to be my wife.—My mother, you must know, was a fine lady, all upon the hoity-toities, and so, good for nothing—Says father to me, one evening, as the last whiff of his fourth pipe sighed to the tears of the third tankard—Gaby, my dear boy, never marry a woman that can't breakfast on beef—carve a goose—won't withdraw from table, before "King and constitution," and sing a jolly song at first bidding—and then, says he, [*Snores.*] take care o'the girls, Gaby—and dropping asleep—yes, father, says I, I'll take care o'the girls—and with that, I slipped a brace of yellow boys out of his purse, and, next day, bought Peggy Trundle, the housemaid, a pair of Bath garters, silver shoe-buckles, and a marquisate pin, for her stomacher, he! he! he!

Miss Dolly B. I shouldn't ha' thought of your entertaining me with your old father's pipe, and Peggy Trundle's stomachers—if you're come here to run away with me, why, do the thing at once, and let's have no more talk about it.

Tall. True, Doll, such a fortune as yours, don't offer every day—I've a chaise at the door, and a sulky

for Father Dominic, and, as your dad may be for pursuing us, I won't depend upon those rascally French postboys—it's all crack, smack, jabber, grin, and bustle—great noise, and little work, with them—No, no, I'll put on a jacket and great boots—a good disguise too—I'll drive you myself, gee up, my queen—you'll see how we'll tatter the road—do it there, whipcord—shave the signpost—Ah, softly up hill, good Bully—bit of hay to cool their mouths—pint o' twopenny, and a new lash—then, spank the Unicorn slapdash—Gee up—once we're coupled, let Sir John come whistle for you—Gee up—Ah, Button—do it there—softly, my honies—gee-ah! ha! [*Imitating.*

[*Exit.*

Miss Dolly B. Upon my word, this is clever—so, a gentleman can't go to be married, without his great boots! and t'other youth couldn't go without his dancing pumps—Ecod, if one of my old sweethearts was to step in now, I am so vexed, I should be strongly tempted to give them both the double.

Lackland. [*Without.*] Oh, the lady's this way.

Miss Dolly B. Who have we now? I protest, the sprightly, elegant gentleman, that sent papa for his snuff box—he's a vastly pretty fellow!

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. At last I have found her—I hate courtship—no occasion here, I fancy—so sans ceremonie—here goes—[*Aside.*] Ma'am, your most obedient—

Miss Dolly B. How d'ye do, sir? [*A short Courtesy.*

Lack. Well, my dear, 'tis at last settled—

Miss Dolly B. Sir!

Lack. Yes, though with some difficulty; I am now determined to marry you.

Miss Dolly B. Marry me!

Lack. A fact—but don't let your joy carry you away.

Miss Dolly B. You'll carry me away!

Lack. I said I would, and I never break my word.

Miss Dolly B. Said! to who, pray?

Lack. To myself—and you know, if a gentleman breaks his word to himself, what dependence can the world have on him—You're a fine creature—but I would not tell a lie for all the women in France.

Miss Dolly B. [*Aside.*] What a high notion of honour!—a much handsomer man too, than either Tallyho, or the colonel—Ecod, he's a charming, flashy beau!—I have a great mind——

Lack. [*Aside.*] Just as I thought—of fifty lovers with this young lady, I see, the last is the most welcome.

Miss Dolly B. I vow, I've a mind—but pa says you've no money.

Lack. Me! no money! pleasant enough that, 'faith, ha! ha! ha!—why, he might as well say I borrowed a guinea from him.

Miss Dolly B. Ecod, now I remember, he did say it too.

Lack. Oh, well, he was right—Why, what an old lying—but—he's your father, therefore let it be so, ha! ha! well, I have no money—[*With pretended Irony.*] I am the poorest dog in nature, ha! ha! ha! Well, that is very good, 'faith—such a joke——

Miss Dolly B. Joke? lord, I knew it was—I thought you must have been very rich, by your fine clothes.

Lack. Clothes—oh, I've only borrowed them from somebody, or other, you know—where could I get money to buy such clothes as these, ha! ha! ha! —well, this is excellent, ha! ha! ha!

Miss Dolly B. Ha! ha! ha! I knew you must have a great estate.

Lack. Me!—Oh, I haven't an acre, nor, may be, a mansion in Herefordshire—nor, perhaps, I haven't a house in Portman Square.

Miss Dolly B. Portman Square!

Lack. *Without* a guinea in the funds—perhaps, a

this moment, I haven't half a crown in the world, I'm such a miserable dog, ha! ha! ha!

Miss Dolly B. Ha! ha! ha! Estate in Herefordshire!—Oh, Lud! then we can make, at least—ay, twenty hogsheads of cyder.

Lack. Make cyder—hem! Oh, you elegant—— [*Aside.*] Garlick Hill!

Miss Dolly B. I've a monstrous mind—Now answer me one question, that's all—If I should consent to run off with you, would you leave me standing here, for great travelling boots, or your dancing pumps?

Lack. Me! Not for the Pigot diamond!

Miss Dolly B. No?—come along.

Lack. Where?

Miss Dolly B. Lord, don't you know?

Lack. If we had but a chaise, and a priest—

Miss Dolly B. One's in the house, and t'other's at the door below.

Lack. Indeed! My dear, you're young, and frank—I throw myself, and all my fortune, at your feet, in spite of figs, raisins, canvass sleeves, and moist sugar—Oh, you amazing fine creature!

Miss Dolly B. Oh, you astonishing charming man! [*Exeunt.*

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE, *speaks as entering.*

Colonel E. All is ready—Allons, ma chere mademoiselle.

Enter TALLYHO, *in French Boots, &c. speaks as entering.*

Tall. Well, Doll, here I am, booted and pistoled—[*Looks about.*] How!

Colonel E. Aha! de lady is gone.

Tall. Ay, where is she gone?

Colonel E. Oui, vere have you put her?

Tall. [*Resolutely.*] Yes, tell me what you have done *with her*

Colonel E. Moi?—I did leave her here.

Tall. You mean, you found her here, master poacher.

Enter SIR JOHN BULL.

Tall. So, there, you wouldn't give your daughter to an honest Englishman, and now, she's whipped up by a poaching Frenchman!—I give you joy of your son-in-law, my old nag, ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. B. [*To* COLONEL E.] Where is Doll?

Colonel E. Ask dat gentleman dat did stole her.

Sir J. B. Hearkye, you Yorkshire bite, you sha'n't rob me of my child.

Tall. What, the devil, are you mad, old Holofernes! It's that there greyhound has whipped up little puss.

Sir J. B. I believe it.

Colonel E. Diable m'emporte—Zounds—Splutter and oons—it is no such ting,

Tall. It is.

Colonel E. It is not—You are as wrong in dis, as when you took me for a taileur.

Sir J. B. Where have you hid my child? restore her, or, I'll Cressy and Agincourt you—I'll be a Black Prince to you. Why, Dolly Bull! [*Calling.—Exit.*

Colonel E. Nay, but, Sir John——

Tall. I am so vexed and perplexed—Oh, if I had you at Dover, I'd fight you—ay, with a pair of queen Anne's pocket pistols.

Colonel E. Monsieur, any thing to oblige you—I vil fight, or let it alone—all von to me—ma foi! Who's there? [*Calls.*] Hey! Le Fleche, Justine!—

[*Exit.*

Tall. Oho! since I find I am jockeyed in this match, I must look sharp to my other matches—See what Captain Henry has been about—This French pony is now in his own stall, and let him stay there—A silly tit! *to prefer monsieur,* to such a tight lad as I!—

but if I get once back to dear London, with a fob full of French gold, see, if I let the finest lady in the land fetter my gamarets.

SCENE IV.

LEPOCHE'S HOUSE.

Enter LEPOCHE, *strutting.*

Lep. Aha! 'tis certain dat I ave someting in my air dat is grande—I wrong my bon addresse and figure, to stick to dis taileur trade; Oui, dat is de reason of Madame Rosa's scorn. If de Lady de Bull did take me for a colonel, dressed as I vas, vat must I be a-la-mode de noblesse?—Aha! I have a tought; I vill surprise Madam Rosa into de love for my person! [*Sings.*] Oui, le Marquis de Papillon clothes fit me exactement—how lucky I did not take dem home yesterday! —Aha! Oh, here come de Madame Rosa! [*Retires.*

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. Ah, could I again behold my dearest lord—every separation, from those we love, seems a chasm in existence—No danger, I think, from my brother Henry; he's now too busy with his own love, to give any interruption to mine: and, yet, I think, had his passion for this young lady but commenced previous to that of Lord Winlove's for me, Henry would not now lament the life, which, he imagines, he has taken.

Enter LEPOCHE *in a tawdry Dress—Kneels before her.*

Rosa. [Not recollecting him.] Pray, sir, if I may—

Lep. Heigho! Behold de gentilhomme dat love a you—throw your arms round my neck like solitaire, and give me kiss, my charming fair.

Rosa. Trifling—Impertinent!

Lep. Impertinent—Aha! [*Rises in a Passion.*] Do you know who you talk to, mademoiselle?—Impertinent!—You are great lady, indeed, but I vas just now, (little as you may tink of me) taken for a colonel, by my Lady de Bull, though, perhaps, not so great as you, but, by gar, she vas tree times as big—Impertinent!—See, I vill be revenge—may I never set a stitch, but I vill have satisfaction—I am enragé!

Enter NANNETTE.

You, Nannette, stand out of my valk, or I may put my feet upon you.

Nan. Oh, lud, what's the matter?

Rosa. Nannette, step with me into my chamber. [*Exit.*

Lep. Dere you may stay in your chamber—Aha! since you scorn me, Madame Runavay, I vill deliver you up to de Lady Abbess.

Nan. But Miss Rosa wants me.

Lep. I vant you, and I am your maître—[*Towards the Door.*] you vant a gentilhomme, do you?—but, dere, madam, you may play vid your pincushion—vantrebleu! Aha; I am so fine and clever, I must ave somebody—Nannette, you come and kiss me.

Nan. Pooh! Nonsense!

Lep. Comment!

Nan. Lud, sir, what signifies your strutting about there like a jackdaw, and there's the foreman waiting to take home that suit of clothes on you. [*Exit.*

Lep. So—I vas just now impertinent, and now I am jackdaw—fort bien!—de devil's in all de vomen about me to-day—[*Knocking without.*] Malpeste!—

[*Looking.*] here is dat Lord Winlove returned again—By gar, he vill cut my throat—best hide a littel.

[*Exit.*

Enter LORD WINLOVE.

Lord W. No, I cannot drive her from my heart—let me not condemn her too hastily—I'll first know to a certainty who accompanied her from this house yesterday morning—My death, from that rencontre with Henry, is everywhere believed, and even a reward offered for apprehending him—Well, one comfort, I'm a living witness of his innocence—But now for his lovely sister—Ah, see where she sits! dissolved in grief and tears. [*Runs out to her.*

Enter HENRY.

Henry. Here you, Lepoche! Where is this fellow? —what has he done with Rosa? 'Pray Heaven she ha'n't given him the slip! Now, with Tallyho's consent, and the amiable Celia's acceptance of my passion, I've no alloy to my golden delights, but the mournful memory of Lord Winlove, thus revived, in my unhappy sister's recent elopement.—Was she still in possession of her unsullied name, I, of my Celia's love, and the esteem of such a friend as Lord Winlove could have been—Fortune might do her worst.

AIR.—HENRY.

Let Fame sound her trumpet, and cry, "To the war!"
Let glory re-echo the strain;
The full tide of honour may flow from the scar,
And heroes may smile on their pain.
The treasures of autumn let Bacchus display,
And stagger about with his bowl,
On science, let Sol beam the lustre of day,
And wisdom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
Each virtue, each joy to improve;
Oh, give me the friend, that I know to be true,
And the fair, that I tenderly love!
What's glory, but pride? A vain bubble, is fame,
And riot, the pleasure of wine.
What's riches, but trouble? and title's a name;
But friendship and love, are divine.

Enter LORD WINLOVE *and* ROSA.

Henry. Lord Winlove alive!

Lord W. Sorry to see me so, Henry?

Henry. I own, my lord, I am surprised, yet rejoice to find my hand guiltless of blood, and you still possessed of power to heal my honour, in doing justice to my unhappy sister. Forgive my former weakness, I now only appeal to your humanity.

Lord W. My dear Henry, I never looked upon your sister, but with the ardent wish, of an honourable connexion—a jealous honour hurried you to rashness, and the fondest love rendered me imprudent: thus, we see, the noblest principles, if guided only by our passions, may prove destructive.

Enter CELIA, *running.*

Celia. Oh, my dear Captain! but I didn't know you had company—a thousand pardons—[*Courtesies round.*] but, upon my word, I don't know how to apologize for this strange intrusion of mine—Captain, don't be vain, if I make this horrible news of your danger, an excuse for my coming hither.

Henry. A thousand thanks for this kind solicitude!—My lord—Sister—give me leave to introduce a lady, who, I hope, will soon honour our family by the dearest tie.

Miss Dolly B. [*Without.*] Run, husband, or they'll catch us.

Enter LACKLAND *and* MISS DOLLY BULL.

Lack. Let's rally, and face the enemy.

Enter SIR JOHN *and* LADY BULL.

Sir J. B. So, you're a pretty jade! but I'll——— [*Advancing.*

Lack. No abuse. [*Stops him.*

Sir J. B. What! not my own daughter?

Lack. Nobody must abuse my wife.

Sir J. B. Wife! I shall go mad!—my daughter married to a fellow that I saw this morning in white shoes, and a black shirt?

Lady B. Ay, you would have English.

Sir J. B. I hope he's a rogue. [LACKLAND *bows.*

Henry. Your son-in-law!

Sir J. B. If he was myself—I hope he's a rogue—

Lady B. Tell me Dolly, how dare you take up with that person?

Miss Dolly B. Why, la, mamma! when the Colonel and 'Squire Tallyho left me, I was glad to catch at any body.

Lack. What's that you say, Mrs. Lackland?—I'm very much obliged to you—you have done me infinite honour! [*Makes a low Bow.*

Enter TALLYHO.

Tall. Eh, what, have you all got about the winning-post here?

Miss Dolly B. Yes, and now, you may canter off to Newmarket.

Tall. Lackland, I give you joy of little Ginger, for she was never good, egg, or bird.

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE.

Colonel E. How do you, good folks, damme? Ah, Miss Dolly coquin, run away!

Miss Dolly B. Yes, Colonel, and didn't even wait for my dancing pumps!

Colonel E. How is my good Lady de Bull? zounds!

Lady B. Sir, if you're a Frenchman, behave like one.

Colonel E. I vill never behave myself, damme!

Tall. Oh, Captain, you made the betts against my mare—when do we share, my Trojan?

Henry. Sir, I don't understand——

Tall. Why, didn't I pay forfeit, and let the colonel's Black Prince walk over the course to-day?

Henry. And, seriously, did you dare to think that I'd join in such a scandalous affair?

Tall. Then you may fling your cap at Celia.

Henry. Hush! you laid me five thousand yourself—consent to my marriage with your sister, or I'll proclaim you, not only here, at Fontainbleau, but at every racecourse in England.

Tall. I'm had—yes, and tricked, choused, slanged, and banged! Celia, take him against the field—clever—has nicked me, that have nicked hundreds!

Henry. I fancy, the first real good ever produced by gaming; our winning is but a decoy, its joys, built upon the grief of others, and our losses stop but in ruin, or dishonour.

Tall. May be so; but, as I set out a young pigeon, I'll die an old rook.

Sir J. B. But how shall I get this rook [*To* LACKLAND.] out of my pigeon-house?

Colonel E. Ah, pauvre Lackland! I ave procure de commission for you, in my regiment.

Lack. Thank you, Colonel, but while I can raise the price of a drumstick, I'll never draw a sword against my country.

Sir J. B. What!—your hand, my Briton!—you shall never want a nail for your hat, in my parlour, at dinner time—you shall post my books, and take the whip hand of my lady's gig on a Sunday.

Lack. Drive a gig! My dear dad, you shall rattle up in your vis-a-vis, to the astonishment of all Garlick Hill.

Sir J. B. My dearee and I ride, side by side, in a vis-a-vis! ha! ha! ha!

Tall. Yes, and if you whip your gig down to Yorkshire, I'll mount her ladyship upon Whirligig, and, Sir Jackey, my lad, up you go again upon Kick-him-Jenny.

Sir J. B. I'll see you astride the dragon, upon Bow steeple first—but now I'll invite you all to the British Lion, where French claret shall receive the zest of English hospitality—Eh, my Antigallican son-in-law?

Lack. Well said, Bull; but mind, I'll have no illiberal prejudices in my family—general national reflections, are unworthy the breast of an Englishman; and, however in war, each may vindicate his country's honour, in peace, let us not know a distance, but the Streights of Dover.

FINALE.

Lord W. *This patriot fire, within each heart,*
For ever let us nourish.
Rosa. *Of Glory still, the golden mart,*
May England ever flourish!
Henry. *Let fashion, with her glitt'ring train,*
Abroad, awhile deceive us;
Celia. *We long to see dear home again,*
The love of England must remain,
And that can never leave us.
This patriot fire, &c.
Sir J. B. *My future range,*
The Stock Exchange,
'Tis there I'll mend my paces;
Nor gig, nor nag,
Jack Bull shall drag,
To French, or English races.

Lady B. *At feast, or ball,*
At Grocers' Hall,
'Tis there I'll mend my paces;
Yet nothing keep
Me from a peep,
At French or English races.

CHORUS.

Now of each doubt, and perplexity eas'd,
From Fontainbleau we prance,
In hopes with our errors, our friends will be pleas'd,
As 'tis our way in France.

THE END.

WILD OATS.

LADY AMARANTH. — AH, THOU SLY AND DECEITFUL HYPOCRITE.

ACT. V. SCENE IV.

PAINTED BY BIBBLE PHS. PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN AND CO. ENGRAVED BY PITTLER. A

WILD OATS;

OR,

THE STROLLING GENTLEMEN;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

BY

JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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REMARKS.

With a double respect for talents, and for misfortune, these remarks are begun.

The present comedy is written by O'Keeffe, who saw not the traces of his pen as he marked the paper; whose days pass away, uncheered by the sun or any visible object; but whose mind supports with resignation his bitter calamity, and is enlightened by imagination, whilst his eyes are shut in utter darkness.

Were each close imitator of an author's style punishable by law, like the perpetrator of other wrongs, Mr. O'Keeffe might have been an independent, though not a happy man; for that source of a new kind of mirth, termed by some exquisite nonsense, of which he was the first discoverer, made the town so merry, that, like good wine, he might have sold it at any price; but this rich juice of hilarity, polluted by the false spirit of imitation, at length gave a stupor to those, whom the beverage had before revived; and the pure and the adulterated became distasteful together.

This comedy is the only attempt of the author to produce a drama above opera and farce. His productions, in the latter species of writing, are perfect compositions: nothing of the kind can be superior to his "Agreeable Surprise," and his "Son-in-Law."

He has a number of other farces of little less attraction; such as "Peeping Tom."—Another class after that, and each possessing infinite fancy, whim, and novelty. Still success did not follow all his productions: a few years past he wrote very frequently, and sometimes too hastily.

On the first night of representing any of those whimsical dramas, amidst loud peals of laughter at the comic dialogue or incidents, there was generally a most affecting spectacle behind the curtain. O'Keeffe, stone-blind, (not an affliction of birth, but of late years) led by his little son, as a guide, down to the stage-door—to the lock of which he would anxiously place his ear to catch the quickest information how his work was received—and when, unhappily hisses from the audience would sound louder than applause—in strong agitation he would press his hands to each side of his head, as if he had yet one sense too much. Thus he would remain, without sight or hearing, till some unexpected sally of humour in his drama once more put the house in good temper, and they would begin to laugh and applaud;—on which, his son, rapid as lightning, would pull him by the elbow, and cry out, "Now, father, listen again."

"Wild Oats," would not disgrace an author of much higher pretensions in dramatic writing than Mr. O'Keeffe. There is great pleasantry throughout the play, many natural touches of simplicity, and some well-written dialogues and sentiments. The plot is interesting, the characters new, or at least in new situations, and the whole forms an evening's entertain-

ment for an auditor of taste—such a one having at the same time in his memory, certain popular sentences from certain well-known comedies and tragedies: for without intimate acquaintance with all the quotations made use of by the hero of the piece, it must totally lose its effect, and this hero appear like a madman.

Perhaps, no comedy, on a first night, was ever more fortunate in a list of excellent comic actors to represent the characters.

Lewis, in Rover, fervid as usual, seemed so enamoured of his stage exploits, that every spectator forgave him his folly, for the bewitching ardour with which he pursued it.

In Ephraim, the quaker, the spirit moved Munden —as it always does—to act just as he should do.

Quick was on the London stage when this play was first performed, and though Sir George Thunder was by no means a part best suited to his abilities—yet Quick gave comic importance to all he undertook.

Mr. Thomas Blanchard, since dead, played the little part of Sim with wond'rous skill.

Mrs. Pope (once Miss Young) was excellent in Lady Amaranth.

And the silly Jane can never have so good a representative as Mrs. Wells.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR GEORGE THUNDER	*Mr. Quick.*
ROVER	*Mr. Lewis.*
HARRY	*Mr. Holman.*
BANKS	*Mr. Hull.*
JOHN DORY	*Mr. Wilson.*
FARMER GAMMON	*Mr. Cubit.*
LAMP	*Mr. C. Powell.*
EPHRAIM SMOOTH	*Mr. Munden.*
SIM	*Mr. Blanchard.*
ZACHARIAH	*Mr. Rees.*
MIDGE	*Mr. Macready.*
TRAP	*Mr. Evatt.*
TWITCH	*Mr. Rock.*
LANDLORD	*Mr. Powell.*
LADY AMARANTH	*Mrs. Pope.*
AMELIA	*Miss Chapman.*
JANE	*Mrs. Wells.*

SCENE,—Part of Hampshire.

WILD OATS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Parlour in LADY AMARANTH'S *House.*

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. Fine cruizing this! without flip or biscuit! don't know who's the Governor of this here fort; but if he can victual us a few—how hollow my bread room sounds! [*Striking his sides.*] I'm as empty as a stoved keg, and as tired as an old Dutchman—my obstinate master, Sir George, to tow my old hulk —aboard the house, ha, hoy!

Sir Geo. [*Without.*] John! John Dory!

John. [*Sits.*] I'm at anchor.

Enter SIR GEORGE THUNDER.

Sir Geo. I don't know who's house we've got into here, John; but I think, when he knows me, we may hope for some refreshment—Eh! [*Looking at* JOHN.] was not I your captain?

John. Yes; and I was your boatswain. And what of all that?

Sir Geo. Then how dare you sit in my presence, you bluff head?

John. Why, for the matter of that, I don't mind; but had I been your captain, and you my boatswain,

the man, that stood by me at sea, should be welcome to sit before me at land.

Sir Geo. That's true, my dear John; offer to stand up, and, damme, if I don't knock you down—zounds! I am as dry as a powder match—to sail at the rate of ten knots an hour, over fallow and stubble, from my own house, but half a league on this side of Gosport, and not catch these deserters!

John. In this here chase you wanted the ballast of wisdom.

Sir Geo. How, sirrah! hasn't my dear old friend, Dick Broadside, got the command of the ship I so often fought myself—to man it for him with expedition, didn't I (out of my own pocket) offer two guineas over the king's bounty to every seaman that would enter on board her? Hav'n't these three scoundrels fingered the shot, then ran, and didn't I do right to run after them? Damn the money! I no more mind that than a piece of clinker; but 'twas the pride of my heart to see my beloved ship (the Eagle) well mann'd, when my old friend is the commander.

John. But since you've laid yourself up in ordinary, retired to live in quiet, on your estate, and had done with all sea affairs—

Sir Geo. John, John, a man should forget his own convenience for his country's good.—Though Broadside's letter said these fellows were lurking about this part of Hampshire, yet still it's all hide and seek.

John. Your ill luck.

Sir Geo. Mine, you swab?

John. Ay, you've money and gold; but grace and good fortune have shook hands with you these nineteen years, for that rogue's trick you play'd poor Miss Amelia, by deceiving her with a sham marriage, when you passed yourself for Captain Seymour, and then putting off to sea, leaving her to break her poor heart, *and since marrying* another lady.

Sir Geo. Wasn't I forc'd to it by my father?

John.—Ay; because she had a great fortin, her death too was a judgment upon you.

Sir Geo. Why, you impudent dog-fish!—upbraid me for running into false bay, when you were my pilot? Wasn't it you, even brought me the false clergyman that performed the sham marriage with Amelia?

John. Yes, you think so; but I took care to bring you a real clergyman.

Sir Geo. But is this a time or place for your lectures? At home, abroad, sea, or land, you will still badger me! mention my Wild Oats again and—you scoundrel, since the night my bedcurtains took fire, when you were my boatswain aboard the Eagle, you've got me quite into leading strings—you snatched me upon deck, and tossed me into the sea,—to save me from being burnt, I was almost drowned.

John. You would but for me—

Sir Geo. Yes, you dragged me out by the ear, like a waterdog—last week, 'cause you found the tenth bottle uncorked, you rushed in among my friends, and ran away with me; and, next morning Captain O'Shanaghan sends me a challenge for quitting the company, when he was in the chair! so, to save me from a headach, you'd like to've got my brains blown out.

John. Oh, very well; be burnt in your bed, and tumble in the water, by jumping into boats, like a tight fellow as you are, and poison yourself with sloe juice; see if John cares a piece of mouldy biscuit about it. But I wish you hadn't made me your valet de shamber. No sooner was I got on shore, after five years dashing among rocks, shoals, and breakers, than you sets me on a high-trotting cart horse, which knockt me up and down like an old bomb-boat in the Bay of Biscay, and here's nothing to drink after all! Because at home you keep open house, you think every body else does the same.

Sir Geo. Why, by sailing into this strange port, may be more free than welcome.

John. Holla! I'll never cease piping, 'till it calls a drop to wet my whistle. [*Ex*

Sir Geo. Yes, (as John Dory remarks) I fear my trip through life will be attended with heavy squa and foul weather. When my conduct to poor Ame comes athwart my mind, it's a hurricane for that d and turn in at night, the ballad of "Margaret a William," rings in my ear. [*Sings.*] "In glided M garet's grimly ghost." Oh, zounds! the dismals coming upon me, and can't get a cheering glass to holloa!

Enter EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

Eph. Friend, what would'st thou have?

Sir Geo. Grog.

Eph. Neither man nor woman of that name abid here.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! man and woman! then you'll bring me Mr. Brandy and Mrs. Water, w couple them, and the first child probably will be M ter Grog.

Eph. Thou dost speak in parables, which I und stand not.

Sir Geo. Sheer off with your sanctified poop, send the gentleman of the house.

Eph. The owner of this mansion is a maiden, she approacheth.

Enter LADY AMARANTH.

Lady Am. Do I behold?—It is! how dost th uncle?

Sir Geo. Is it possible you can be my niece, L Maria Amaranth Thunder?

Lady Am. I am the daughter of thy deceased b ther Loftus, called Earl Thunder, but no lady, name is Mary.

Sir Geo. But, zounds! how is all this? Eh! unexpectedly find you in a strange house, of which old Sly here tells me you're the mistress; turned quaker, and disclaim your title!

Lady Am. Thou know'st the relation to whose care my father left me?

Sir Geo. Well! I know our cousin, old Dovehouse, was a quaker! but I didn't suspect he would have made you one.

Lady Am. Being now gathered to his fathers, he did bequeath unto me his worldly goods; amongst them this mansion, and the lands around it.

Eph. So thou becom'st and continue one of the faithful. I am executor of his will, and by it, I cannot give thee, Mary, possession of these goods, but on those conditions.

Sir Geo. Tell me of your thee's and thou's, quaker's wills and mansions! I say, girl, though on the death of your father, my eldest brother, Loftus, Earl Thunder, from your being a female, his title devolved to his next brother, Robert; though, as a woman, you can't be an earl, nor as a woman, you can't make laws for your sex and our sex, yet, as the daughter of a peer, you are, and, by Heaven, shall be called Lady Maria Amaranth Thunder.

Eph. Thou makest too much noise, friend.

Sir Geo. Call me friend, and I'll bump your block against the capstern.

Eph. Yea, this is a man of danger, and I will leave Mary to abide it. [*Exit.*

Sir G. 'Sfire, my lady—

Lady Am. Title is vanity.

Enter ZACHARIAH.

Zach. Shall thy cook, this day, roast certain birds of the air, call'd woodcocks, and ribs of the oxen likewise?

Lady Am. All. My uncle sojourneth with me peradventure, and my meal shall be a feast, friend Zachariah.

Zach. My tongue shall say so, friend Mary.

Sir Geo. [*Strikes him.*] Sir George Thunder bids thee remember to call your mistress, Lady Amaranth.

Zach. Verily, George.

Sir Geo. George! sirrah, though a younger brother, the honour of knighthood was my reward for placing the glorious British flag over that of a daring enemy—therefore address me with respect.

Zach. Yea, I do, good George. [*Exit.*

Sir Geo. George and Mary! here's levelling, here's abolition of title with a vengeance!

Lady Am. Kinsman, be patient; thou, and thy son, my cousin Henry, whom I have not beheld, I think, these twelve years, shall be welcome to my dwelling. Where now abideth the youth?

Sir Geo. At the Naval Academy, at Portsmouth.

Lady Am. May I not see the young man?

Sir Geo. What, to make a quaker of him?—No, no. But, hold, as she's now a wealthy heiress, her marrying my son Harry, will keep up and preserve her title in our own family too. [*Aside.*] Would'st thou really be glad to see him? thou shalt, Mary. Ha, ha, ha! John Dory! [*Calling.*] Here comes my valet de chambre.

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. Why, sir—such a breeze sprung up!

Sir Geo. Avast, old man of war; you must instantly convoy my son from Portsmouth.

John. Then I must first convoy him to Portsmouth, for he happens to be out of the dock already.

Sir Geo. What wind now?

John. You know, on our quitting harbour—

Sir Geo. Damn your sea jaw, you marvellous dolphin, give the contents of your logbook in plain English.

John. The young squire has cut and run.

Sir Geo. What?

John. Got leave to come to you: and master didn't find out before yesterday, that, instead of making for home, he had sheer'd off towards London; directly sent notice to you, and Sam has traced us all the way here to bring you the news.

Sir Geo. What, a boy of mine quit his guns? I'll grapple him.—Come, John.

Lady Am. Order the carriage for mine uncle.

Sir Geo. No, thank ye, my lady. Let your equipage keep up your own dignity. I have horses here; but I won't knock 'em up; next village is the channel for the stage—My lady, I'll bring the dog to you by the bowsprit.—Weigh anchor! crowd sail! and after him! [*Exit.*

Enter EPHRAIM. [*Peeping in.*]

Eph. The man of noise doth not tarry, then my spirit is glad.

Lady Am. Let Sarah prepare chambers for my kinsman, and hire the maiden for me that thou didst mention.

Eph. I will; for this damsel is passing fair, and hath found grace in mine eyes. Mary, as thou art yet a stranger in this land, and just taken possession of this estate, the laws of society command thee to be on terms of amity with thy wealthy neighbours.

Lady Am. Yea; but while I entertain the rich, the hearts of the poor shall also rejoice; I myself will now go forth into the adjacent hamlet, and invite all that cometh, to hearty cheer.

Eph. Yea, I will distribute among the poor good books.

Lady Am. And meat and drink too, friend Ephraim. In the fulness of plenty, they shall join in thanksgiving for those gifts of which I am so unworthy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Road.

Enter HARRY THUNDER, *and* MIDGE *follows, calling.*

Midge. I say, Dick Buskin! harkye, my lad!

Harry. What keeps Rover?

Midge. I'm sure I don't know. As you desired, I paid for our breakfast. But the devil's in that fellow; every inn we stop at, he will always hang behind, chattering to the bar-maid, or chamber-maid.

Harry. Or any, or no maid. But he's a worthy lad; and I love him better, I think, than my own brother, had I one.

Midge. Oh! but, Dick, mind, my boy.

Harry. Stop, Midge. Though 'twas my orders, when I set out on this scamper with the players, (the better to conceal my quality,) for you, before people, to treat me as your companion; yet, at the same time, you should have had discretion enough to remember, when we're alone, that I am still your master, and son to Sir George Thunder.

Midge. Sir, I ask your pardon; but by making yourself my equal, I've got so used to familiarity, that I find it curst hard to shake it off.

Harry. Well, sir, pray mind, that familiarity is all over now. My frolic's out, I now throw off the player, and shall directly return. My father must by this time, have heard of my departure from the academy at Portsmouth; and, though I was deluded *away by my rage for* a little acting, yet 'twas wrong

of me to give the gay old fellow any cause of uneasiness.

Midge. And, sir, shall you and I never act another scene together? Shall I never again play Colonel Standard for my own benefit? Never again have the pleasureof caning your honour in the character of Tom Errand.

Harry. In future, act the part of a smart hat and coat brusher; or I shall have the honour of kicking you in the character of an idle puppy. You were a good servant; but I find, by letting you crack your jokes,' and sit in my company, you're grown quite a rascal.

Midge. Yes, sir, I was a modest, well behaved lad; but evil communication corrupts good manners.

Harry. Begone, sirrah, 'till I call for you.

[*Exit* MIDGE, *grumbling.*

Harry. Well, if my father but forgives me.—This three month's excursion has shewn me some life, and a devilish deal of fun. For one circumstance, I shall ever remember it with delight. Its bringing me acquainted with Jack Rover. How long he stays! Jack! In this forlorn stroller, I have discovered qualities that honour human nature, and accomplishments that might grace a prince. I don't know a pleasanter fellow, except when he gets to his abominable habit of quotation. I hope he will not find the purse I've hid in his coat pocket, before we part. I dread the moment, but it's come.

Rover. [*Without.*] "The brisk li-li-lightening I."

Hary. Ay, here's the rattle. Hurried on by the impetuous flow of his own volatile spirits, his life is a rapid stream of extravagant whim; and while the serious voice of humanity prompts his heart to the best of actions, his features shine in laugh and levity. Studying Bays, eh, Jack?

Enter ROVER.

Rover, " I am the bold Thunder."

Harry. [*Aside.*] I am, if he knew but all.—Keep one standing in the road.

Rover. Beg your pardon, my dear Dick; but all the fault of—Plague on't, that a man can't sleep and breakfast at an inn, then return up to his bedchamber for his gloves that he'd forgot, but there he must find chambermaids, thumping feathers and knocking pillows about, and keep one when one has affairs and business. 'Pon my my soul, these girls' conduct to us is intolerable. The very thought brings the blood into my face, and whenever they attempt to serve, provoke me so, damme but I will, I will—An't I right, Dick?

Harry. No; " all in the wrong."

Rover. No matter, Dick; that's the universal play " all round the wrekin:" but you are so conceited, because, by this company you're going to join at Winchester, you are engaged for high tragedy.

Harry. And you for Rangers, Plumes, and Foppingtons.

Rover. Our first play is Lear. I was devilish imperfect in Edgar, t'other night at Lymington. I must look it over. [*Takes out a book.*] " Away, the foul fiend follows me!" Hollo! stop a moment, we shall have the whole county after us. [*Going.*

Harry. What now?

Rover. That rosy faced chambermaid put me in such a passion, that, by Heaven, I walked out of the house, and forgot to pay our bill. [*Going.*

Harry. Never mind, Rover, it's paid.

Rover. Paid! why, neither you nor Midge had money enough. No, really!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! I tell you 'tis.

Rover. You paid? Oh, very well. Every honest

fellow should be a stock purse. Come then, let's push on now. Ten miles to Winchester; we shall be there by eleven.

Harry. Our trunks are booked at the inn for the Winchester coach.

Rover. "Ay, to foreign climates my old trunk I bear." But I prefer walking to the car of Thespis.

Harry. Which is the way?

Rover. Here.

Harry. Then, I go there. [*Pointing opposite.*]

Rover. Eh!

Harry. My dear boy, on this spot, and at this moment, we must part.

Rover. Part!

Harry. Rover, you wish me well.

Rover. Well, and suppose so. Part, eh! What mystery and grand? What are you at? Do you forget,—you, Midge, and I, are engaged to Truncheon, the manager, and that the bills are already up with our names to-night to play at Winchester?

Harry. Jack, you and I have often met on a stage in assumed characters; if it's your wish we should ever meet again in our real ones, of sincere friends, without asking whither I go, or my motives for leaving you, when I walk up this road, do you turn down that.

Rover. Joke!

Harry. I'm serious. Good b'ye!

Rover. If you repent your engagement with Truncheon, I'll break off too, and go with you wherever—[*Takes him under the arm.*]

Harry. Attempt to follow me, and even our acquaintance ends.

Rover. Eh!

Harry. Don't think of my reasons, only that it must be.

Rover. Have I done any thing to Dick Buskin? leave me! [*Turns and puts his handkerchief to his eyes.*

Harry. I am as much concerned as you to—Good b'ye!

Rover. I can't even bid him—I won't neither—If any cause could have given—Farewell.

Harry. Bless my poor fellow! Adieu. [*Silently weeps.*]

[*Exeunt several ways.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Village, a Farm House, and near it, a Cottage.

Enter FARMER GAMMON *and* EPHRAIM.

F. Gam. Well, Master Ephraim, I may depend on thee, as you quakers never break your words.

Eph. I have spoken to Mary, and she, at my request, consenteth to take thy daughter, Jane, as her handmaid.

F. Gam. Very good of you.

Eph. Goodness I do like, and also—comely Jane. [*Aside.*] The maiden I will prefer, for the sake of—myself. [*Aside.*]

F. Gam. I intended to make a present to the person that does me such a piece of service; but I shan't affront you with it.

Eph. I am meek and humble, and must take affronts.

F. Gam. Then here's a guinea, master Ephraim.

Eph. I expected not this; but there is no harm in a guinea. [*Exit.*

F. Gam. So I shall get my children off my hands. *My son, Sim, is robbing* me day and night,—giving

away my corn and what not among the poor.—My daughter Jane—when girls have nought to do, this love-mischief creeps into their minds, and then hey! they're for kicking up their heels.—Sim! [*Calling.*]

Enter SIM.

Sim. Yes, feyther.

F. Gam. Call your sister.

Sim. Jane, feyther wants you.

Enter JANE, *from the house, with linen she had been working.*

Jane. Did you call me?

F. Gam. I often told you both,(but it's now settled) you must go out into the world, and work for your bread.

Sim. Well, feyther, whatever you think right, must be so, and I'm content.

Jane. And I'm sure, feyther, I'm willing to do as you'd have me.

F. Gam. There's ingratitude for you! When my wife died, I brought you both up from the shell, and now you want to fly off and forsake me.

Sim. Why no; I'm willing to live with you all my days.

Jane. And I'm sure, feyther, if it's your desire I'll never part from you.

F. Gam. What, you want to hang upon me like a couple of leeches, ay, to strip my branches, and leave me a wither'd hawthorn! See who's yon. [*Exit* SIM. Jane, Ephraim Smooth has hired you for Lady Amaranth.

Jane. O lack! then I shall live in the great house.

F. Gam. She has sent us all presents of good books, [*Gives her one.*] to read a chapter in. That, when one's in a passion, gives a mon patience.

Jane. Thank her good ladyship.

F. Gam. My being incumbred with you both is the cause why old Banks won't give me his sister.

Jane. That's a pity. If we must have a step-mother, Madam Amelia would make us a very good one. But I wonder how she can refuse you, feyther, for I'm sure she must think you a very portly man in your scarlet vest and new scratch. You can't think how parsonable you'd look, if you'd only shave twice a week, and put sixpence in the poor-box. [*Retires reading.*]

F. Gam. However, if Banks still refuses, I have him in my power. I'll turn them both out of their cottage yonder, and the bailiff shall provide them with a lodging.

Enter BANKS.

Well, neighbour Banks, once for all, am I to marry your sister?

Banks. That she best knows.

F. Gam. Ay, but she says she won't.

Banks. Then I dare say she won't, for though a woman, I never knew her to speak what she didn't think.

F. Gam. Then she won't have me? A fine thing this, that you and she, who are little better than paupers, dare be so damn'd saucy!

Banks. Why, farmer, I confess we're poor: but while that's the worst our enemies can say of us, we're content.

F. Gam. Od, dom it! I wish I had now a good, fair occasion to quarrel with him; I'd make him content with a devil to him; I'd knock'en down, send him to jail and—But I'll be up with him!

Enter SIM.

Sim. Oh, feyther, here's one Mr. Lamp, a ring-leader of showfolks come from Andover to act in our

village. He wants a barn to play in, if you'll hire him yourn.

F. Gam. Surely, boy. I'll never refuse money. But, lest he should engage the great room in the inn, run thou and tell him—Stop, I'll go myself—A short cut through that garden.—

Banks. Why you, or any neighbour is welcome to walk in it, or to partake of what it produces, but making it a common thoroughfare is—

F. Gam. Here, Sim, kick open that garden gate.

Banks. What?

F. Gam. Does the lad hear?

Sim. Why yes, yes.

F. Gam. Does the fool understand.

Sim. Dang it, I'm as yet but young; but if understanding teaches me how to wrong my neighbour, I hope I may never live to years of discretion.

F. Gam. What, you cur, do you disobey your feyther? Burst open the garden gate, as I command you.

Sim. Feyther, he, that made both you and the garden, commands me not to injure the unfortunate.

F. Gam. Here's an ungracious rogue! Then I must do it myself. [*Advances.*]

Banks. [*Stands before it.*] Hold, neighbour. Small as this spot is, it's now my only possession: and the man shall first take my life, who sets a foot in it against my will.

F. Gam. I'm in such a passion.—

Jane. [*Comes forward.*] Feyther, if you're in a passion, read the good book you gave me.

F. Gam. Plague of the wench! But, you hussey, I'll—and you, you unlucky bird!

[*Exit* SIM *and* JANE.

[*A shower of rain.*]—*Enter* ROVER *hastily.*

Rover. Zounds! here's a pelting shower, and no shelter! "Poor Tom's a-cold;" I'm wet through—Oh, here's a *fair promising* house. [Going to Gammon's.]

F. Gam. [*Stops him.*] Hold, my lad. Can't let folks in, till I know who are they. There's a public house not above a mile on.

Banks. Step in here, young man; my fire is small, but it shall cheer you with a hearty welcome.

Rover. [*To* BANKS.] The poor cottager! [*To* GAMMON.] And the substantial farmer! [*Kneels.*] "Hear, Nature, dear goddess, hear! If ever you designed to make his corn-fields fruitful, change thy purpose; that, from the blighted ear no grain may fall to fat his *stubble goose*—and, when to town he drives his hogs, so like himself, oh, let him feel the soaking rain; then may he curse his crime too late, and know how sharper than a serpent's tooth 'tis"—Damme, but I'm spouting in the rain all this time.

[*Jumps up, and runs into* BANKS's.

F. Gam. Ay, neighbour, you'll soon scratch a beggar's head, if you harbour every mad vagrant. This may be one of the footpads, that, it seems, have got about the country; but I'll have an execution, and seize on thy goods, this day, my charitable neighbour! Eh, the sun strikes out, quite cleared up.

Enter JANE.

Jane. La, feyther, if there is'nt coming down the village—

F. Gam. Ah, thou hussey!

Jane. Bless me, feyther! No time for anger now. Here's Lady Amaranth's chariot, drawn by her new grand long-tailed horses.—La! it stops.

F. Gam. Her ladyship is coming out, and walks this way.—She may wish to rest herself in my house. Jane, we must always make rich folks welcome.

Jane. Dear me, I'll run in and set things to rights. But, feyther, your cravat and wig are all got so rumplified with your cross-grained tantarums.—Ill tie *your neck in a big* beau, and for your wig, if there is

any flour in the drudging box— [*Adjusts them, and runs into the house.*]

F. Gam. Oh! the bailiff too that I engaged.

Enter TWITCH.

Twitch. Well, Master Gammon, as you desir'd, I'm come to serve this here warrant of yours, and arrest Master Banks; where is he?

F. Gam. Yes, now I be's determined on't—he's—zounds! stand aside, I'll speak to you anon. [*Looking out.*]

Enter LADY AMARANTH, ZACHARIAH *following.*

Lady Am. Friend, Jane, whom I have taken to be my handmaid, is thy daughter?

F. Gam. Ay, so her mother said, an't please your ladyship.

Lady Am. Ephraim Smooth acquainteth me thou art a wealthy yeoman.

F. Gam. Why, my lady, I pay my rent.

Lady Am. Being yet a stranger on my estate around here, I have passed through thy hamlet to behold with mine own eye the distresses of my poor tenants. I wish to relieve their wants.

F. Gam. Right, your ladyship: for charity hides a deal of sins. How good of you to think of the poor! that's so like me; I'm always contriving how to relieve my neighbours—you must lay Banks in jail to-night. [*Apart to* TWITCH.]

Enter JANE.

Jane. A'nt please you, will your ladyship enter our humble dwelling, and rest your ladyship in feyther's great cane bottom'd elbow chair with a high back. [*Curtsies.*]

F. Gam. Do, my lady. To receive so great a body from her own chariot is an honour I dreamt not of; though, for the hungry and weary foot traveller, my

doors are always open, and my morsel ready. Knock; when he comes out, touch him. [*Aside to* TWITCH.]

Lady Am. Thou art benevolent, and I will enter thy dwelling with satisfaction.

Jane. O precious! This way, my lady.

[*Exeunt all but* TWITCH.

Twitch. Eh, where's the warrant? [*Feels his pocket, and knocks at* BANKS's *door.*]

Enter BANKS.

Banks. Master Twitch! What's your business with me?

Twitch. Only a little affair here against you.

Banks. Me!

Twitch. Yes; Farmer Gammon has bought a thirty pound note of hand of yours.

Banks. Indeed! Well, I didn't think his malice could have stretched so far—I thought the love, he professed for my sister, might—why, it is true, Master Twitch, to lend our indigent cottagers small sums when they've been unable to pay their rents, I got lawyer Quirk to procure me this money, and hoped their industry would have put it in my power to take up my note before now. However, I'll go round and try what they can do, then call on you and settle it.

Twitch. You must go with me.

Rover. [*Without.*] Old gentleman, come quick, or I'll draw another bottle of your currant wine.

Twitch. You'd best not make a noise, but come. [*To* BANKS.]

Enter ROVER.

Rover. Oh, you're here? Rain over—quite fine——I'll take a sniff of the open air too—Eh, what's the matter?

Twitch. What's that to you?

Rover. What's that to me? Why, you're a very *unmannerly*—

Twitch. Oh, here's a rescue!

Banks. Nay, my dear sir, I'd wish you not to bring yourself into trouble about me.

Twitch. Now, since you don't know what's civil, if the debt's not paid directly, to jail you go.

Rover. My kind, hospitable good old man to jail! What's the amount, you scoundrel.

Twitch. Better words, or I'll—

Rover. Stop; utter you a word good or bad, except to tell me what's your demand upon this gentleman, and I'll give you the greatest beating you ever got since the hour you commenced rascal. [*In a low tone.*]

Twitch. Why, master, I don't want to quarrel with you, because—

Rover. You'll get nothing by it. Do you know, you villain, that I am this moment the greatest man living?

Twitch. Who, pray?

Rover. "I am the bold Thunder!" Sirrah, know that I carry my purse of gold in my coat-pocket, Though damme if I know how a purse came there. [*Aside, and takes it out.*] There's twenty pictures of his majesty; therefore, in the king's name, I free his liege subject; [*Takes Banks away.*] and now who am I? Ah, ah!

Twitch. Ten pieces short, my master; but if you're a housekeeper I'll take this and your bail.

Rover. Then for bail you must have a housekeeper? What's to be done!

Enter GAMMON.

Ah, here's old hospitality! I know you've a house, though your fire side was too warm for me. Lookye, here's some rapacious, griping rascal, has had this worthy gentleman arrested. Now a certain, good-for-nothing, rattling fellow has paid twenty guineas;

you pass your word for the other nine, we'll step back into the old gentleman's friendly house, and over his currant wine, our first toast shall be, liberty to the honest debtor, and confusion to the hard hearted creditor.

Gam. I shan't.

Rover. Shan't! What's your name?

F. Gam. Gammon.

Rover. Gammon! Dem'me, you're the Hampshire hog. [*Exit* F. GAMMON.

'Sdeath! How shall I do to extricate—? I wish I had another purse in my waistcoat pocket.

Enter LADY AMARANTH, *from* GAMMON'S, ZACHARIAH *following.*

Lady Am. What tumult's this?

Rover. A lady! Ma'am, your most obedient humble servant. [*Bows.*] A quaker too! They are generally kind and humane, and that face is the prologue to a play of a thousand good acts—may be she'd help us here. [*Aside.*] Ma'am, you must know that—that I—no—this gentleman—I mean this gentleman and I—He got a little behind hand, as every honest, well principled man often may, from—bad harvests and rains—lodging corn—and his cattle—from murrain, and—rot the murrain! you know this is the way all this affair happened, [*To Banks.*] and then up steps this gentleman, [*To Twitch.*] with a—a tip in his way—madam, you understand? And then in steps I—with my a—In short, madam, I am the worst story teller in the world, where myself is the hero of the tale.

Twitch. Mr. Banks has been arrested for thirty pounds, and this gentleman has paid twenty guineas of the debt.

Banks. My litigious neighbour to expose me thus!

Lady Am. The young man and maiden within, have spoken well of thy sister, and pictured thee as a man of irreproachable morals, though unfortunate.

Rover. Madam, he's the honestest fellow—I've known him above forty years, he has the best hand at stirring a fire—If you was only to taste his currant wine.

Banks. Madam, I never aspired to an enviable rank in life: but hitherto pride and prudence kept me above the reach of pity: but obligations from a stranger—

Lady Am. He really a stranger, and attempt to free thee? But, friend, [*To Rover.*] thou hast assumed a right which here belongeth alone to me. As I enjoy the blessings which these lands produce, I own also the heart delighting privilege of dispensing those blessings to the wretched. Thou mad'st thyself my worldly banker, and no cash of mine in thine hands, [*Takes a note from a pocket book.*] but thus I balance our account. [*Offers it.*]

Rover. "Madam, my master pays me, nor can I take money from another hand, without injuring his honour, and disobeying his commands."

"Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

[*Runs off.*

Banks. But, sir, I insist you'll return him his money. [*To Twitch.*] Stop! [*Going.*]

Twitch. Aye, stop! [*Holds the skirt of his coat.*]

Lady Am. Where dwelleth he?

Banks. I fancy, where he can, madam. I understand, from his discourse, that he was on his way to join a company of actors in the next town.

Lady Am. A profane stage-player with such a gentle, generous heart! Yet so whimsically wild, like the unconscious rose, modestly shrinking from the recollection of its own grace and sweetness.

Enter JANE, *from the house, more dressed.*

Jane. Now, my lady, I'm fit to attend your ladyship. I look so genteelish, mayhap her ladyship may take me home with her.

Lady Am. This maiden may find out for me whither he goeth. [*Aside.*] Call on my steward, and thy legal demands shall be satisfied. [*To Twitch.*]

Jane. Here, coachman, drive up my lady's chariot, nearer to our door. [*Calls off.*] Charott! If she'd take me with her, la! how all the folks will stare. [*Aside.*] Madam, though the roads are so very dusty, I'll walk all the way on foot to your ladyship's house—ay, though I should spoil my bran new petticoat.

Lady Am. Rather than sully thy garment, thou shalt be seated by me. Friend, be cheerful; thine and thy sister's sorrows shall be but an April shower.

Jane. Oh, your ladyship!—Ecod, if I didn't think so—[*Aside.*]

Enter SIM.

Here, you Sim, order the charott for us.

Sim. Us! Come, come, Jane, I've the little tilt cart to carry you.

Jane. Cart! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Before an Inn.

Enter ROVER *and* WAITER.

Rover. Hillo! friend, when does the coach set out for London?

Waiter. In about an hour, sir.

Rover. Has the Winchester coach passed?

Waiter. No, sir. [*Exit.*

Rover. That's lucky! Then my trunk is here still. Go I will not. Since I've lost the fellowship of my friend Dick, I'll travel no more, I'll try a London audience, who knows but I may get an engagement. This celestial lady quaker! She must be rich, and ridiculous for such a poor dog as I am, even to think of her. How Dick would laugh at me if he knew—I dare say by this she has released my kind host from the gripe—I should like to be certain, though.

Enter LANDLORD.

Land. You'll dine here, sir? I'm honest Bob Johnstone; kept the Sun these twenty years. Excellent dinner on table at two.

Rover. "Yet my love indeed is appetite; I'm as hungry as the sea, and can digest as much."

Land. Then you won't do for my shilling ordinary, sir; there's a very good ordinary at the Saracen's head, at the end of the town. Shou'dn't have thought indeed, hungry foot travellers to eat like——coming, sir. [*Exit.*

Rover. I'll not join this company at Winchester. I will take a touch at a London theatre. The public there are candid and generous, and before my merit can have time to create enemies, I'll save money, and,—"a fig for the Sultan and Sophy."

Enter JANE, *at the back, and* SIM, *watching her.*

Jane. Ay, that's he!

Rover. But if I fail, by Heaven I'll overwhelm the manager, his empire, and—"himself in one prodigious ruin."

Jane. Ruin! Oh Lord! [*Runs back.*]

Sim. What can you expect, when you follow young men? I've dodg'd you all the way.

Jane. Well! wasn't I sent?

Sim. Oh yes, you were sent—very likely. Who sent you?

Jane. It was—I won't tell it's my lady, 'cause she bid me not. [*Aside.*]

Sim. I'll keep you from sheame—a fine life I should have in the parish, rare fleering, if a sister of moine should stand some Sunday at church in a white sheet, and to all their flouts what could I say?

Rover. Thus, "I say my sister's wrong'd, my sister *Blowsabella*, born as high and noble as the *attorney*—do her justice, or by the gods I'll lay a scene of blood, shall make this *haymow* horrible to Beebles."—"Say that, Chamont."

Sim. I believe it's full moon. You go hoame to your place, and moind your business.

Jane. My lady will be so pleas'd I found him! I don't wonder at it, he's such a fine spoken man.

Sim. Dang it! Will you stand here grinning at the wild bucks.

Jane. Perhaps the gentleman might wish to send her ladyship a compliment. An't please you, sir, if it's even a kiss between us two, it shall go safe; for, though you should give it me, brother Sim then can take it to my lady.

Rover. "I kiss'd thee e'er I kill'd thee."

Jane. Kill me!

Rover. "No way but this, killing myself to die upon a kiss!" [*Advancing.*]

Sim. Go! [*To Jane—puts her out.*]

Rover. "Ay; to a nunnery go to." I'm cursedly out of spirits; but hang sorrow, I may as well divert myself.—"'Tis meat and drink for me to see a clown."—"Shepherd, was't ever at Court?"

Sim. Not I.

Rover. "Then thou art damn'd."

Sim. Eh!

Rover. Ay, "thou art damn'd like an ill roasted egg—all on one side."—Little Hospitality.

[*Looking out.*

Enter FARMER GAMMON.

F. Gam. Eh, where's the showman, that wants to hire my barn? So, Madam Jane, I place her out to sarvice, and instead of attending her mistress, she gets galloping all about the village.—How's this, son?

Rover. "Your son? Young Clodpate, take him to your wheat stack, and there teach him manners."

F. Gam. Ah, thou'rt the fellow that would bolt out of the dirty roads into people's houses. Ho, ho, ho! Sim's schooling is mightily thrown away if he hasn't more manners than thou.

Sim. Why, feyther, it is! Gadzooks, he be one of the play! Acted Tom Fool, in King Larry, at Lymington, to'ther night—I thought I know'd the face, thof he had a straw cap, and a blanket about'n—Ho, ho! how comical that was when you said—

Rover. "Pillicock sat upon Pillicock hill, pil—i—loo, loo!"

Sim. That's it! He's at it! [*Claps.*] Laugh, feyther.

F. Gam. Hold your tongue, boy! I believe he's no better than he should be. The moment I saw him, says I to myself, *you are a rogue.*

Rover. There you spoke truth for once in your life.

F. Gam. I'm glad to hear you confess it. But her ladyship shall have the vagrants whipp'd out of the country.

Rover. Vagrant! "Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!" "Only squint, and, by Heaven, I'll beat thy blown body till it rebounds like a tennis ball."

Sim. Beat my feyther! No, no. Thou must first beat me. [*Puts himself in a posture of defence.*]

Rover. [*Aside, with great feeling.*] "Though love cool, friendship fall off, brothers divide, subjects rebel, oh! never let the sacred bond be crack'd 'twixt son and father!"—I never knew a father's protection, never had a father to protect. [*Puts his handkerchief to his eyes.*]

Sim. Ecod! he's not acting now!

Enter LANDLORD, *with a book, pen, and ink.*

F. Gam. Landlord, is this Mr. Lamp here?

Land. I've just opened a bottle for him and t'other in the parlour.

Rover. "Go, father, with thy son; give him a livery more guarded than his fellows."

Sim. Livery! Why, I be no sarvant man, though sister Jane is. Gi's thy hand. [*To Rover.*] I don't know how 'tis; but I think I could lose my life for him; but mustn't let feyther be lickt though—No, no! [*Going, turns and looks at Rover.*] Ecod, I ne'er shall forget Pillicock!

[*Exeunt* FARMER GAMMON *and* SIM.

Rover. Thou art an honest reptile, I'll make my entrée on the London boards in Bayes, yes, I shall have no comparison against me. "Egad, it's very hard that a gentleman and an author can't come to teach them, but he must break his nose, and—and—all that—but—so the players are gone to dinner."

Land. No such people frequent the Sun, I assure you.

Rover. "Sun, moon, and stars!"—Now mind the eclipse, Mr. Johnson.

Land. I heard nothing of it, sir.

Rover. "There's the sun between the earth and moon—there's the moon between the earth and the sun, tol, lol, lol! dance the hay! Luna means to show her tail."

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. Two gentlemen in the parlour would speak with you.

Rover. "I attend them, were they twenty times our mother."

Waiter. Your mother, sir! why it is two gentlemen.

Rover. Say I attend them with all respect and duty. [*Exit Waiter.*

Land. Sir, you go in the stage; as we book the passengers, what name?

Rover. "I am the bold Thunder." [*Exit.*

Land. [*Writing.*] Mr. Thunder.

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. I want two places in the stage coach, because I and another gentleman are going a voyage.

Land. Just two vacant; what name?

John. Avast! I go aloft. But let's see who'll be my master's messmates in the cabin: [*Reads.*[Captain Muccolah, Counsellor Fazacherly, Miss Gosling, Mr. Thunder. What's this? speak, man! is there one of that name going?

Land. Booked him this minute.

John. If our voyage should now be at an end before we begin it?—If this Mr. Thunder should be my master's son!—What rate is this vessel?

Land. Rate!

John. What sort of a gentleman is he?

Land. Oh; a rum sort of a gentleman; I suspect he's one of the players.

John. True; Sam said it was some player's people coaxed him away from Portsmouth school. It must be the 'squire—show me where he's moored, my old purser. [*Exit, singing, and* LANDLORD *following.*

John. The very face of his father! And an't you asham'd of yourself?

Rover. Why, yes, I am sometimes.

John. Do you know, if I had you at the gangways, I'd give you a neater dozen than ever you got from your schoolmaster's cat-a-nine tails.

Rover. You woudn't sure?

John. I would sure.

Rover. Indeed?—Pleasant enough! who is this genius?

John. I've dispatch'd a shallop to tell Lady Amaranth you're here.

Rover. You havn't?

John. I have.

Rover. Now, who the devil's Lady Amaranth?

John. I expect her chariot every moment, and when it comes, you'll get into it, and I'll get into it, and I'll set you down genteely at her house; then I'll have obeyed my orders, and I hope your father will be satisfied.

Rover. My father! who's he pray?

John. Pshaw! leave off your fun, and prepare to ask his pardon.

Rover. Ha, ha, ha! Why, my worthy friend, you are totally wrong in this affair. Upon my word I'm not the person you take me for. [*Going.*]

John. You don't go, though they've got your name down in the stage coach book, Mr. Thunder.

Rover. Mr. Thunder! stage coach book! [*Pauses.*] ha, ha, ha! This must be some curious blunder.

John. Oh! my lad, your father, Sir George, will change your note.

Rover. He must give me one first. Sir George! then my father is a knight, it seems; ha, ha, ha! very good, faith! 'pon my honour, I am not the gentleman that you think me.

John. I ought not to think you any gentleman for

giving your honour in a falsehood. Oh! them play actors you went amongst have quite spoiled you. I wish only one of 'em would come in my way. I'd teach 'em to bring a gentleman's son tramboozing about the country.

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. Her ladyship's chariot's at the door, and I fancy it's you, sir, the coachman wants.

John. Yes, it's me. I attend your honour.

Rover. Then you insist on it that I am—

John. I insist on nothing, only you shall come.

Rover. Indeed! Shall! Shall is a word don't sound over agreeable to my ears.

John. Does a pretty girl sound well to your ear?

Rover. "More music in the clink of her horses' hoofs than twenty hautboys." Why, is this Lady Thing-o-me pretty?

John. Beautiful as a mermaid, and stately as a ship under sail.

Rover. Egad! I've a mind to humour the frolic—Well, well, I'll see your mermaid. But then on the instant of my appearance the mistake must be discovered. [*Aside.*] Harkye, is this father of mine you talk of at this lady's?

John. No: your father's in chase of the deserters. I find he's afraid to face the old one, so, if I tell him, he won't go with me. [*Aside.*] No, no, we shan't see him in a hurry.

Rover. Then I'll venture. Has the lady ever seen me?

John. Psha! none of your jokes, man; you know, that her ladyship, no more than myself, has set eyes upon you since you was the bigness of a rumbo canakin.

Rover. The choice is made. I have my Ranger's dress in my trunk: "Cousin of Buckingham, thou sage grave man!"

John. What?

Rover. "Since you will buckle fortune on my back, to bear her burden, whether I will or no, I must have patience to endure the load; but if black scandal, or foul faced"——

John. Black! my foul face was as fair as yours before I went to sea.

Rover. "Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me."

John. Man, don't stand preaching parson Sacks—come to the chariot.

Rover. Ay, to the chariot! "Bear me, Bucephalus, among the billows,—hey! for the Tygris!" [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

LADY AMARANTH'S *House.*

Enter LADY AMARANTH *and* EPHRAIM.

Lady Am. Though thou hast settled that distressed gentleman's debt, let his sister come unto me; and remit a quarter's rent unto all my tenants.

Eph. As thou bid'st I have discharged from the pound the widow's cattle; but shall I let the lawsuit drop against the farmer's son who did shoot the pheasant?

Lady Am. Yea; but instantly turn from my service the gamekeeper's man that did kill the fawn, while it was eating from his hand. We should hate guile, though we may love venison.

Eph. I love a young doe.—[*Aside.*] Since the death

of friend Dovehouse, who, (though one of the faithful) was an active magistrate, this part of the country is infested with covetous men, called robbers, and I have, in thy name, said unto the people, whoever apprehendeth one of these, I will reward him, yea with thirty pieces of gold. [*A loud knocking without.*] That beating of one brass against another at thy door, proclaimeth the approach of vanity, whose pride of heart swelleth at an empty sound. [*Exit.*

Lady Am. But my heart is possessed with the idea of that wandering youth, whose benevolence induced him to part with, perhaps, his all, to free the unhappy debtor. His person is amiable, his address (according to worldly modes) formed to please, to delight. But he's poor; is that a crime? Perhaps meanly born: but one good action is an illustrious pedigree. I feel I love him, and in that word are birth, fame, and riches.

Enter JANE.

Jane. Madam, my lady, an't please you—

Lady Am. Didst thou find the young man, that I may return him the money he paid for my tenant?

Jane. I found him, ma'am, and—I found him, and he talked of—what he said.

Lady Am. What did he say?

Jane. He saw me, ma'am—and call'd me Blowsabella, and said he would—I'll be hang'd, ma'am, if he didn't say he would—Now, think of that;—but if he hadn't gone to London in the stage coach—

Lady Am. Is he gone? [*With emotion,*

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. Oh, my lady, mayhap John Dory is not the man to be sent after young gentlemen that scamper from school, and run about the country play acting! Pray walk up stairs, Master Thunder: [*Calls off.*]

Lady Am. Hast thou brought my kinsman hither?

John. Well, I havn't then.

Jane. If you havn't, what do you make a talk about it?

John. Well, don't give me your palaver, young Miss Slip Slop.—Will you only walk up, if you please, Master Harry?

Jane. Will you walk up, if you please, Master Harry?

Lady Am. Friendship requireth, yet I am not disposed to commune with company.— [*Aside.*

Jane. Oh, bless me, ma'am! if it isn't—

Enter ROVER, *dressed.*

Rover. "'Tis I, Hamlet the Dane!"—"Thus far into the bowels of the land, have we marched on." —"John, that bloody and devouring boar!"

John. He called me bull in the coach.

Jane. I don't know what brought such a bull in the coach.

Rover. This the Lady Amaranth! By Heavens, the very angel quaker!

Lady Am. [*Turns.*] The dear, generous youth, my cousin Harry!

John. There he's for you, my lady, and make the most of him.

Jane. Oh, how happy my lady is! he looks so charming now he's fine.

John. Harkye! she's as rich as a Spanish Indiaman; and I tell you, your father wishes you'd grapple her by the heart—court her, you mad devil. [*Apart to* ROVER.] There's an engagement to be between these two vessels: but little Cupid's the only man that's to take minutes, so come. [*To* JANE.]

Jane. Ma'am, an't I to wait on you?

John. No, my lass, you're to wait on me.

Jane. Wait on this great sea-bull! lack-a-daisy! am I—am—

John. By this, Sir George is come to the inn. With-

out letting the younker know, I'll go bring him here, and smuggle both father and son into a joyful meeting. [*Aside.*]—[*To* JANE.] Come now, usher me down like a lady.

Jane. This way, Mr. Sailor Gentleman.

[*Exeunt* JOHN *and* JANE.

Rover. By Heavens, a most delectable woman! [*Aside.*

Lady Am. Cousin, when I saw thee in the village free the sheep from the wolf, why didst not tell me then thou wert son to my uncle, Sir George?

Rover. Because, my lady, then I—did'nt know it myself— [*Aside.*

Lady Am. Why wouldst vex thy father, and quit thy school.

Rover. " A truant disposition, good my lady, brought me from Wirtemberg."

Lady Am. Thy father designs thee for his dangerous profession; but is thy inclination turned to the voice of trumpets, and smites of mighty slaughter?

Rover. " Why, ma'am, as for old Boreas, my dad, when the blast of war blows in his ears, he's a tyger in his fierce resentment."—But for me, " I think it a pity, so it is, that villainous saltpetre should be digg'd out of the bowels of the harmless earth, which many a good tall fellow has destroyed, with wounds and guns, and drums, Heav'n save the mark!"

Lady Am. Indeed thou art tall, my cousin, and grown of comely stature. Our families have long been separated.

Rover. They have—Since Adam, I believe—[*Aside.*] " Then, lady, let that sweet bud of love now ripen to a beauteous flower?"

Lady Am. Love!

Rover. " Excellent wench! perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee, and when I love thee not, chaos is come again."

Lady Am. Thou art of an happy disposition.

Rover. " If I were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy." " Let our senses dance in concert to the joyful minutes, and this, and this, the only discord make." [*Embracing.*

Enter JANE, *with cake and wine.*

Jane. Ma'am, an't please you, Mr. Zachariah bid me——

Rover. " Why, you fancy yourself Cardinal Wolsey in this family."

Jane. No, sir, I'm not Cardinal Wolsey, I'm only my lady's maid here—Jenny Gammon, at your service.

Rover. " A bowl of cream for your Catholic majesty."

Jane. Cream! No, sir, it's wine and water.

Rover. " You get no water, take the wine, great potentate."—[*Gives Lady* AMARANTH *a glass, then drinks.*]

Jane. Madam, my father begs leave—

Rover. " Go, go, thou shallow Pomona."—[*Puts her out.*] Eh! Zounds, here's my manager.

Enter FARMER GAMMON *and* LAMP.

F. Gam. I hope her ladyship hasn't found out 'twas I had Banks arrested. [*Aside.*]—Would your ladyship give leave for this here honest man and his comrades to act a few plays in the town, 'cause I've let'n my barn. 'Twill be some little help to me, my lady.

Rover. My lady, I understand these affairs. Leave me to settle 'em.

Lady Am. True; these are delusions, as a woman, I understand not. But by my cousin's advice I will abide; ask his permission.

Gam. So; I must pay my respects to the young 'squire. [*Aside.*] An't please your honour, if a poor *man like me [Bows.]* durst offer my humble duty.—

Rover. Canst thou bow to a vagrant. Eh, Little Hospitality?

[FARMER GAMMON *looks in his face, and sneaks off.*

Lamp. Please your honour, if I may presume to hope you'll be graciously pleased to take our little squad under your honour's protection—

Rover. Ha!

Lady Am. What say'st thou, Henry?

Rover. Ay, where's Henry? Gadso! True, that's me. Strange I should already forget my name, and not half an hour since I was christened! [*Aside.*] Harkye! do you play yourself? Eh! Ha! Hem! [*Vapouring.*] fellow?

Lamp. Yes, sir; and sir, I have just now engaged a new actor, Mr. Rover. Such an actor!

Rover. Eh! What! you've engaged that—what's his name, Rover? If such is your best actor, you shan't have my permission. My dear madam, the worst fellow in the world. Get along out of town, or I'll have all of you, man, woman, child, stick, rag, and fiddlestick, clapt into the whirligig.

Lady Am. Good man, abide not here.

Rover. Eh! What, my friend? Now, indeed, if this new actor you brag of, this crack of your company, was any thing like a gentleman—

Lamp. [*Stares.*] It isn't!

Rover. It is. My good friend, if I was really the unfortunate poor strolling dog you thought me, I should tread your four boards, and crow the cock of your barn-door fowl; but as fate has ordained that I'm a gentleman, and son to Sir,—Sir,—what the devil's my father's name? [*Aside.*] you must be content to murder Shakspeare without making me an accomplice.

Lamp. But, my most gentle sir, I, and my treasurer, Trap, have trumpeted your fame ten miles round the country:—the bills are posted, the stage built, the *candles booked,* fiddles engaged; all on the tip-top of

expectation. We should have to-morrow night an overflow, ay, thirty pounds. Dear, worthy sir, you wou'dn't go to ruin a whole community and their families that now depend only on the exertion of your brilliant talents.

Rover. Eh! I never was uniform but in one maxim, that is, though I do little good, to hurt nobody but myself.

Lady Am. Since thou hast promised, much as I prize my adherence to those customs in which I was brought up, thou shalt not sully thy honour by a breach of thy word. Play, if it can bring good to these people.

Rover. Shall I?

Lady Am. This falleth out well; for I have bidden all the gentry round unto my house warming, and these pleasantries may afford them a cheerful and innocent entertainment.

Rover. True, my lady; your guests ar'n't quakers though you are, and when we ask people to our house, we study to please them, not ourselves. But if we do furbish a play or two, the muses sha'n't honour that churlish fellow's barn. No; the god, that illumines the soul of genius, should never visit the iron door of inhumanity. No Gammon's barn for me!—

Lady Am. Barn! no; that gallery shall be thy theatre; and, in spite of the grave doctrines of Ephraim Smooth, my friends and I will behold and rejoice in thy pranks, my pleasant cousin.

Rover. My kind, my charming lady! Hey, brighten up, bully Lamp, carpenters, tailor, manager, distribute your box tickets for my lady's gallery.—

" Come, gentle coz,"

" The actors are at hand, and by their show
You shall know all
That you are like to know." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Inn.

Enter HARRY, *and* MIDGE.

Harry. Though I went back to Portsmouth academy with a contrite heart, to continue my studies, yet, from my father's angry letter, I dread a woeful storm at our first meeting. I fancy the people at this inn don't recollect me; it reminds me of my pleasant friend, poor Jack Rover, I wonder where he is now.

Midge. And brings to my memory a certain stray vaguing acquaintance of mine, poor Dick Buskin.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Then I desire, sir, you'll turn Dick Buskin again out of your memory.

Midge. Can't, sir. The dear, good-natur'd, wicked son of a ——beg your honour's pardon.

Harry. Oh, but Midge, you must, as soon as I'm dressed, step out and enquire whose house is this my father's at; I did not think he had any acquaintance in this part of the country. Sound what humour he's in, and how the land lies, before I venture in his presence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR GEORGE THUNDER, *agitated, and* LANDLORD.

Sir Geo. I can hear nothing of these deserters; yet, by my first intelligence, they'll not venture up to London. They must still be lurking about the country. Landlord, have any suspicious persons ever put in at your house?

Land. Yes, sir; now and then.

Sir Geo. Zounds! what do you do with them?

Land. Why, sir, when a man calls for liquor

that I think has no money, I make him pay beforehand.

Sir Geo. Damn your liquor, you self-interested porpoise! Chatter your own private concerns, when the public good, or fear of general calamity, should be the only compass! These fellows, that I'm in pursuit of, have run from their ships; if our navy's unmann'd, what becomes of you and your house, you dunghill cormorant?

Land. This is a very abusive sort of a gentleman; but he has a full pocket, or he wou'dn't be so saucy. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*

Sir Geo. This rascal, I believe, doesn't know I'm Sir George Thunder. Winds, still variable, blow my affairs right athwart each other.—To know what's become of my runagate son Harry,—and there my rich lady niece, pressing and squeezing up the noble plumage of our illustrious family in her little mean quaker bonnet. But I must up to town after—'Sblood, when I catch my son Harry!—Oh, here's John Dory.

Enter JOHN DORY.

Have you taken the places in the London coach for me?

John. Hahoy! your honour, is that yourself?

Sir Geo. No, I'm beside myself—heard any thing of my son?—

John. What's o'clock?

Sir Geo. What do you talk of clocks or time-pieces—All glasses, reck'ning, and log-line, are run mad with me.

John. If it's two, your son is at this moment walking with Lady Amaranth in her garden.

Sir Geo. With Lady Amaranth!

John. If half after, they're cast anchor to rest themselves amongst the posies; if three, they're got up again; if four, they're picking a bit of

cramm'd fowl; and, if half after, they're picking their teeth, and cracking walnuts over a bottle of Calcavella.

Sir Geo. My son! my dear friend, where did you find him?

John. Why, I found him where he was, and I left him where he is.

Sir Geo. What, and he came to Lady Amaranth's?

John. No; but I brought him there from this house, in her ladyship's chariot. I won't tell him Master Harry went amongst the players, or he'd never forgive him. [*Aside.*] Oh! such a merry, civil, crazy, crack-brain! the very picture of your honour.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! What, he's in high spirits? ha, ha, ha! the dog! [*Joyfully.*] But I hope he's had discretion enough to throw a little gravity over his mad humour, before his prudent cousin.

John. He threw himself on his knees before her, and that did quite as well.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! made love to her already! Oh, the impudent, the cunning villain! What, and may be he—[*With great glee.*]

John. Indeed he did give her a smack.

Sir Geo. Me; ha, ha, ha!

John. Oh, he's yours! a chip of the old block.

Sir Geo. He is! he is! ha, ha, ha!

John. Oh, he threw his arms around her as eager as I would to catch a falling decanter of Madeira.

Sir Geo. Huzza! victoria! Here will be a junction of bouncing estates! but, confound the money. John, you shall have a bowl for a jolly boat to swim in; roll in here a puncheon of rum, a hogshead of sugar, shake an orchard of oranges, and let the Landlord drain his fish-pond yonder. [*Sings.*] "A bumper! a bumper of good liquor," &c.

John. Then, my good master, Sir George, I'll

order a bowl in, since you are in the humour for it—"We'll dance a little, and sing a little." [*Singing.*]

[*Exit.*

Sir Geo. And so the wild rogue is this instant rattling up her prim ladyship. Eh, isn't this he? Left her already!

Enter HARRY.

Harry. I must have forgot my cane in this room—My father! Eh! zounds!

Sir Geo. [*Looks at his watch.*] Just half after four! Why, Harry, you've made great haste in cracking your walnuts.

Harry. Yes; he's heard of my frolics with the players. [*Aside.*] Dear father, if you'll but forgive—

Sir Geo. Why, indeed, Harry, you've acted very bad.

Harry. Sir, it should be considered I was but a novice.

Sir Geo. However, I shall think of nothing now but your benefit.

Harry. Very odd, his approving of—[*Aside.*] I thank you, sir, but, if agreeable to you, I've done with benefits.

Sir Geo. If I wasn't the best of fathers, you might indeed hope none from me; but no matter, if you can but get the *fair quaker.*

Harry. Or the humours of the navy, sir?

Sir Geo. What, how dare you reflect on the humours of the navy? The navy has very good humours, or I'd never see your dog's face again, you villain! But I'm cool. What, eh, boy, a snug, easy chariot?

Harry. I'll order it. Waiter, desire my father's carriage to draw up. [*Calls.*

Sir Geo. Mine, you rogue! I've none here. mean Lady Amaranth's.

Harry. Yes, sir; Lady Amaranth's chariot! [*Calling.*]

Sir Geo. What are you at? I mean that which you left this house in.

Harry. Chariot! sir, I left this house on foot.

Sir Geo. What, with John Dory?

Harry. No, sir, with Jack Rover.

Sir Geo. Why, John has been a rover to be sure; but now he's settled, since I've made him my valet de chambre.

Harry. Make him your valet! Why, sir, where did you meet him?

Sir Geo. Zounds! I met him on board, and I met him on shore, and the cabin, steerage, gallery, and forecastle. He sailed round the world with me.

Harry. Strange this, sir! certainly I understood he had been in the East Indies; but he never told me he even knew you; but, indeed, he knew me only by the name of Dick Buskin.

Sir Geo. Then how came he to bring you to Lady Amaranth's?

Harry. Bring me where?

Sir Geo. Answer me. Ar'n't you now come from her ladyship's.

Harry. [*Stares.*] Me? Not I.

Sir Geo. Ha! this is a lie of John's, to enhance his own services. Then you have not been there?

Harry. There! I don't know where you mean, sir.

Sir Geo. Yes; 'tis all a brag of John's, but I'll—

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. The rum and sugar is ready; but as for the fish-pond—

Sir Geo. I'll kick you into it, you thirsty old grampus.

John. Will you? Then I'll make a comical roasted orange.

Sir Geo. How dare you say you brought my son to Lady Amaranth's?

John. And who says I did not?

Sir Geo. He that best should know; only Dick Buskin here.

John. Then Dick Buskin might find some other amusement than shooting off his guns here.

Sir Geo. Did you bring my son to Lady Amaranth's in her chariot?

John. And to be sure I did.

Sir Geo. There, what do you say to that?

Harry. I say it's false.

John. False! Shiver my hulk, Mr. Buskin, if you wore a lion's skin, I'd curry you for this

[*Exit, in a rage.*

Sir Geo. No, no, John's honest; I see through it now. The puppy has seen her, perhaps he has the impudence not to like her, and so blows up this confusion and perplexity only to break off a marriage that I've set my heart on.

Harry. What does he mean? Sir, I'll assure you—

Sir Geo. Damn your assurance, you disobedient, ungrateful—I'll not part with you till I confront you with Lady Amaranth herself, face to face, and if I prove you've been deceiving me, I'll launch you into the wide ocean of life without rudder, compass, grog, or tobacco. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

LADY AMARANTH'S *House.*

Enter LADY AMARANTH, *reading.*

Lady Am. The fanciful flights of my pleasant cousin enchant my senses. This book he gave me to read containeth good moral. The man Shakspeare, that did write it, they call immortal; he must indeed have been filled with a divine spirit. I understand, from my cousin, the origin of plays were religious mysteries; that, freed from the superstition of early, and the grossness of latter, ages, the stage is now the vehicle of delight and morality. If so, to hear a good play, is taking the wholesome draught of precept from a golden cup, embossed with gems; yet, my giving countenance to have one in my house, and even to act in it myself, prove the ascendancy, that my dear Harry hath over my heart—Ephraim Smooth is much scandalized at these doings.

Enter EPHRAIM.

Eph. This mansion is now the tabernacle of Baal.

Lady Am. Then abide not in it.

Eph. 'Tis full of the wicked ones.

Lady Am. Stay not amongst the wicked ones.

[*Loud laughing without.*

Eph. I must shut mine ears.

Lady Am. And thy mouth also, good Ephraim. I have bidden my cousin Henry to my house, and I

will not set bounds to his mirth to gratify thy spleen, and show mine own inhospitality.

Eph. Why dost thou suffer him to put into the hands of thy servants books of tragedies, and books of comedies, prelude, interlude, yea, all lewd. My spirit doth wax wrath. I say unto thee a playhouse is the school for the old dragon, and a playbook the primer of Belzebub.

Lady Am. This is one; mark! [*Reads.*] "Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, the marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, become them with one half so good a grace as mercy doth. Oh, think on that, and mercy then will breathe within your lips like man new made!"—Doth Belzebub speak such words?

Eph. Thy kinsman has made all the servants actors.

Lady Am. To act well is good service.

Eph. Here cometh the damsel for whom my heart yearneth.

Enter JANE, *reading a paper joyfully.*

Jane. Oh, ma'am, his honour the 'squire says the play's to be "As you like it."

Eph. I like it not.

Jane. He's given me my character. I'm to be Miss Audrey, and brother Sim's to be William of the forest, as it were. But how am I to get my part by heart?

Lady Am. By often reading it.

Jane. Well, I don't know but that's as good as any other. But I must study my part. "The gods give us joy." [*Exit.*

Eph. Thy maidens skip like young kids.

Lady Am. Then do thou go skip with them.

Eph. Mary, thou shou'd'st be obey'd in thine own house, and I will do thy bidding.

Lady Am. Ah, thou hypocrite! To obey is easy when the heart commands.

Enter ROVER, *pushing by* EPHRAIM.

Rover. Oh, my charming cousin, how agree you and Rosalind? Are you almost perfect? "Eh, what, all a-mort, old Clytus?" "Why, you're like an angry fiend broke in among the laughing gods."—Come, come, I'll have nothing here, but "Quips and cranks, and wreathed smiles, such as dwell on Hebe's cheek." [*Looking at* LADY AMARANTH.

Lady Am. He says we mustn't have this amusement.

Rover. "But I'm a voice potential, double as the Duke's, and I say we must."

Eph. Nay.

Rover. Yea: "By Jupiter, I swear, aye."

[*Music without.*

Eph. I must shut my ears. The man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat.

Enter LAMP, *with a Violin.*

Lamp. Now, if agreeable to your ladyship, we'll go over your song.

Eph. I will go over it.

[*Snatches the book from* LADY AMARANTH, *throws it on the ground, and steps on it.*

Rover. Trample on Shakspeare! "You sacrilegious thief, that, from a shelf the precious diadem stole, and put it in thy pocket!" [*Takes up the book and presents it again to* LADY AMARANTH.] Silence, "thou owl of Crete," and hear the "Cuckoo's song."

Lady Am. To practise it I'm content.

[LAMP *begins to play.* EPHRAIM *jostles him, and puts him out of tune.*

Lamp. Why, what's that for, my dear sir?

Eph. Friend, this is a land of freedom, and I've

as much right to move my elbow as thou hast to move thine. [ROVER *pushes him.*] Why dost thou so friend?

Rover. Friend, this is a land of freedom, and I have as much right to move my elbow, as thou hast to move thine.

[*Mimicking, shoves* EPHRAIM *out.*

Lady Am. But, Harry, do your people of fashion act these follies themselves.

Rover. Ay, and scramble for the top parts as eager as for star, ribband, place, or pension. Lamp, decorate the seats out smart and theatrical, and drill the servants that I've given the small parts to—

[*Exit* LAMP.

Lady Am. I wished for some entertainment, (in which gay people now take delight,) to please those I have invited; but we'll convert these follies into a charitable purpose. Tickets for this day shall be delivered unto my friends gratis; but money to their amount, I will, from my own purse (after rewarding our assistants) distribute amongst the indigent of the village. Thus, whilst we please ourselves, and perhaps amuse our friends, we shall make the poor happy. [*Exit.*

Rover. An angel! If Sir George doesn't soon arrive, to blow me, I may, I think, marry her angelic ladyship; but will that be honest? She's nobly born, though I suspect I had ancestors too, if I knew who they were. I certainly entered this house the poorest wight in England, and what must she imagine when I am discovered? That I am a scoundrel; and, consequently, though I should possess her hand and fortune, instead of loving, she'll despise me——[*Sits down.*] I want a friend now, to consult—deceive her I will not. Poor Dick Buskin wants money more than myself, yet this is a measure I'm sure he'd scorn. No, no, I must not.—

Enter HARRY.

Harry. Now I hope my passionate father will be convinced that this is the first time I was ever under this roof. Eh, what beau is here? Astonishing! My old strolling friend!

[*Unperceived, sits by* ROVER.

Rover. Heigho! I don't know what to do.

Harry. [*In the same tone.*] "Nor what to say."

Rover. [*Turns.*] Dick Buskin! My dear fellow! Ha, ha, ha! Talk of the devil, and—I was just thinking of you—'pon my soul, Dick, I'm so happy to see you. [*Shakes hands cordially.*

Harry. But, Jack, eh, how came you to find me out?

Rover. Found you! I'm sure I wonder how the deuce you found me out. Ah, the news of my intended play has brought you.

Harry. He doesn't know as yet who I am, so I'll carry it on. [*Aside.*] Then you too have broke your engagement with Truncheon, at Winchester; figuring it away in your stage clothes too. Really, tell us what you are at here, Jack?

Rover. Will you be quiet with your Jacking? I'm now 'Squire Harry.

Harry. What?

Rover. I've been pressed into this service by an old man of war, who found me at the inn, and, insisting I'm son to a Sir George Thunder, here, in that character, I flatter myself I have won the heart of the charming lady of this house.

Harry. Now the mystery's out. Then it's my friend Jack has been brought here for me. [*Aside.*] Do you know the young gentleman they take you for?

Rover. No; but I flatter myself he is honoured in his representative.

Harry. Upon my soul, Jack, you're a very high fellow.

Rover. I am, now I can put some pounds in your pockets; you shall be employed—we're getting up "*As you like it.*" Let's see, in the cast have I a part for you—I'll take Touchstone from Lamp, you shall have it, my boy; I'd resign Orlando to you with any other Rosalind; but the lady of the mansion plays it herself, you rogue.

Harry. The very lady my father intended for me. [*Aside.*] Do you love her, Jack?

Rover. To distraction; but I'll not have her.

Harry. No! Why?

Rover. She thinks me a gentleman, and I'll not convince her I am a rascal. I'll go on with our play, as the produce is appropriated to a good purpose, and then lay down my 'squireship, bid adieu to my heavenly Rosalind, and exit for ever from her house, poor Jack Rover.

Harry. The generous fellow I ever thought him, and he sha'n't lose by it. If I could make him believe—[*Aside.*] Well, this is the most whimsical affair! You've anticipated, superseded me, ha, ha, ha! You'll scarce believe that I'm come here too (purposely though) to pass myself for this young Henry.

Rover. No!

Harry. I am.

Sir Geo. [*Without.*] Harry, where are you?

Rover. Eh! Who's that?

Harry. Ah, ah, ah! I'll try it, my father will be cursedly vexed; but no other way. [*Aside.*

Rover. Somebody call'd Harry—Zounds, "if the real Simon Pure" should be arrived, I'm in a fine way.

Harry. Be quiet—that's my confederate.

Rover. Eh!

Harry. He's to personate the father, Sir George. He started the scheme, having heard, that a union was intended, and Sir George not immediately expected—our plan is, if I can, before his arrival, flourish myself into the lady's good graces, and whip her up, as she's *an heiress.*

Rover. But who is this comrade?

Harry. One of our company, a devilish good actor in the old man.

Rover. So, you're turned fortune hunter? Oh, ho! then 'twas on this plan that you parted with me on the road, standing like a finger post, "you walk up that way, and I must walk down this." [*Mimicks.*] Why, Dick, I didn't know you were half so capital a rogue.

Harry. I didn't know my forte lay that way 'till persuaded by this experienced stager.

Rover. He must be an impudent old scoundrel; who is he? Do I know him?

Harry. Why, no—I hope not. [*Aside.*

Rover. I'll step down stairs, and have the honour of —I'll kick him.

Harry. Stop! No, I wou'dn't have him hurt neither.

Rover. What's his name?

Harry. His name is—is—Abrawang.

Rover. Abrawang! Abrawang! I never heard of him; but, Dick, why would you let him persuade you to such a scandalous affair?

Harry. Why faith, I would have been off it; but when once he takes a project into his head, the devil himself can't drive him out of it.

Rover. Yes; but the constable may drive him into Winchester goal.

Harry. Eh! Your opinion of our intended exploit, has made me ashamed of myself—Ah, ah, ah! Harkye, Jack, to frighten and punish my adviser, do you still keep on your character of young 'Squire Thunder- you can easily do that, as he, no more than myself, has ever seen the young gentleman.

Rover. But by Heavens I'll- "Quoit him down, Bardolph."

Harry. Yes; but, Jack, if you can marry her, her

fortune is a snug thing; besides, if you love each other,—I tell you—

Rover. Hang her fortune! "My love more noble than the world, prizes not quantity of dirty lands." Oh, Dick, she's the most lovely—she is female beauty in its genuine decoration. [*Exit.*

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! this is the drollest—Rover little suspects, that I am the identical Squire Thunder, that he personates—I'll lend him my character a little longer.—Yes, this offers a most excellent opportunity of making my poor friend's fortune, without injuring any body; if possible, he shall have her. I can't regret the loss of charms I never knew; and, as for an estate, my father's is competent to all my wishes. Lady Amaranth, by marrying Jack Rover, will gain a man of honour, which she might miss in an earl—it may teize my father a little at first, but he's a good old fellow in the main, and, I think, when he comes to know my motive—Eh! this must be she —an elegant woman, faith! Now for a spanking lie, to continue her in the belief, that Jack is the man she thinks him.

Enter LADY AMARANTH.

Lady Am. Who art thou, friend?

Harry. Madam, I've scarce time to warn you against the danger you are in, of being imposed upon by your uncle, Sir George.

Lady Am. How?

Harry. He has heard of your ladyship's partiality for his son; but is so incensed at the irregularity of his conduct, he intends, if possible, to disinherit him; and, to prevent your honouring him with your hand, had engaged, and brought me hither, to pass me on you for him, designing to treat the poor young gentleman himself as an impostor, in hopes you'll banish him your heart and house.

Lady Am. Is Sir George such a parent? I thank thee for thy caution.—What is thy name?

Harry. Richard Buskin, ma'am; the stage is my profession. In the young 'squire's late excursion, we contracted an intimacy, and I saw so many good qualities in him, that I could not think of being the instrument of his ruin, nor deprive your ladyship of so good a husband, as I am certain he'll make you.

Lady Am. Then Sir George intends to disown him?

Harry. Yes, ma'am; I've this moment told the young gentleman of it; and he's determined, for a jest, to return the compliment, by seeming to treat Sir George himself as an impostor.

Lady Am. Ha, ha, ha! 'twill be a just retaliation, and, indeed, what my uncle deserveth for his cruel intentions both to his son and me.

Sir Geo. [*Without.*] What, has he run away again?

Lady Am. That's mine uncle.

Harry. Yes; here is my father; and my standing out that I am not his son, will rouse him into the heat of battle, ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*] Here he is, madam, now mind how he will dub me 'squire.

Lady Am. It's well I'm prepared, or I might have believed him.

Enter SIR GEORGE.

Sir Geo. Well, my lady, wasn't it my wild rogue set you to all the Calcavella capers you've been cutting in the garden? You see here I have brought him into the line of battle again—you villain, why do you drop astern there? Throw a salute shot, buss her bobstays, bring to, and come down straight as a mast you dog.

Lady Am. Uncle, who is this?

Sir Geo. Who is he! Ha, ha, ha! Gad, that's an odd question to the fellow that has been cracking your walnuts.

Lady Am. He is bad at his lesson.

Sir Geo. Certainly, when he ran from school—why don't you speak, you lubber? you're curst modest now, but before I came, 'twas all done amongst the posies—Here, my lady, take from a father's hand, Harry Thunder.

Lady Am. That is what I may not.

Sir Geo. There, I thought you'd disgust her, you flat fish!

Enter ROVER.

Lady Am. [*Taking* ROVER'S *hand.*] Here, take from my hand, Harry Thunder.

Sir Geo. Eh! [*Staring at* ROVER.]

Rover. Eh! Oh! this is your sham Sir George? [*Apart.*

Harry. Yes; I've been telling the lady, and she'll seem to humour him.

Rover. I shan't though. [*To Harry.*] How do you do, Abrawang?

Sir Geo. Abrawang!

Rover. You look like a good actor.—Ay, that's very well, indeed—never lose sight of your character—you know, Sir George is a noisy, turbulent, wicked old seaman.—Angry! bravo!—pout your under lip, purse your brows—very well! But, dem it, Abrawang, you should have put a little red upon your nose—mind a rule, ever play an angry old man, with a red nose.

Sir Geo. Nose! [*Walks about in a passion.*

Rover. Very well! that's right! strut about on your little pegs.

Sir Geo. I'm in such a fury.

Rover. We know that. Your figure is the most happy comedy squab I ever saw; why only show yourself, and you set the audience in a roar.

Sir Geo. 'Sblood and fire!

Rover. "Keep it up, I like fun."

Lady Am. Who is this?

[*To* SIR GEORGE, *pointing at* ROVER.

Sir Geo. Some puppy unknown.

Lady Am. And you don't know this gentleman?

[*To* ROVER, *points to* SIR GEORGE.

Rover. Excellently well; "He's a fishmonger."

Sir Geo. A what?

Lady Am. Yes, father and son are determined not to know each other. You know this youth?

[*To* ROVER.

Rover. [*To* HARRY.] "My friend, Horatio"—I wear him in my heart's core, yea, in my heart of heart, as I do thee." [*Embracing.*

Sir Geo. Such freedom with my niece before my face! Do you know that lady, do you know my son, sir?

Rover. Be quiet. "Jaffier has discovered the plot, and you can't deceive the senate."

Harry. Yes, my conscience wou'dn't let me carry it through.

Rover. "Ay, his conscience hanging about the neck of his heart, says, good Launcelot, and good Gobbo, as aforesaid, good Launcelot Gobbo, take to thy heels and run."

Sir Geo. Why, my lady! explain, scoundrel, and puppy unknown.

Lady Am. Uncle, I've heard thy father was kind to thee, return that kindness to thy child. If the lamb in wanton play doth fall among the waters, the shepherd taketh him out, instead of plunging him deeper till he dieth. Though thy hairs now be grey, I'm told they were once flaxen; in short, he is too old in *folly, who cannot* excuse it in youth. [Exit.

Sir Geo. I'm an old fool! Well, that's damn'd civil of you, madam niece, and I'm a grey shepherd—with her visions and her vines, and her lambs in a ditch; but as for you, young Mr. Goat, I'll butt you——

Rover. My dear Abrawang, give up the game—her ladyship, in seeming to take you for her uncle, has been only humming you! What the devil, don't you think the fine creature knows her own true born uncle?

Sir Geo. Certainly; to be sure she knows me.

Rover. Will you have done? Zounds, man, my honoured father was here himself to-day—Her ladyship knows his person.

Sir Geo. Your honoured father! and who's your honoured self?

Rover. "Now by my father's son, and that's myself, it shall be sun, moon, or a Cheshire cheese—before I budge—still crossed and crossed."

Sir Geo. What do you bawl out to me of a Cheshire cheese, I say—

Rover. "And I say, as the saying is"—your friend Dick, has told me all; but to convince you of my forgiveness, in our play, as you're rough and tough, I'll cast you Charles the Wrestler, I do Orlando; I'll kick up your heels before the whole court.

Sir Geo. Why, dam'me, I'll—And you, you undutiful chick of an old pelican—

[*Lifting up his cane, to strike* HARRY,

Enter JOHN, *who receives the blow.*

John. What are you at here? cudgelling the people about? But, Mr. Buckskin, I've a word to say to you in private.

Sir Geo. Buckskin! take that. [*Beats him.*

Enter LAMP, TRAPP, *and two female* SERVANTS.

Lamp. " All the world's a stage, and all the men and women"——

Sir Geo. The men are rogues, and the women hussies—I'll make a clear stage.

[*Beats them off—amongst the rest, strikes* ROVER.

Rover. " A blow! Essex, a blow"—An old rascally impostor stigmatizing me with a blow—no, I must not put up with it.—Zounds! I shall be tweaked by the nose all round the country—I'll follow him.—" Strike me! so may this arm dash him to the earth, like a dead dog despised—blindness and leprosy, lameness and lunacy, pride, shame, and the name of villain light on me, if I dont" bang—Mr. Abrawang.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment.

Enter LADY AMARANTH, *and* BANKS.

Banks. Madam, I could have paid the rent of my little cottage; but I dare say 'twas without your ladyship's knowledge, that your steward has turned me out, and put my neighbour in possession.

Lady Am. My steward oppress the poor! I did not know it indeed.

Banks. The pangs of adversity I could bear; but the innocent partner of my misfortunes, my unhappy sister—

Lady Am. I did desire Ephraim to send for thy sister—Did she dwell with thee, and both now without a home? Let her come to mine.

Banks. The hand of misery hath struck us beneath your notice.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Road.

Enter three RUFFIANS, *dressed as Sailors.*

1*st Ruff.* Well, now, what's to be done?

2*d Ruff.* Why, we've been long upon our shifts, and after all our tricks, twists, and turns, as London was then too hot for us, our tramp to Portsmouth was a hit.

3*d Ruff.* Ay; but since the cash we touched, upon pretending to be able bodied seamen, is now come to the last shilling, as we have deserted, means of a fresh supply to take us back to London, must be thought on.

2*d Ruff.* Ay, how to recruit the pocket without hazarding the neck.

1*st Ruff.* By an advertisement posted on the stocks yonder, there are collectors upon this road; thirty guineas are offered by the quaker lady, owner of the estate round here; I wish we could snap any straggler to bring before her. A quaker will only require a yea for an oath—we might sack these thirty guineas.

2*d Ruff.* Yes; but we must take care, if we fall into the hands of this gentleman that's in pursuit of us——'Sdeath, isn't that his man, the old boatswain?

1*st Ruff.* Don't run, I think we three are a match for him.

2*d Ruff.* Instantly put on your characters of sailors;

we may get something out of him: a pitiful story makes such an impression on the soft heart of a true tar, that he'll open his hard hand, and drop you his last guinea—If we can but make him believe we were pressed, we have him; only mind me.

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. To rattle my lantern, Sir George's temper now always blows a hurricane.

2d Ruff. What cheer? [*To* JOHN.

John. Ha hoy!

3d Ruff. Bob, up with your speaking trumpet.

2d Ruff. Do you see, brother, this is the thing—

Enter SIR GEORGE, *at the back, unperceived.*

Sir Geo. If these should be my deserters. [*Aside.*

1st Ruff. We three hands, just come home after a long voyage, were pressed in the river, and without letting us see our friends, brought round to Portsmouth, and there we entered freely, cause why? We had no choice, then we run. We hear some gentleman is in chace of us, so as the shot are all out, we'll surrender.

John. Surrender! Oh then you've no shot left indeed—let's see. [*Feels his pocket.*] I hav'nt the loading of a gun about me now, and this same monsieur poverty is a bitter bad enemy.

Sir Geo. They are the deserters that I've been after. [*Aside.*

John. Meet me in an hour's time in the little wood yonder; I'll raise a wind to blow you into safe latitude—keep out to sea, my master's the rock you'll certainly split upon.

2d Ruff. This is the first time we ever saw you; but

that's in pursuit of us, and this promise was only a decoy to throw us into his power—The pistol!

[*Apart, and pointing to it.* SIR GEORGE *ramming the charge.*

[*2d* RUFFIAN *seizes and wrenches the piece from* SIR GEORGE.

Sir Geo. Ah, boys!

2d Ruff. You'd have our lives, now we'll have yours.

[*Presents the piece at* SIR GEORGE; ROVER *advances quick, and knocks it out of his hand.*

[*They run off.*

Rover. Rascals! [*Pursues them.*

Sir Geo. [*Takes up the other piece.*] My brave lad! I'll— [*Going.*

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. No, you shan't. [*Holding him.*

Sir Geo. The rogues will—

John. Never mind the rogues—

[*Noise of fighting without, a piece let off.*

Sir Geo. S'blood! Must I see my preserver perish. [*Struggling.*

John. Well, I know I'm your preserver, and I will perish, but I'll bring you out of harm's way.

[*Still holding him.*

Sir Geo. Though he'd fight me himself—

John. Sure we all know you'd fight the devil.

Sir Geo. He saved my life.

John. I'll save your life [*Whips him up in his arms.*] So hey! haul up, my noble little crab walk! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in BANKS's *Cottage.*

Enter FARMER GAMMON, BANKS, *and* SIM.—SIM *writing, and crying.*

F. Gam. Boy, go on with the inventory.

Sim. How unlucky! Feyther to lay hold of me when I wanted to practise my part. [*Aside.*

Banks. This proceeding is very severe, to lay an execution on my wretched trifling goods when I thought—

F. Gam. Ay, you know you've gone up to the big house with your complaint—her ladyship's steward, to be sure, has made me give back your cottage and farm; but your goods I seize for my rent.

Banks. Only leave me a very few necessaries—by the goodness of my neighbours, I may soon redeem what the law has put into your hands.

F. Gam. The affair is now in my lawyer's hands, and plaintiff and defendant chattering about it, is all smoke.

Sim. Feyther, don't be so cruel to Mr. Banks.

F. Gam. I'll mark what I may want to keep for myself. Stay here, and see that not a pin's worth be removed without my knowledge. [*To* SIM. [*Exit.*

Sim. I'll be domm'd if I'll be your watch dog, to bite the poor, that I won't. Mr. Banks, as feyther intends to put up your goods at auction, if you could but get a friend to buy the choice of them for you again. Sister Jane has got steward to advance her a quarter's wages, and when I've gone to sell corn for feyther, besides presents, I've made a market penny

now and then. Here—it's not much! but every little helps.

[*Takes out a small leather purse, and offers it to* BANKS.

Banks. I thank you, my good natured boy; but keep your money.

Sim. Last summer, you saved me from being drowned in black pool, if you'll not take this, ecod, in there I'll directly fling it, and let old nick save it from being drowned, an'he can. [*Going.*

Banks. My kind lad, then I'll not hurt your feeling, by opposing your liberality. [*Takes it.*

Sim. He, he, he! you've now given my heart such a pleasure as I never felt, nor I'm sure feyther afore me.

Banks. But, Sim, whatever may be his opinion of worldly prudence, still remember he's your parent.

Sim. I will—" One elbow chair, one claw table."

[*Exit, writing, and* BANKS.

Enter AMELIA.

Amelia. The confusion into which Lady Amaranth's family is thrown by the sudden departure, and apprehended danger of her young cousin, must have prevented her ladyship from giving that attention to our affairs, that I'm sure was her inclination. If I can but prevail on my brother too, to accept her protection—I can't enjoy the delights of her ladyship's hospitable mansion, and leave him here still subject to the insults of his churlish neighbour—Heavens! who's this? [*Retires.*

Enter ROVER *hastily, his hair and dress much disordered.*

Rover. What a race [*Panting.*] I've at last got from the blood hounds! Ah, if old Abrawang had but

followed and backed me, we'd have tickled their catastrophes; but when they got me alone, three upon me were odds, so, safe's the word—who's house is this I've dash'd into?—Eh! the friendly cottage of my old gentleman! Are you at home? [*Calls.*] Gadso! I had a hard struggle for it; yes, murder was their intent, so it was well for me that I was born without brains, I'm quite weak, faint! [*Leans against the wall.*]

Amelia. [*Advancing.*] Sir, an't you well? [*With concern.*]

Rover. Madam, I ask pardon,—hem, yes, ma'am, very well, I thank you—now exceeding well—got into a fray there, in a kind of a hobble with some worthy gentlemen; only simple, honest farmers. I fancy mistook me for a sheaf of barley, for they down with me, and then thresh'd so heartily, gad, their flails flew merrily about my ears, but I up, and when I could no longer fight like a mastiff, why, I—run like a greyhound—But, dear ma'am, pray excuse me. Egad, this is very rude, faith.

Amelia. You seem disturbed, [*With emotion.*] will you take any refreshment?

Rover. Madam, you're very good.—Only a little of your currant wine, if you please; if I don't forget, it stands—just—[*Points—Amelia brings some from a beaufet.*] Madam, I've the honour of drinking your health. [*Drinks.*]

Amelia. I hope you're not hurt, sir.

Rover. "A little better, but very weak still"—I had a sample of this before, and liked it so much, that, madam—"Won't you take another?"

Amelia. Sir!

Rover. Madam, if you'd been fighting, as I have, you'd—well, well, [*Fills and drinks.*] now I'm as well as any man—"In Illyria," got a few hard knocks though.

Amelia. You'd better repose a little, you seem'd much disorder'd coming in.

Rover. [*Places a chair, and both sit.*] Why, ma'am, you must know thus it was—

Enter SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

Off. Come, ma'am, Mr. Gammon says this chair is wanted to make up the half dozen above. [*Lays hold of* AMELIA'S *chair, she rises terrified.*]

Rover. What, what's all this?

Off. Why the furniture's seized on execution, and a man must do his duty.

Rover. Then, scoundrel, know, that a man's first duty is civility and tenderness to a woman.

Amelia. Heavens! where's my brother? This gentleman will bring himself into trouble.

Off. Master, d'ye see, I'm representative for his honour the High Sheriff.

Rover. Every High Sheriff should be a gentleman, and when he's represented by a rascal, he's dishonour'd.—Dem it, I might as well live about Covent Garden, and every night get beating the watch; for here, among groves and meadows, I'm always squabbling with constables. [*Whips up a stick from a corner of the room, and holds it behind him.*]

Off. Come, come, I must—

Rover. "As you say, sir, last Wednesday, so it was"—Sir, your most obedient, humble servant—[*Bows respectfully.*] Pray, sir, may I take the liberty to know, have you ever been astonished? [*With great ceremony.*]

Off. What?

Rover. Because, sir, I intend to astonish you; my dear fellow, give me your hand. [*Takes his hand, and beats him*—] Now, sir, you are astonished?

Off. Yes; but see if I don't suit you with an action.

Rover. "Right, suit the action to the word, the word to the action;" "See if the gentlewoman be not affrighted"—"Michael, I'll make thee an example."

Off. Yes, fine example, when goods are seized here by the law, and—

Rover. "Thou worm and maggot of the law!" Hop me over every kennel, or you shall hop without my custom."

Off. I don't value your custom.

Rover. You are astonished, now I'll amaze you.

Off. No, sir, I won't be amazed—but only see if I don't—

Rover. Hop!

[*Exit* OFFICER *muttering and bullying, yet frightened.*

Stop, ma'am, these sort of gentry are monstrous bad company for a lady—So I'll just see him to the door, and then I'll see him outside the door.—Ma'am, I'm your most obedient humble servant. [*Bows respectfully, and exit hastily.*]

Amelia. I feel a strange curiosity to know who this young gentleman is. I find my heart interested, I can't account for—he must have known the house by the freedom—but then his gaiety, (without familiar rudeness) native elegance of manners, and good breeding, seem to make him at home any where.—My brother, I think, must know—

Enter BANKS *hastily, and agitated.*

Banks. Amelia, did you see the young gentleman that was here? Some ruffian fellows, and a posse of the country people have bound and dragged him from the door, on the allegation of three men, who mean to swear he has robbed them; and they have taken him to Lady Amaranth's.

Amelia. How! He did enter here in confusion as if pursued; but I'll stake my life on his innocence. I'll speak to Lady Amaranth, and in spite of calumny, he shall have justice—he would not let me be insulted,

because he saw me an unprotected woman, without a husband or a son, and shall he want an advocate? Brother, come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

LADY AMARANTH'S.

Enter JANE, *with a light.*

Jane. I believe there's not a soul in the house but myself; my lady has sent all the folks round the country to search after the young 'squire, she'll certainly break her heart if any thing happens to him; I don't wonder, for surely he's a dear, sweet gentleman: the pity of it is, his going spoils all our fine play, and I had just got my part quite by heart; however, I must do the room up for Mr. Banks's sister, that my lady has invited here. [*Adjusts her toilet.*

Enter EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

Eph. The man John Dory has carried the man George hither in his arms, and has locked him up. Coming into the house, they did look to me like a blue lobster with a shrimp in his claws—Oh, here is the damsel I love, and alone.

Jane. They say when folks look in the glass, at night, they see the black gentleman.

[*As she is looking in a glass,* EPHRAIM *goes and peeps over her shoulders; she screams.*

Eph. Thou art employed in vanity.

Jane. Well, who wants you?

Eph. It is natural for woman to love man.

Jane. Yes; but not such ugly men as you are. Why would you come in to frighten me, when you know there's nobody here but ourselves.

Eph. I am glad of that. I am the elm and thou the honey suckle; let thy arms entwine me.

Jane. Oh, what a rogue is here! but yonder comes

my lady, and I'll show him off to her in his true colours. [*Aside.*

Eph. Clasp me around.

Jane. Well, I will, if you'll take off your hat, and make me a fine low bow.

Eph. I cannot bend my knee, nor take off my beaver.

Jane. Then you're very impudent—go along.

Eph. But to win thy favour.

[*Takes off his hat, and bows.*

Jane. Now kneel down to me.

Eph. I cannot, but one lovely smile may smile me down. [*She smiles, he kneels.*

Jane. Well, now, read me a speech out of that fine play-book.

Eph. I read a play! a-bo-mi-na-ti-on!—But, Jane, wilt thou kiss me?

Jane. I kiss a man! a-bo-mi-na-ti-on! [*Mimicking.*] but you may take my hand—

Eph. Oh! 'tis a comfort to the lip of the faithful.

[*Kisses her hand.*

Enter LADY AMARANTH.

Lady Am. How! [*Taps him gently on the shoulder, he looks up confounded.*] Ah, thou sly and deceitful hypocrite!

Eph. Verily, Mary, I was buffetted by Satan, in the shape of a damsel.

Lady Am. Begone!

Eph. My spirit is sad, though my feet move so nimble. [*Exit very slow.*

Lady Am. But, Oh, Heavens, no tidings of my dearest Henry! Jane, let them renew their search.

Jane. Here's Madam Amelia, you see I've got her room ready; but I'll go make brother Sim look for the young 'squire. [*Exit.*

Enter AMELIA.

Amelia. Oh, madam, might I implore your influence with—

Lady Am. Thou art ill accommodated here; but I hope thou wilt excuse—My mind is a sea of trouble, my peace shipwrecked—Oh, friend, hadst thou seen my cousin Harry, thou too, all who knew him, must be anxious for his safety,

John. [*Without.*] Heave a-head.

Enters with SIR GEORGE.

Sir Geo. Rascal! whip me up like a pound of tea, dance me about like a young bear, make me quit the preserver of my life! yes, puppy unknown will think me a poltroon, and that I was afraid to follow, and second him.

John. Well, you may as well turn into your hammock; for out to-night you shall not budge— [*Sees Amelia.*] Oh! marcy of Heaven! isn't it—Eh, master? Only give one look.

Amelia. [*Seeing* SIR GEORGE.] My husband!

[*Swoons;* LADY AMARANTH *supports her.*

Sir Geo. 'Tis my Amelia!

John. [*Stopping* SIR GEORGE, *and looking attentively at* AMELIA.] Reef the forcsail! first, you cracked her heart by sheering off, and now you'll overset her by bringing to.

Lady Am. Hold—soft!

Amelia. Are you at length returned to me, my Seymour?

Lady Am. Seymour! her mind is disturbed, this is mine uncle, Sir George Thunder.

John. No, no, my lady, she knows what she's saying very well.

Sir Geo. Niece, I have been a villain to this lady, I confess. But, my dear Amelia, Providence has

done you justice in part. From the first month I quitted you, I have never entered one happy hour on my journal; hearing that you foundered, and considering myself the cause, the worm of remorse has gnawed my timbers.

Amelia. You're not still offended with me?

Sir Geo. Me! can you forgive my offence, and condescend to take my hand as an atonement?

Amelia. Your hand! Do you forget that we are already married?

Sir Geo. Ay, there was my rascality.

John. You may say that.

Sir Geo. Hold your tongue, you impudent crimp, you pander, you bad adviser—I'll strike my false colours—I'll now acknowledge the chaplain you provided was—

John. Was a good man, and a greater honour to his black, than your honour has been to your blue cloth—Eh, by the word of a seaman, here he is himself.

Enter BANKS.

Sir Geo. Your brother!

Banks. Captain Seymour! have I found you, sir?

Sir Geo. My dear Banks, I'll make every reparation.—Amelia shall really be my wife.

Banks. That, sir, my sister is already; for when I performed the marriage ceremony, which you took only as the cloak of your deception, I was actually in orders.

John. Now, who's the crimp, and the pander? I never told you this since; because I thought a man's own reflections were the best punishment for betraying an innocent woman.

Lady Am. Madam, my inmost soul partaketh of thy gladness, and joy for thy reformation. [*To* SIR GEORGE.] But thy prior marriage to this lady, annuls the subsequent, and my cousin Harry is not now thy heir.

Sir Geo. So much the better; he's an unnatural cub; but, Amelia, I flatter myself I have an heir, my infant boy.—

Amelia. Ah, husband, you had; but—

Sir Geo. Gone! well, well, I see I have been a miserable scoundrel—Eh, I will, yes, I'll adopt that brave kind lad, that wou'dn't let any body kill me but himself. He shall have my estate, that's my own acquisition—My lady, marry him, puppy unknown's a fine fellow! Amelia, only for him, you'd never have found your husband Captain Seymour in Sir George Thunder.

Amelia. What?

Banks. Are you Sir George Thunder?

Enter LANDLORD, *followed by* EPHRAIM.

Land. Please you, madam, they've got a footpad in custody.

Eph. I am come to sit in judgment, for there is a bad man in thy house, Mary. Bring him before me.

Sir Geo. Before you, old squintabus? And perhaps you don't know I'm a magistrate?

Eph. I'll examine him.

Sir Geo. You be damn'd—I'll examine him myself, [*Shoves* EPHRAIM.] Tow him in here. I'll give him a passport to Winchester bilboes.

Amelia. [*Kneels to* SIR GEORGE.] Oh, sir, as you hope for mercy, extend it to this youth; but even should he be guilty, which, from our knowledge of his benevolent and noble nature, I think next to an impossibility, let the services he has rendered to us—he protected, relieved your forsaken wife, and her unhappy brother, in the hour of want and sorrow.

Sir Geo. What, Amelia, plead for a robber! Consider, my love, justice is above bias or partiality. If my son violated the laws of his country, I'd deliver

him up a public victim to disgrace and punishment.

Lady Am. Oh, my impartial uncle! Had thy country any laws to punish him, who instead of paltry gold, would rob the artless virgin of her dearest treasure, in the rigid judge I should now behold the trembling criminal.

Enter TWITCH, *with* ROVER *bound, who keeps his face averted, and Two* RUFFIANS.

Eph. [*Advances.*] Speak thou.

Sir Geo. Hold thy clapper thou— Who are the prosecutors?

Eph. Call in—

Sir Geo. Will nobody stop his mouth? [JOHN DORY *pushes him up against the wall.*] Where are the prosecutors?

Twitch. There, tell his worship, the justice.

2d Ruffian. A justice—Oh! the devil! I thought we should have nothing but quakers to deal with. [*Aside.*] Why, your honour, I'll swear—

[*In a feigned country voice.*

Sir Geo. [*Looking at them.*] Oh, ho! Clap down the hatches, secure these sharks.

Rover. I thought I should find you here, Abrawang, and that you had some knowledge of these fellows.

Lady Am. Heavens! my cousin Harry—[*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. The devil! isn't this my spear and shield?

John. [*Advances.*] My young master—Oh! what have you been at here? [*Unbinds* ROVER.]

Enter HARRY.

Harry. My dear fellow, are you safe.

Rover. Yes, Dick, I was brought in here very safe, I assure you.

Harry. A confederate in custody below has made a confession of their villainy, that they concerted this plan to accuse him of a robbery; first for revenge, then, in hope to share the reward for apprehending him: he also owns they are not sailors, but depredators on the public.

Sir Geo. Keep them safe in limbo. [*Ruffians taken off.*]—Not knowing that the justice of peace, whom they've brought the lad now here before, is the very man they attacked, ha, ha, ha! The rogues have fallen into their own snare.

Rover. What, now, you're a justice of peace; well said, Abrawang!

Amelia. Then, Sir George, you know him too?

Sir Geo. Know puppy unknown! to be sure.

Rover. Madam, I am happy to see you again. [*To* AMELIA.]—Ah, how do you do, my kind host? [*Shakes hands with* BANKS.

Lady Am. I rejoice at thy safety—Be reconciled to him. [*To* SIR GEORGE.

Sir Geo. Reconciled!—If I don't love, respect, and honour him, I should be unworthy of the life he rescued. But who is he?

Harry. Sir, he is—

Rover. Dick, I thank you for your good wishes; but I am still determined not to impose on this lady—Madam, as I at first told this well meaning tar, when he forced me to your house, I am not the son of Sir George Thunder.

John. No! Then I wish you were the son of an admiral, and I your father.

Harry. You refuse the lady? To punish you, I've a mind to take her myself.—My dear cousin—

Rover. Stop, Dick.—If I, who adore her, won't, you shall not. No, no; madam, never mind what this fellow says, he's as poor as myself—Isn't he, Abrawang,

Harry. Then, my dear Rover, since you are so obstinately disinterested, I'll no longer teize my father, whom you here see, and in your strolling friend, his very truant Harry, that ran from Portsmouth school, and joined you and fellow comedians.

Rover. Indeed!

Harry. Dear cousin, forgive me, if, through my zeal for the happiness of my friend, I endeavoured to promote yours, by giving you a husband more worthy than myself. [*To* LADY AMARANTH.

Rover. Am I to believe! Madam, is your uncle, Sir George Thunder, in this room?

Lady Am. He is.— [*Looking at* SIR GEORGE.

Rover. 'Tis so! You, in reality, what I've had the impudence to assume! and have perplexed your father with my ridiculous effrontery.—[*Turns to* JOHN DORY, *angry.*] I told you, I insisted I wasn't the person you took me for, but you must bring your damned chariot! I am ashamed and mortified. Madam, I beg to take my leave.

Eph. Thou art welcome to go.

Rover. [*Bows.*] Sir George, as the father of my friend, I cannot lift my hand against you; but I hope, sir, you'll apologize to me. [*Apart.*

Sir Geo. Ay, with pleasure, my noble splinter—now tell me from what dock you were launched, my heart of oak?

Rover. I've heard, in England, sir; but from my earliest knowledge, till within a very few years, I've been in the East Indies.

Sir Geo. Beyond seas? Well, and how?

Rover. It seems I was committed an infant to the care of a lady, who was herself obliged by the *gentle* Hyder Ally, to strike her toilet, and decamp without beat of drum, leaving me a chubby little fellow squatted on a carpet. A serjeant's wife alone returned, and snatched me off triumphant, through fire, smoke, cannon, cries, and carnage.

Lady Am. Dost thou mark? [*To* AMELIA.

Amelia. Sir, can you recollect the name of the town, where—

Rover. Yes, ma'am, the town was Negapatnam.

Amelia. I thank you, sir.

[*Gazes with delight and earnestness on* ROVER.

Rover. An officer, who'd much rather act Hotspur on the stage, than in the field, brought me up behind the scenes at the Calcutta theatre—I was rolled on the boards, acted myself into the favour of a colonel, —promised a pair of colours; but, impatient to find my parents, hid myself in the steerage of an homeward bound ship; assumed the name of Rover, from the uncertainty of my fate, and, having murdered more poets than Rajahs, stept on English ground, unincumbered with rupees or pagodas. Ha, ha! Wou'dst thou come home so, little Ephraim?

Eph. I would bring myself home with some money.

Amelia. Excuse my curiosity, sir; what was the lady's name in whose care you were left?

Rover. Oh, ma'am, she was the lady of a Major Linstock: but I heard my mother's name was Seymour.

Sir Geo. Why, Amelia!

Amelia. My son!

Rover. Madam!

Amelia. It is my Charles! [*Embraces him.*

Sir Geo. Eh!

John. [*Sings and capers, claps* EPHRAIM *on the shoulders.*] Tol, lol, lol, though I never heard it before, my heart told me he was a chip of the old block.

Amelia. Your father!—

[*To* ROVER, *pointing to* SIR GEORGE.

Rover. Can it?—Heaven! then have I attempted to raise my impious hand against a parent's life!

Sir Geo. My dear brave boy! Then have I a son

with spirit to fight me as a stranger, yet defend me as a father.

Lady Am. [*Takes him by the hand.*] Uncle, you'll recollect 'twas I, who first introduced a son to thee.

Sir Geo. And I hope you will next introduce a grandson to me, young slyboots. Harry, you've lost your fortune.

Harry. Yes, sir, but I've gained a brother, whose friendship (before I knew him to be such,) I prized above the first fortune in England.

Rover. My generous friend—My dearest Rosalind!

Amelia. Then, will you take our Charles?

[*To* L. AMARANTH.

Lady Am. Yea; but only on condition thou bestowest thy fortune on his friend and brother, mine is sufficient for us, is it not?

Rover. Angelic creature!—to think of my generous friend—But now for "As you like it." Where's Lamp and Trap—I shall ever love a play—a spark from Shakspeare's Muse of Fire, was the star that guided me through my desolate and bewildered maze of life, and brought me to these unexpected blessings.

To merit friends so good, so sweet a wife,
The Tender Husband be my part for life;
My Wild Oats sown, let candid Thespian laws
Decree that glorious harvest,—your applause.

THE END.

HEIRESS

THE HEIRESS;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By GENERAL BURGOYNE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
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REMARKS.

The author of this play was an elegant writer, and a brave soldier—yet, as an author he had faults, and as a general failures. His life was eventful; and he appears to have had, among his other qualities, that of patient philosophy: or if, in the warmth of youth, or pride of manhood, he was ever elated by prosperity, it is certain he bore adversity with cheerful resignation; that adversity, which is more formidable to the ambitious, than poverty to the luxurious—disappointment of expected renown.

Secret love, and clandestine marriage, composed the first acts of that tragi-comedy, called his life. His cultivated mind, and endearing manners, reconciled, in a short time, the noble house of Derby to his stolen union with Lady Charlotte Stanley: her father, the late Earl of Derby, acknowledged him for his son-in-law; while the present Earl considered him, not only as his uncle, but his friend*.

The author was, at that period, but a subaltern in the army. The patronage of his new relations, more

* The late Earl of Derby was grandfather to the present Earl, his son having died before him.

than his own merit, it is probable, obtained him higher rank. He was, however, possessed of talents for a general, and those talents were occasionally rewarded with success. But his misfortunes in battle have been accompanied by circumstances more memorable than his victories—the latter were but of slight or partial consequence; his defeat at Saratoga was of great and direful import.

He sent an able, and most pathetic account, from America, of the surrender of his whole army—it was correctly written, and the style charmed every reader—but he had better have beaten the enemy, and mis-spelt every word of his dispatch; for so, probably, the great Duke of Marlborough would have done, both by one and the other.

General Burgoyne appears to have been a man capable of performing all things that did not require absolute genius. He was complete in mediocrity, A valiant, but not always a skilful, soldier; an elegant, but sometimes an insipid, writer.

When the comedy of "The Heiress" was first acted, it was compared, and preferred by some persons, to "The School for Scandal." It attracted vast sums of money from the east, as well as the west part of the metropolis;—but was more justly appreciated when the season of acting was over, and the playhouses closed.

Still, it is a production which claims high respect, from a degree of refinement which pervades the whole work; from the peculiar situation of its author; and from other circumstances closely connected with its

performance on the stage.—"The Heiress" is dedicated to the Earl of Derby; and the present Countess of Derby was the Lady Emily of the drama when it was first acted.

The author, in his Preface, has, with much art, paid a deference to Miss Farren, by a compliment separate from her brother and sister performers; at the same time, wisely taking care not to excite their jealousy, while he soothed the partiality of his noble relation. He thanks and praises her merely for speaking his Epilogue, in which, of course, no other performer had a claim to his acknowledgments.

Lieutenant General Burgoyne is the author of another comedy, called "The Maid of the Oaks," and the excellent farce of "Bon Ton."—He was enamoured of the stage, and was at a play, in the little theatre of the Haymarket, the night previous to that on which he died suddenly, in the summer of 1792.

He was a Privy Counsellor, Colonel of the 4th regiment of foot, and Member of Parliament for Preston, in Lancashire. He had held many offices of great emolument; but having resigned them all about the time he wrote this comedy, he was at length rather a confirmation of, than an exception to, the adage—an author is seldom wealthy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR CLEMENT FLINT	*Mr. King.*
CLIFFORD	*Mr. Smith.*
LORD GAYVILLE	*Mr. Palmer.*
ALSCRIP	*Mr. Parsons.*
CHIGNON	*Mr. Baddeley.*
MR. BLANDISH	*Mr. Bannister, jun.*
PROMPT	*Mr. R. Palmer.*
MR. RIGHTLY	*Mr. Aickin.*
LADY EMILY	*Miss Farren.*
MISS ALSCRIP	*Miss Pope.*
MISS ALTON	*Mrs. Crouch.*
MRS. SAGELY	*Mrs. Booth.*
TIFFANY	*Miss Tidswell.*
MRS. BLANDISH	*Mrs. Wilson.*

CHAIRMEN, SERVANTS, *&c.*

SCENE—London.

THE HEIRESS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Lady's Apartment.

MR. BLANDISH *and* MRS. LETITIA BLANDISH *discovered writing: Letters folded up, and Message Cards scattered upon the Table.*

MRS. BLANDISH *leans upon her Elbows, as meditating; writes, as pleased with her Thought; lays down the Pen.*

Mrs. Blandish. There it is, complete——

[*Reads conceitedly.*

Adieu, my charming friend, my amiable, my all
Accomplished associate! conceive the ardour of
Your lovers united with your own sensibility—
Still will the compound be but faintly expressive
Of the truth and tenderness of your

LETITIA BLANDISH.

There's phrase—there's a period—match it, if you can.

Blandish. Not I, indeed: I am working upon a quite different plan: but, in the name of the old father of adulation, to whom is that perfect phrase addressed?

Mrs. Blandish. To one worth the pains, I can tell you—Miss Alscrip.

Blandish. What, sensibility to Miss Alscrip! My dear sister, this is too much, even in your own way: had you run changes upon her fortune, stocks, bonds, and mortgages; upon Lord Gayville's coronet at her feet, or forty other coronets, to make footballs of if she pleased,—it would have been plausible; but the quality you have selected——

Mrs. Blandish. Is one she has no pretensions to; therefore the flattery is more persuasive—that's my maxim.

Blandish. And mine also, but I don't try it quite so high—Sensibility to Miss Alscrip! you might as well have applied it to her uncle's pig-iron, from which she derives her first fifty thousand; or the harder heart of the old usurer, her father, from which she expects the second. But come, [*Rings.*] to the business of the morning.

Enter PROMPT.

Here, Prompt—send out the chairman with the billets and cards.—Have you any orders, madam?

Mrs. Blandish. [*Delivering her Letter.*] This to Miss Alscrip, with my impatient inquiries after her last night's rest, and that she shall have my personal salute in half an hour.—You take care to send to all the lying-in ladies?

Prompt. At their doors, madam, before the first load of straw.

Blandish. And to all great men that keep the house—whether for their own disorders, or those of the nation?

Prompt. To all, sir—their secretaries, and principal clerks.

Blandish. [*Aside to* PROMPT.] How goes on the business you have undertaken for Lord Gayville?

Prompt. I have conveyed his letter, and expect this morning to get an answer.

Blandish. He does not think me in the secret?

Prompt. Mercy forbid you should be! [*Archly.*

Blandish. I should never forgive your meddling.

Prompt. Oh! never, never!

Blandish. [*Aloud.*] Well, dispatch——

Mrs. Blandish. Hold!—apropos, to the lying-in list—at Mrs. Barbara Winterbloom's, to inquire after the Angola kittens, and the last hatch of Java sparrows.

Prompt. [*Reading his Memorandum as he goes out.*] Ladies in the straw—ministers, &c.—old maids, cats, and sparrows: never had a better list of how d'ye's, since I had the honour to collect for the Blandish family. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Blandish. These are the attentions that establish valuable friendships in female life. By adapting myself to the whims of one, submitting to the jest of another, assisting the little plots of a third, and taking part against the husbands with all, I am become an absolute essential in the polite world; the very soul of every fashionable party in town or country.

Blandish. The country! Pshaw! Time thrown away.

Mrs. Blandish. Time thrown away! As if women of fashion left London, to turn freckled shepherdesses.—No, no; cards, cards and backgammon, are the delights of rural life; and, slightly as you may think of my skill, at the year's end I am no inconsiderable sharer in the pin-money of my society.

Blandish. A paltry resource——Gambling is a damned trade, and I have done with it.

Mrs. Blandish. Indeed!

Blandish. Yes; 'twas high time.—The women don't pay; and as for the men, the age grows circumspect in proportion to its poverty. It's odds but one loses a character to establish a debt, and must fight a duel to obtain the payment. I have a thousand better plans, but two principal ones; and I am only at a loss which to chuse.

Mrs. Blandish. Out with them, I beseech you.

Blandish. Whether I shall marry my friend's intended bride, or his sister.

Mrs. Blandish. Marry his intended bride?—What, pig-iron and usury?—Your opinion of her must advance your addresses admirably.

Blandish. My lord's opinion of her will advance them; he can't bear the sight of her, and, in defiance of his uncle, Sir Clement Flint's, eagerness for the match, is running mad after an adventure, which I, who am his confidant, shall keep going till I determine.—There's news for you.

Mrs. Blandish. And his sister, Lady Emily, the alternative! The first match in England, in beauty, wit, and accomplishment.

Blandish. Pooh! A fig for her personal charms; she will bring me connexion that would soon supply fortune; the other would bring fortune enough to make connexion unnecessary.

Mrs. Blandish. And as to the certainty of success with the one or the other——

Blandish. Success!—Are they not women?—But I must away. And first for Lord Gayville, and his fellow student, Clifford.

Mrs. Blandish. Apropos! Look well to Clifford. Lady Emily and he were acquainted at the age of first impressions.

Blandish. I dare say he always meant to be the complete friend of the family; for, besides his design *on Lady Emily*, his game, I find, has been to work

upon Lord Gayville's understanding; he thinks he must finally establish himself in his esteem, by inexorably opposing all his follies.—Poor simpleton!—Now, my touch of opposition goes only to enhance the value of my acquiescence. So adieu for the morning—You to Miss Alscrip, with an unction of flattery; fit for a house-painter's brush; I to Sir Clement, and his family, with a composition as delicate as ether, and to be applied with the point of a feather. [*Going.*

Mrs. Blandish. Hark you, Blandish—a good wish before you go: To make your success complete, may you find but half your own vanity in those you have to work on!

Blandish. Thank you, my dear Letty; this is not the only tap you have hit me to-day, and you are right; for if you and I did not sometimes speak truth to each other, we should forget there was such a quality incident to the human mind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

LORD GAYVILLE'S *Apartment.*

Enter LORD GAYVILLE *and* MR. CLIFFORD.

Lord G. My dear Clifford, urge me no more. How can a man of your liberality of sentiment descend to be the advocate of my uncle's family avarice?

Cliff. My lord, you do not live for yourself. You have an ancient name and title to support.

your peace and honour. You are on a double precipice; on one side impelled by folly, on the other—

Lord G. Hold, Clifford, I am not prepared for so much admonition. Your tone is changed since our separation; you seem to drop the companion, and assume the governor.

Cliff. No, my lord, I scorn the sycophant, and assert the friend.

Enter SERVANT, *followed by* BLANDISH.

Serv. My lord, Mr. Blandish. [*Exit.*

Cliff. [*Significantly.*] I hope every man will do the same.

Blandish. Mr. Clifford, do not let me drive you away—I want to learn your power to gain and to preserve dear Lord Gayville's esteem.

Cliff. [*With a seeming Effort to withdraw his Hand, which* BLANDISH *holds.*] Sir, you are quite accomplished to be an example.—

Blandish. I have been at your apartment, to look for you—we have been talking of you with Sir Clement—Lady Emily threw in her word.—

Cliff. [*Disengaging his Hand.*] Oh, sir, you make me too proud. [*Aside.*] Practised parasite! [*Exit.*

Blandish. [*Aside.*] Sneering puppy.——[*To* LORD GAYVILLE.] My lord, you seem disconcerted; has any thing new occurred?

Lord G. No, for there is nothing new in being disappointed in a friend.

Blandish. Have you told your story to Mr. Clifford?

Lord G. I have, and I might as well have told it to the cynic my uncle: he could not have discouraged or condemned me more.

Blandish. They are both in the right. I see things exactly as they do—but I have less fortitude, or more attachment than others:—The inclinations of the *man, I love,* are spells upon my opposition.

Lord G. Kind Blandish! you are the confidant I want.

Blandish. What has happened since your discovery in the closet?

Lord G. The lovely wanderer left her lodgings the next morning—but I have again found her—she is in a house of equal retirement, but of very different character, in the city, and inaccessible. I have wrote to her, and knowing her to be distressed, I have enclosed bank bills for two hundred pounds, the acceptance of which I have urged with all the delicacy I am master of, and, by Heaven! without a purpose of corruption.

Blandish. Two hundred pounds, and Lord Gayville's name—

Lord G. She has never known me, but by the name of Mr. Heartly. Since my ambition has been to be loved for my own sake, I have been jealous of my title.

Blandish. And pr'ythee by what diligence or chance, did Mr. Heartly trace his fugitive?

Lord G. By the acuteness of Mr. Prompt, your valet de chambre. You must pardon me for pressing into my service for this occasion, the fellow in the world fittest for it.—Here he comes.

Enter PROMPT.

Prompt. Are you alone, my lord?

[*Starts at seeing his Master.*

Lord G. Don't be afraid, Prompt—your peace is made.

Prompt. Then there is my return for your lordship's goodness. [*Giving the Letter.*] This letter was just now brought to the place appointed, by a porter.

Lord G. By a Cupid, honest Prompt, and these characters were engraved by the point of his arrow! [*Kissing the Superscription.*] "To —— Heartly, Esq." Blandish, did you ever see any thing like it?

Blandish. If her style be equal to her hand-writing—

Lord G. If it be equal!—Infidel! you shall have proof directly. [*Opens the Letter precipitately.*] Heyday! what the devil's here? my bills again, and no line—not a word—Death and disappointment, what's this!

Prompt. Gad it's well if she is not off again—'faith I never asked where the letter came from.

Lord G. Should you know the messenger again?

Prompt. I believe I should, my lord. For a Cupid he was somewhat in years, about six feet high, and a nose rather given to purple.

Lord G. Spare your wit, sir, till you find him.

Prompt. I have a shorter way—my life upon it I start her myself.

Blandish. And what is your device, sirrah!

Prompt. Lord, sir, nothing so easy as to bring every living creature in this town to the window: a tame bear, or a mad ox; two men, or two dogs fighting; a balloon in the air—(or tied up to the cieling 'tis the same thing) make but noise enough, and out they come, first and second childhood, and every thing between—I am sure I shall know her by inspiration.

Lord G. Shall I describe her to you?

Prompt. No, my lord, time is too precious—I'll be at her last lodgings, and afterwards half the town over before your lordship will travel from her forehead to her chin.

Lord G. Away then, my good fellow. He cannot mistake her, for when she was formed, nature broke the mould. [*Exit* PROMPT.

Blandish. Now for the blood of me, cannot I call that fellow back; it is absolute infatuation: Ah! I see how this will end.

Lord G. What are your apprehensions?

Blandish. That my ferret yonder will do his part

completely; that I shall set all your uncle's doctrine at nought, and thus lend myself to this wild intrigue, till the girl is put into your arms.

Lord G. Propitious be the thought, my best friend —my uncle's doctrine! but advise me, how shall I keep my secret from him for the present? 'Faith, it is not very easy; Sir Clement is suspicion personified: his eye probes one's very thought.

Blandish. Your best chance would be to double your assiduities to Miss Alscrip. But then dissimulation is so mean a vice.—

Lord G. It is so indeed, and if I give into it for a moment, it is upon the determination of never being her husband. I may despise and offend a woman; but disgust would be no excuse for betraying her. Adieu, Blandish; if you see Prompt first, I trust to you for the quickest communication of intelligence.

Blandish. I am afraid you may—I cannot resist you. [*Exit* LORD GAYVILLE.]—Ah! wrong—wrong —wrong; I hope that exclamation is not lost. A blind compliance with a young man's passions is a poor plot upon his affections. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

MRS. SAGELY'S *House.*

Enter MRS. SAGELY *and* MISS ALTON.

Mrs. Sagely. Indeed, Miss Alton, (since you are resolved to continue that name) you may bless yourself for finding me out in this wilderness.—Wilderness! this town is ten times more dangerous to youth and innocence: every man you meet is a wolf.

Miss Alton. Dear madam, I see you dwell upon my indiscretion in flying to London; but remember the safeguard I expected to find here. How cruel was the disappointment! how dangerous have been the consequences! I thought the chance happy that threw a retired lodging in my way: I was upon my guard against the other sex, but for my own to be treacherous to an unfortunate—could I expect it?

Mrs. Sagely. Suspect every body, if you would be safe—but most of all suspect yourself. Ah, my pretty truant—the heart, that is so violent in its aversions, is in sad danger of being the same in its affections, depend upon it.

Miss Alton. Let them spring from a just esteem, and you will absolve me: my aversion was to the character of the wretch I was threatened with—can you reprove me?

Mrs. Sagely. And tell me truly now; do you feel the same detestation for this worse character you have made acquaintance with? This rake—this abominable Heartly?———Ah, child, your look is suspicious.

Miss Alton. Madam, I have not a thought, that I will not sincerely lay open to you. Mr. Heartly is made to please, and to be avoided; I resent his attempts, and desire never to see him more—his discovery of me here; his letters, his offers have greatly alarmed me. I conjure you lose not an hour in placing me under the sort of protection I solicited.

Mrs. Sagely. If you are resolved, I believe I can serve you. Miss Alscrip, the great heiress, (you may have heard of the name in your family) has been inquiring among decayed gentry for a companion. She is too fine a lady to bear to be alone, and perhaps does not look to a husband's company as a certain dependence. Your musical talents will be a great recommendation—She is already apprized, and a line *from me will introduce* you.

Miss Alton. I will avail myself of your kindness immediately.

Prompt. [*Without.*] I tell you I have business with Mrs. Sagely—I must come in.

Mrs. Sagely. As I live here is an impudent fellow forcing himself into the passage!

Miss Alton. Oh Heaven! if Mr. Heartly should be behind!

Mrs. Sagely. Get into the back parlour; be he who he will, I'll warrant I protect you.

[*Exit* MISS ALTON.

Enter PROMPT. [*Looking about.*]

Mrs. Sagely. Who are you, sir? What are you looking for?

Prompt. Madam, I was looking———I was looking—for you.

Mrs. Sagely. Well, sir, and what do you want.

Prompt. [*Still prying about.*] Madam, I want——I want—Iwant—

Mrs. Sagely. To rob the house, perhaps.

Prompt. Just the contrary, Madam—to see that all is safe within it.—You have a treasure in your possession that I would not have lost for the world—A young lady.

Mrs. Sagely. Indeed!—begone about your business, friend—there are no young ladies to be spoke with here.

Prompt. Lord, madam, I don't desire to speak with her—My attentions go to ladies of the elder sort—I come to make proposals to you alone.

Mrs. Sagely. You make proposals to me? Did you know my late husband, sir?

Prompt. Husband! My good Mrs. Sagely—be at ease—I have no more views upon you, that way, than upon my grandmother—My proposals are of a quite different nature.

Lady E. Pooh, I would not give a farthing for victory without a more spirited defence.

Cliff. Then you must engage with those (if those there are) that do not find you irresistible.

Lady E. I could find a thousand such; but I'll engage with none whose triumph I could not submit to with pleasure.

Sir C. [*Apart.*] Pretty significant on both sides. I wonder how much farther it will go.

Lady E. Uncle, did you speak?

Sir C. [*Reading to himself.*] "And the parties to this indenture do farther covenant and agree, that all and every the said lands, tenements, and hereditaments—um—um."—— How useful sometimes is ambiguity. [*Loud enough to be heard.*

Cliff. A very natural observation of Sir Clement's upon that long parchment.

[*Pauses again upon the Chess-board.*

[LADY EMILY *looking pensively at his Face.*

Cliff. To what a dilemma have you reduced me, Lady Emily! If I advance, I perish by my temerity; and it is out of my power to retreat.

Sir C. [*Apart.*] Better and better! To talk in cipher is a curious faculty.

Cliff. Sir?

Sir C. [*Still reading.*] "In witness whereof the said parties have hereunto interchangeably set their hands and seals, this——um—um—day of—um——um——."

Lady E. [*Resuming an Air of Vivacity.*] Come, I trifle with you too long——There's your coup de grace——Uncle, I have conquered.

[*Both rising from the Table.*

Sir C. Niece, I do not doubt it——and in the style of the great proficients, without looking upon the board. Clifford, was not your mother's name Charlton? [*Folding up the Parchment, and rising.*

Cliff. *It* was, sir.

Sir C. In looking over the writings Alscrip has sent me, preparatory to his daughter's settlement, I find mention of a conveyance from a Sir William Charlton, of Devonshire. Was he a relation?

Cliff. My grandfather, sir: The plunder of his fortune was one of the first materials for raising that of Mr. Alscrip, who was steward to Sir William's estate, then manager of his difficulties, and lastly his sole creditor.

Sir C. And no better monopoly than that of a needy man's distresses. Alscrip has had twenty such, or I should not have singled out his daughter to be Lord Gayville's wife.

Cliff. It is a compensation for my family losses, that in the event they will conduce to the interest of the man I most love.

Sir C. Heyday, Clifford!—take care—don't trench upon the Blandish—Your cue, you know, is sincerity.

Cliff. You seem to think, sir, there is no such quality. I doubt whether you believe there is an honest man in the world.

Sir C. You do me great injustice—several—several—and upon the old principle that—"honesty is the best policy."—Self-interest is the great end of life, says human nature—Honesty is a better agent than craft, says proverb.

Cliff. But as for ingenuous, or purely disinterested motives——

Sir C. Clifford, do you mean to laugh at me?

Cliff. What is your opinion, Lady Emily?

Lady E. [*Endeavouring again at Vivacity.*] That there may be such: but it's odds they are troublesome or insipid. Pure ingenuousness, I take it, is a rugged sort of thing, which scarcely will bear the polish of common civility; and for disinterestedness—young people sometimes set out with it; but it is like travelling upon a broken spring—one is glad to get it mended at the next stage.

Sir C. Emily, I protest you seem to study after me; proceed, child, and we will read together every character that comes in our way.

Lady E. Read one's acquaintance——delightful! What romances, novels, satires, and mock heroics present themselves to my imagination! Our young men are flimsy essays; old ones, political pamphlets; coquets, fugitive pieces; and fashionable beauties, a compilation of advertised perfumery, essence of pearl, milk of roses, and Olympian dew.——Lord, I should now and then though turn over an acquaintance with a sort of fear and trembling.

Cliff. How so?

Lady E. Lest one should pop unaware upon something one should not, like a naughty speech in an old comedy; but it is only skipping what would make one blush.

Sir C. Or if you did not skip, when a woman reads by herself, and to herself, there are wicked philosophers, who doubt whether her blushes are very troublesome.

Lady E. [*To* SIR CLEMENT.] Do you know now that for that speech of yours—and for that saucy smile of yours, [*To* CLIFFORD.] I am strongly tempted to read you both aloud!

Sir C. Come try——I'll be the first to open the book.

Lady E. A treatise of the Houyhnhnms, after the manner of Swift, tending to make us odious to ourselves, and to extract morose mirth from our imperfections.—[*Turning to* CLIFFORD.] Contrasted with an exposition of ancient morality addressed to the moderns: a chimerical attempt upon an obsolete subject.

Sir C. Clifford! we must double down that page. And now we'll have a specimen of her Ladyship.

Lady E. I'll give it you myself, and with justice; *which is more* than either of you would.

Sir C. And without skipping.

Lady E. Thus then; a light, airy, fantastic sketch of genteel manners as they are; with a little endeavour at what they ought to be—rather entertaining than instructive, not without art, but sparing in the use of it———

Sir C. But the passions, Emily. Do not forget what should stand in the foreground of a female treatise.

Lady E. They abound: but mixed and blended cleverly enough to prevent any from predominating; like the colours of a shot lutestring, that change as you look at it sideways or full: they are sometimes brightened by vivacity, and now and then subject to a shade of caprice—but meaning no ill—not afraid of a Critical Review: and thus, gentlemen, I present myself to you fresh from the press, and I hope not inelegantly bound.

Sir C. Altogether making a perfectly desirable companion for the closet: I am sure, Clifford, you will agree with me. Gad we are got into such a pleasant freedom with each other, it is a pity to separate while any curiosity remains in the company. Pr'ythee, Clifford, satisfy me a little as to your history. Old Lord Hardacre, if I am rightly informed, disinherited your father, his second son.

Cliff. For the very marriage we have been speaking of. The little fortune my father could call his own was sunk before his death, as a provision for my mother; upon an idea that whatever resentment he might personally have incurred, it would not be extended to an innocent offspring.

Sir C. A very silly confidence. How readily now, should you and I, Emily, have discovered in a sensible old man, the irreconcileable offence of a marriage of the passions——You understand me?

Lady E. Perfectly! [*Aside.*] Old petrifaction, *your hints* always speak forcibly.

Sir C. But your uncle, the present Lord, made amends?

Cliff. Amply. He offered to send me from Cambridge to an academy in Germany, to fit me for foreign service; Well judging that a cannon ball was a fair and quick provision for a poor relation.

Sir C. Upon my word I have known uncles less considerate.

Cliff. When Lord Gayville's friendship, and your indulgence, made me the companion of his travels, Lord Hardacre's undivided cares devolved upon my sister; whose whole independent possession, at my mother's death, was five hundred pounds——All our education had permitted that unhappy parent to lay by.

Lady E. Oh, for an act of justice and benevolence, to reconcile me to the odious man! Tell me this instant what did he do for Miss Clifford?

Cliff. He bestowed upon her forty pounds a-year, upon condition that she resided with one of his dependents in a remote county, to save the family from disgrace; and that allowance, when I heard last from her, he had threatened to withdraw upon her refusing a detestable match he had endeavoured to force upon her.

Lady E. Poor girl!

Sir C. Upon my word an interesting story, and told with pathetic effect.—Emily, you look grave, child.

Lady E. [*Aside.*] I shall not own it however. [*To him.*] For once, my dear uncle, you want your spectacles. My thoughts are on a diverting subject—My first visit to Miss Alscrip; to take a near view of that collection of charms destined to my happy brother.

Sir C. You need not go out of the room for that purpose. The schedule of an heiress's fortune is a compendium of her merits, and the true security for *marriage happiness.*

Lady E. I am sure I guess at your system—That union must be most wise, which has wealth to support it, and no affections to disturb it.

Sir C. Right.

Lady E. That makes a divorce the first promise of wedlock; and widowhood the best blessing of life; that separates the interest of husband, wife, and child——

Sir C. To establish the independent comfort of all——

Lady E. Upon the broad basis of family hatred. Excellent, my dear uncle, excellent indeed; and upon that principle, though the lady is likely to be your niece, and my sister, I am sure you will have no objection to my laughing at her a little.

Sir C. You'll be puzzled to make her more ridiculous than I think her. What is your plan?

Lady E. Why, though her pride is to be thought a leader in fashions, she is sometimes a servile copyist. Blandish tells me I am her principal model; and what is most provoking, she is intent upon catching my manner as well as my dress, which she exaggerates to an excess that vexes me. Now if she will take me in shade, I'll give her a new outline, I am resolved; and if I do not make her a caricature for a printshop——

Cliff. Will all this be strictly consistent with your goodnature, Lady Emily?

Lady E. No, nor I don't know when I shall do any thing consistent with it again, except leaving you two critics to a better subject than your humble servant. [*Courtesies, and exit with a lively air.*

Sir C. Well, Clifford! What do you think of her?

Cliff. That when she professes ill-temper, she is a very awkward counterfeit.

Sir C. But her beauty, her wit, her improvement since you went abroad? I expected from a man of your age and taste, something more than a cold

compliment upon her temper. Could not you, compatibly with the immaculate sincerity you profess, venture as far as admiration?

Cliff. I admire her, sir, as I do a bright star in the firmament, and consider the distance of both as equally immeasurable.

Sir C. [*Aside.*] Specious rogue! [*To him.*] Well, leave Emily then to be winked at through telescopes; and now to a matter of nearer observation——What is Gayville doing?

Cliff. Every thing you desire, sir, I trust; but you know I have been at home only three days, and have hardly seen him since I came.

Sir C. Nor I neither; but I find he has profited wonderfully by foreign experience. After rambling half the world over without harm, he is caught, like a travelled woodcock, at his landing.

Cliff. If you suspect Lord Gayville of indiscretion, why do you not put him candidly to the test? I'll be bound for his ingenuousness not to withold any confession you may require.

Sir C. You may be right, but he'll confess more to you in an hour, than to me in a month, for all that; come, Clifford, look as you ought to do at your interest—Sift him—Watch him—You cannot guess how much you will make me your friend, and how grateful I may be if you will discover——

Cliff. Sir, you mistake the footing upon which Lord Gayville and I live——I am often the partner of his thoughts, but never a spy upon his actions.

[*Bows and exit.*

Sir C. [*Alone.*] Well played Clifford! Good air and emphasis, and well suited to the trick of the scene.—He would do, if the practical part of deceit were as easy at his age, as discernment of it is at mine. Gayville and Emily, if they had not a vigilant guard, would be his sure prey; for they are examples of the generous affections coming to matu-

rity with their stature; while suspicion, art, and interest are still dormant in the seed. I must employ Blandish in this business—A rascal of a different cast—Below Clifford in hypocrisy, but greatly above him in the scale of impudence. They shall both forward my ends, while they think they are pursuing their own. I shall ever be sure of a man's endeavours to serve me, while I hold out a lure to his knavery and interest. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Antichamber.

Alscrip. [*Without.*] Dinner not ordered till seven o'clock—Bid the kitchen-maid get me some eggs and bacon. Plague, what with the time of dining and the French cookery, I am in the land of starvation, with half St. James's-Market upon my weekly bills.

Enter [*while speaking the last Sentence.*]

What a change have I made to please my unpleaseable daughter? Instead of my regular meal at Furnival's Inn, here am I transported to Berkeley-Square, to fast at Alscrip House, till my fine company come from their morning ride two hours after dark——Nay, it's worse, if I am carried among my great neighbours in Miss Alscrip's suite, as she calls it. My lady looks over me; my lord walks over me; and sets me in a little tottering cane chair, at the cold corner of the table—Though I have a mortgage upon the house and furniture, and arrears due of the whole interest. It's a pleasure though to be well dressed. My daughter maintains all fashions are founded in sense——Icod the tightness of my wig,

and the stiffness of my cape, give me the sense of the pillory—Plaguy scanty about the hips too—And the breast something of a merrythought reversed—But there is some sense in that, for if one sex pares away in proportion where the other swells, we shall take up no more room in the world than we did before.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, Miss Alscrip wishes to see you.

Alscrip. Who is with her?

Serv. Only Mrs. Blandish, sir.

Alscrip. She must content herself with that company, till I have had my whet——Order up the eggs and bacon. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

MISS ALSCRIP *discovered at her Toilet.* CHIGNON, [*her Valet de Chambre,*] *dressing her Head.* MRS. BLANDISH *sitting by, and holding a Box of Diamond Pins.*

Miss Als. And so, Blandish, you really think that the introduction of Otahaite feathers in my trimming succeeded?

Mrs. Blandish. Oh, with the mixture of those charming Italian flowers, and the knots of pearl that gathered up the festoons, never any thing had so happy an effect——It put the whole ball-room out of humour. Monsieur Chignon, that pin a little more to the front.

Miss Als. And what did they say?

Mrs. Blandish. You know it is the first solicitude of my life to see the friend of my heart treated with

justice. So when you stood up to dance, I got into the thick of the circle——Monsieur, don't you think this large diamond would be well placed just in the middle?

Chignon. Eh! non, madame; ce ne releve pas—— Dat give no relief so de weight of de curl——Full in de front un gros bouton, von great nob of diamond! pardie ce seroit un accommodage à la Polyphême; de big eye of de geant in de centre of de forehead.

Miss Als. Chignon is right in point of taste, though not quite so happy in his allusions as he is sometimes.

Chignon. Ah! Madame, you have done von grande injure to my contrée: You go for von monthe, and bring avay all de good taste——At Paris——all von side——de diamond—de cap—de glance—de bon mot même—All von side, nothing direct à Paris.

Miss Als. [*Smiling at* CHIGNON, *and then turning to* MRS. BLANDISH.] Well!——And so——

Mrs. Blandish. So it was all admiration! Elegant, says Lady Spite—it may do very well for Miss Alscrip, who never looks at expense. The dress of a bridal princess! cries Mrs. Scanty, and for one night's wear too!

Miss Als. Delightful! the very language I wished for——Oh, how charmingly apropos was my accident! did you see when my trimming in the passepied of a cotilion came luckily in contact with Billy Skim's great shoe-buckle—How it ripped away?

Mrs. Blandish. Did I see it?

Miss Als. One of the great feathers stuck fast on the shoe, and looked for all the world like the heel wing of a Mercury in a pantomime.

Mrs. Blandish. Oh! you witty creature, how you describe!

Miss Als. It was a most becoming rent!

Mrs. Blandish. And what a display of indifference; what an example for a woman of fortune, did you

exhibit in the bustle of picking up the scattered fragments!

Miss Als. When the pearls were trundling about, and I insisted upon the company being no longer disturbed, but would leave what remained for fairy favours to the maid who swept the room. He! he! he! Do you think Lady Emily would have done that better?

Mrs. Blandish. Lady Emily? poor girl!—How soon must she submit to be the humble second of the family.

Miss Als. He! he! he! Do you sincerely think so, Blandish? And yet it would be strange if it were otherwise, for I could buy her ten times over.

Chignon. Madame, vat humeure vould you wear to-day?

Miss Als. Humour, Chignon? What am I dressed for now?

Chignon. The parfaite aimable, madam: but my bringing de point of de hair more down to de eye-brow, or adding a little blowse to de sides, I can give you de look severe, capricieuse—vat you please,

Miss Als. We'll put it off for half an hour, I am not quite decided. I was in the capricieuse yesterday—I believe I shall keep on the perfect amiable. [*Exit* CHIGNON.] Tiffany, take off my powdering gown——Ah! ho!———How the wench tugs—do you think you are pulling off the coachman's great-coat?

Mrs. Blandish. My dear amiable!—do not let that sweet temper be ruffled—Why will you not employ me in these little offices. Delicacy like yours should be waited upon by the softness of a sylph.

[*During this Speech exit* TIFFANY *peevishly.*

Miss Als. I am promised a creature to be about me out of the common way.

Mrs. Blandish. A new woman?

Miss Als. No; something to be raised much high-

er, and at the same time fitted better to receive one's ill-humour. An humble companion, well born, well educated, and perfectly dependent, is a most useful appurtenance in the best families.

Mrs. Blandish. Well, do not raise her to the rank of a friend, lest I should be jealous.

Miss Als. You may be perfectly secure—I shall take particular care that friendship shall be out of the question on both sides. I had once thought of a restoration of pages to sit in scarlet and silver (as one reads in former times) upon the forepart of the coach, and to hold up one's train—but I have a new male attendant in a valet de chambre, who has possession of my bust—My two women will have the charge from the point of the shoulder to the toe—So my person being provided for—the Countess of Gayville shall have an attendant to wait upon her mind.

Mrs. Blandish. I vow a most elegant and uncommon thought.

Miss Als. One that can pen a note in the familiar, the punctilious, or the witty—It's quite troublesome to be always writing wit for one's self—But above all, she is to have a talent for music.

Mrs. Blandish. Ay, your very soul is framed for harmony.

Miss Als. I have not quite determined what to call her—Governante of the private chamber, keeper of the boudoir, with a silver key at her breast——

Enter CHIGNON.

Chignon. Madame, a young lady beg to know if you be visible.

Miss Als. A young lady—It is not Lady Emily Gayville?

Chignon. Non, madam, but if you were absente, and I had the adjustment of her head, she would be the most charmante personne I did ever see.

Miss Als. Introduce her. [*Exit* CHIGNON.] Who can this be?

Mrs. Blandish. Some woman of taste, to inquire your correspondent at Paris—or—

Enter Miss ALTON.

Miss ALSCRIP *courtseying respectfully*; Miss ALTON *returning disconcerted.*

Miss Als. Of taste indeed, by her appearance!—Who's in the antichamber? Why did they not open the folding doors?—Chignon, approach a fauteuil for the lady.

Miss Alton. Madam, I come!—

Miss Als. Madam, pray be seated—

Miss Alton. Excuse me, madam,—

Miss Als. Madam, I must beg—

Miss Alton. Madam, this letter will inform you how little pretension I have to the honours you are offering.

Miss Als. [Reads.] *Miss Alton, the bearer of this, is the person I recommended as worthy the honour of attending you as a companion.* [Eyes her scornfully.] *She is born a gentlewoman; I dare say her talents and good qualities will speak more in her favour, than any words I could use—I am, Madam, your most obedient*—um—um—." Blandish, was there ever such a mistake?

Mrs. Blandish. Oh! you dear, giddy, absent creature, what could you be thinking of?

Miss Als. Absent indeed. Chignon, give me the fauteuil; [*Throws herself into it.*] Young woman, where were you educated?

Miss Alton. Chiefly, madam, with my parents.

Miss Als. But finished, I take it for granted, at a country boarding school; for we have, *young ladies*, you know Blandish, *boarded and educated*, upon blue *boards, in gold* letters, in every village; with a stroll-

ing player for a dancing master, and a deserter from Dunkirk, to teach the French grammar.

Mrs. Blandish. How that genius of yours does paint! nothing escapes you—I dare say you have anticipated this young lady's story.

Miss Alton. It is very true, madam, my life can afford nothing to interest the curiosity of you two ladies; it has been too insignificant to merit your concern, and attended with no circumstances to excite your pleasantry.

Miss Als. [*Frowning.*] I hope, child, it will be attended with such for the future as will add to your own—I cannot bear a mope about me.—I am told you have a talent for music—can you touch that harp—It stands here as a piece of furniture, but I have a notion it is kept in tune, by the man who comes to wind up my clocks.

Miss Alton. Madam, I dare not disobey you. But I have been used to perform before a most partial audience; I am afraid strangers will think my talent too humble to be worthy attention.

SONG.

For tenderness framed in life's earliest day,
A parent's soft sorrow to mine led the way;
The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
And ere words were my own, I spoke in a sigh.

The nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,
To youth as it ripened gave sentiment new,
The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion yet rest in the glow—
A warmth of more pain may this breast never know!
Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
Let reason awaken, and govern the flame.

Miss Als. I declare not amiss, Blandish: only a little too plaintive—but I dare say she can play a country dance, when the enlivening is required—So, Miss Alton, you are welcome to my protection; and indeed I wish you to stay from this hour. My toilet being nearly finished, I shall have a horrid vacation till dinner.

Miss Alton. Madam, you do me great honour, and I very readily obey you.

Mrs. Blandish. I wish you joy, Miss Alton, of the most enviable situation a young person of elegant talents could be raised to. You and I will vie with each other, to prevent our dear countess ever knowing a melancholy hour. She has but one fault to correct—the giving way to the soft effusions of a too tender heart.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, a letter——

Miss Als. It's big enough for a state packet—Oh! mercy, a petition—for Heaven's sake, Miss Alton, look it over. [MISS ALTON *reads.*] I should as soon read one of Lady Newchapel's methodist sermons—What does it contain?

Miss Alton. Madam, an uncommon series of calamities, which prudence could neither see, nor prevent: the reverse of a whole family from affluence and content to misery and imprisonment; and it adds, that the parties have the honour, remotely, to be allied to you.

Miss Als. Remote relations! ay, they always think one's made of money.

Enter another SERVANT.

2 *Serv.* A messenger, madam, from the animal repository, with the only puppy of the Peruvians, and the refusal at twenty guineas.

Miss Als. Twenty guineas! Were he to ask fifty, *I must have him.*

Mrs. Blandish. [*Offering to run out.*] I vow I'll give him the first kiss.

Miss Ale. [*Stopping her.*] I'll swear you shan't.

Miss Alton. Madam, I was just finishing the petition.

Miss Ale. It's throwing money away—But give him a crown.

[*Exit with* MRS. BLANDISH *striving which shall be first.*

Miss Alton. "The soft effusions of a too tender heart." The proof is excellent. That the covetous should be deaf to the miserable, I can conceive; but I should not have believed, if I had not seen, that a taste for profusion did not find its first indulgence in benevolence. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

MISS ALSCRIP'S *Dressing-room.*

MISS ALTON, *discovered.*

Miss Alton. Thanks to Mrs. Blandish's inexhaustible talent for encomium, I shall be relieved from one part of a companion that my nature revolts at. But who comes here? It's well if I shall not be exposed to impertinences I was not aware of.

Enter CHIGNON.

Chignon. [*Aside.*] Ma foi, la voila—I will lose no time to pay my addresse—Now for de humble manière, and de unperplex assurance of my contrée [*Bowing with a French shrug.*—MISS ALTON *turning over Music Books.*] Mademoiselle, est-il permis? may I presume to offer you my profound homage [MISS ALTON *not taking Notice.*] Mademoiselle—if you vill put your head into my hands, I vill give a distinction to your beauty, that shall make you and me de conversation of all de town.

Miss Alton. I request, Mr. Chignon, you will devote your ambition to your own part of the compliment.

Mr. Als. [*Without.*] Where is my daughter?

Miss Alton. Is that Mr. Alscrip's voice, Mr. Chignon? It's awkward for me to meet him before I'm introduced.

Chignon. Keep a little behind, mademoiselle; he vill only pashe de room—He vill not see through me.

Enter ALSCRIP.

Alscrip. Hah, my daughter gone already, but [*Sees* CHIGNON.] there's a new specimen of foreign vermin—A lady's valet de chambre—Taste for ever!—Now if I was to give the charge of my person to a waiting maid, they'd say I was indelicate, [*As he crosses the Stage,* CHIGNON *keeps sideling to intercept his Sight, and bowing as he looks towards him.*] What the devil is mounseer at? I thought all his agility lay in his fingers: what antics is the monkey practising? He twists and doubles himself as if he had a raree-show at his back.

Chignon. [*Aside.*] Be gar no raree-show for you, monsieur Alscrip, if I can help.

Alscrip. [*Spying* MISS ALTON.] Ah! ah! What *have we got there?* Monsieur, who is that?

Chignon. Sir, my lady wish to speak to you in her boudoir. She sent me to conduct you, sir.

Alscrip. [*Imitating.*] Yes, sir, but I will first conduct myself to this lady—Tell me this minute, who she is?

Chignon. Sir, she come to live here, companion to my lady—Mademoiselle study some musique—she must not be disturbed.

Alscrip. Get about your business, monsieur, or I'll disturb every comb in your head—Go tell my daughter to stay till I come to her. I shall give her companion some cautions against saucy Frenchmen, sirrah!

Chignon. [*Aside.*] Cautions! peste! you are subject a' cautions yourself—I suspecte you to be von old rake, but no ver dangerous rival. [*Exit.*

Alscrip. [*To himself, and looking at her with his Glass.*] The devil is never tired of throwing baits in my way. [*She comes forward modestly.*] By all that's delicious! I must be better acquainted with her. [*He bows. She courtesies, the Music Book still in her Hand.*] But how to begin—My usual way of attacking my daughter's maids will never do.

Miss Alton. [*Aside.*] My situation is very embarrassing.

Alscrip. Beauteous stranger, give me leave to add my welcome to my daughter's. Since Alscrip House was established, she never brought any thing into it to please me before.

Miss Alton. [*A little confused.*] Sir, it is a great additional honour to that Miss Alscrip has done me, to be thought worthy so respectable a protection as yours.

Alscrip. I could furnish you with a better word than respectable. It sounds so distant, and my feelings have so little to do with cold respect—I never had such a desire—to make myself agreeable.

Miss Alton. [*Aside.*] A very strange old man. [*Exit.*

him, more confused.] Sir, you'll pardon me, I believe Miss Alscrip is waiting.

Alscrip. Don't be afraid, my dear, enchanting diffident (zounds, what a flutter am I in!) don't be afraid —my disposition, to be sure, is too susceptible; but then it is likewise so dove-like, so tender, and so innocent. Come, play me that tune, and enchant my ear, as you have done my eye.

Miss Alton. Sir, I wish to be excused, indeed it does not deserve your attention.

Alscrip. Not deserve it! I had rather hear you, than all the signoritininies together.—These are the strings to which my senses shall dance. [*Sets the Harp.*

Miss Alton. Sir, it is to avoid the affectation of refusing what is so little worth asking for.

[*Takes the Harp and plays a Few Bars of a lively Air.* ALSCRIP *kisses her Fingers with rapture.*

Alscrip. Oh! the sweet little twiddle-diddles!

Miss Alton. For shame, sir, what do you mean?

[ALSCRIP *gets hold of both her Hands and continues kissing her Fingers.*

Miss Alton. [*Struggling.*] Help!

Enter MISS ALSCRIP.

Miss Als. I wonder what my papa is doing all this time?

[*A short Pause*—MISS ALSCRIP *surprised.*—MISS ALTON *confused.*—ALSCRIP *puts his Hand to his Eye.*

Alscrip. Oh, child! I have got something in my eye, that makes me almost mad.—A little midge—believe.—'Gad, I caught hold of this young lady hand in one of my twitches, and her nerves were as much in a flutter as if I had bit her.

Miss Als. [*Significantly.*] Yes, my dear papa, I perceive you have something in your eye, and I'll do my best to take it out immediately——Miss Alton, will *you do me the* favour to walk into the drawing room?

Miss Alton. I hope, madam, you will permit me, at a proper opportunity, to give my explanation of what has passed? [*Retires.*

Miss Als. There's no occasion—Let it rest among the catalogue of wonders, like the Glastonbury thorn, that blooms at Christmas.——To be serious, papa, though I carried off your behaviour as well as I could, I am really shocked at it—A man of your years, and of a profession where the opinion of the world is of such consequence—

Alscrip. My dear Molly, have not I quitted the practice of attorney, and turned fine gentleman, to laugh at the world's opinion; or, had I not, do you suppose the kiss of a pretty wench would hurt a lawyer? My dear Molly, if the fraternity had no other reflections to be afraid of!

Miss Als. Oh! hideous, Molly indeed! you ought to have forgot I had a christened name long ago; am not I going to be a countess? If you did not stint my fortune, by squand'ring yours away upon dirty trulls, I might be called your grace.

Alscrip. Spare your lectures, and you shall be called your highness, if you please.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, Lady Emily Gayville is in her carriage in the street, will your ladyship be at home?

Miss Als. Yes, show her into the drawing-room. [*Exit* SERVANT.] I entreat, sir, you will keep a little more guard upon your passions; consider the dignity of your house, and if you must be cooing, buy a French figurante. [*Exit.*

Alscrip. Well said, my lady countess! well said, quality morals! What am I the better for burying a jealous wife? To be chicken pecked is a new persecution, more provoking than the old one—Oh Molly! Molly!— [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Drawing Room.

MISS ALTON, *alone.*

Miss Alton. What perplexing scenes I already meet with in this house? I ought, however, to be contented in the security it affords against the attempts of Heartly. I am contented—But, O Clifford! It was hard to be left alone to the choice of distresses.

Enter CHIGNON, *introducing* LADY EMILY.

Chignon. My Lady Emily Gayville—Madame no here! Mademoiselle, announce, if you please, my lady.

Lady E. [*Aside.*] Did my ears deceive me? surely I heard the name of Clifford—and it escaped in an accent!—Pray, sir, who is that? [*To* CHIGNON.

Chignon. Mademoiselle Alton, confidante of my lady, and next after me in her suite.

[*Examines her Head Dress impertinently.* MISS ALTON *with great modesty rises and puts her Work together.*

Lady E. There seems to be considerable difference in the decorum of her attendants. You need not stay, sir.

Chignon. [*As he goes out.*] Ma foi, sa tête est passable—her head may pass.

Lady E. [*Aside.*] How my heart beats with curiosity! [MISS ALTON *having disposed her things in her Work Bag, is retiring with a Courtesy.*] Miss Alton, I

am in no haste. On the contrary, I think the occasion fortunate that allows me to begin an acquaintance with a person of so amiable an appearance. I don't know whether that pert foreigner has led me into an error—but without being too inquisitive, may I ask if you make any part of this family?

Miss Alton. Madam, I am under Miss Alscrip's protection: I imagine I am represented as her dependent: I am not ashamed of humble circumstances, that are not the consequences of indiscretion.

Lady E. That with such claims to respect you should be in any circumstances of humiliation, is a disgrace to the age we live in.

Miss Alton. Madam, my humiliation (if such it be) is just. Perhaps I have been too proud, and my heart required this self-correction. A life of retired industry might have been more pleasing to me; but an orphan—a stranger—ignorant and diffident, I preferred my present situation, as one less exposed to misrepresentation. [*Bell rings.*] I can no longer detain Miss Alscrip from the honour of receiving your ladyship. [*A respectful Courtesy, and exit.*

Lady E. There is something strangely mysterious and affecting in all this——what delicacy of sentiment—what softness of manners! and how well do these qualities accord with that sigh for Clifford! she has been proud—proud of what?—of Clifford's love. It is too plain. But then to account for her present condition?—He has betrayed and abandoned her—too plain again, I fear.—She talked too of a self-corrected heart—take example, Emily, and recall thine from an object, which it ought more than ever to renounce. But here come the Alscrip and her friend: lud! lud! lud! how shall I recover my spirits! I must attempt it, and if I lose my present thoughts in a trial of extravagance, be it of theirs or my own, it will be a happy expedient.

Enter MISS ALSCRIP *and* MRS. BLANDISH.

[MISS ALSCRIP *runs up to* LADY EMILY *and kisses her Forehead.*

Lady E. I ask your pardon, madam, for being so awkward, but I confess I did not expect so elevated a salute.

Miss Als. Dear Lady Emily, I had no notion of its not being universal. In France, the touch of the lips, just between the eyebrows, has been adopted for years.

Lady E. I perfectly acknowledge the propriety of the custom. It is almost the only spot of the face where the touch would not risk a confusion of complexions.

Miss Als. He! he! he! what a pretty thought!

Mrs. Blandish. How I have longed for this day!—Come, let me put an end to ceremony, and join the hands of the sweetest pair that ever nature and fortune marked for connexion. [*Joins their Hands.*

Miss Als. Thank you, my good Blandish, though I was determined to break the ice, Lady Emily, in the first place I met you. But you were not at Lady Dovecourt's last night.

Lady E. [*Affectedly.*] No, I went home directly from the Opera: projected the revival of a cap: read a page in the trials of Temper; went to bed and dreamed I was Belinda in the Rape of the Lock.

Mrs. Blandish. Elegant creature!

Miss Als. [*Aside.*] I must have that air, if I die for it. [*Imitating.*] I too came home early; supped with my old gentleman; made him explain my marriage articles, dower, and heirs entail; read a page in a trial of divorce, and dreamed of a rose-colour equipage, with emblems of Cupids issuing out of coronets.

Mrs. Blandish. Oh, you sweet twins of perfection ——what equality in every thing! I have thought of a name for you—The Inseparable Inimitables.

Miss Als. I declare I shall like it exceedingly—one sees so few uncopied originals—the thing I cannot bear—

Lady E. Is vulgar imitation—I must catch the words from your mouth, to show you how we agree.

Miss Als. Exactly. Not that one wishes to be without affectation.

Lady E. Oh! mercy forbid!

Miss Als. But to catch a manner, and weave it, as I may say, into one's own originality.

Mrs. Blandish. Pretty! pretty!

Lady E. That's the art—Lord, if one lived entirely upon one's own whims, who would not be run out in a twelvemonth?

Miss Als. Dear Lady Emily, don't you dote upon folly?

Lady E. To ecstacy. I only despair of seeing it well kept up.

Miss Als. I flatter myself there is no great danger of that.

Lady E. You are mistaken. We have, 'tis true, some examples of the extravaganza in high life, that no other country can match; but withal, many a false sister, that starts as one would think, in the very heyday of the fantastic, yet comes to a stand-still in the midst of the course.

Mrs. Blandish. Poor, spiritless creatures!

Lady E. Do you know there is more than one duchess who has been seen in the same carriage with her husband—like two doves in a basket, in the print of Conjugal Felicity; and another has been detected—I almost blush to name it—

Mrs. Blandish. Bless us! where? and how? and how?

Lady E. In nursing her own child!

Miss Als. Oh! barbarism!——For Heaven's sake let us change the subject. You were mentioning a

revived cap, Lady Emily; any thing of the Henry Quatre?

Lady E. Quite different. An English mob under the chin, and artless ringlets, in natural colour, that shall restore an admiration for Prior's Nut-brown Maid.

Miss Als. Horrid! shocking!

Lady E. Absolutely necessary. To be different from the rest of the world, we must now revert to nature: Make haste, or you have so much to undo, you will be left behind.

Miss Als. I dare say so. But who can vulgarize all at once? What will the French say?

Lady E. Oh, we shall have a new treaty for the interchange of fashions and follies, and then say, they will complain, as they do of other treaties, that we out manufactured them.

Miss Als. Fashions and follies! O what a charming contention!

Lady E. Yes, and one, thank Heaven, so perfectly well understood on both sides, that no counter declaration will be wanted to explain it.

Miss Als. [*With an affected drop of her Lip in her Laugh.*] He! he! he! he! he! he!

Lady E. My dear Miss Alscrip, what are you doing? I must correct you as I love you. Sure you must have observed the drop of the under lip is exploded since Lady Simpermode broke a tooth—[*Sets her Mouth affectedly.*]—I am preparing the cast of the lips for the ensuing winter——thus—It is to be called the Paphian mimp.

Miss Als. [*Imitating.*] I swear I think it pretty—I must try to get it.

Lady E. Nothing so easy. It is done by one cabalistical word, like a metamorphosis in the fairy tales. You have only, when before your glass, to keep pronouncing to yourself nimini-pimini—the lips cannot fail taking their plie.

Miss Als. Nimini—pimini—imini, mimini—oh, it's delightfully infantine—and so innocent, to be kissing one's own lips.

Lady E. You have it to a charm—does it not become her infinitely, Mrs. Blandish?

Mrs. Blandish. Our friend's features must succeed in every grace! but never so much as in a quick change of extremes.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, Lord Gayville desires to know if you are at home?

Miss Als. A strange formality!

Lady E. [*Aside.*] No brother ever came more opportunely to a sister's relief, "I have fooled it to the top of my bent."

Miss Als. Desire Miss Alton to come to me. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Lady Emily, you must not blame me; I am supporting the cause of our sex, and must punish a lover for some late inattentions—I shall not see him.

Lady E. Oh cruel! [*Sees* MISS ALTON.

Enter MISS ALTON.

Miss Alscrip, you have certainly the most elegant companion in the world.

Miss Als. Dear, do you think so? an ungain, dull sort of a body, in my mind; but we'll try her in the present business. Miss Alton, you must do me a favour.—I want to plague my husband that is to be—you must take my part—you must double me like a second actress at Paris, when the first has the vapours.

Miss Alton. Really, madam, the task you would impose upon me—

Miss Als. Will be a great improvement to you, and quite right for me.—Don't be grave, Lady Emily—[*Whose attention is fixed on* MISS ALTON.] Your bro-

ther's penance shall be short, and I'll take the reconciliation scene upon myself.

Lady E. [*Endeavouring to recover herself.*] I cannot but pity him; especially as I am sure, that do what you will, he will always regard you with the same eyes. And so, my sweet sister, I leave him to your mercy, and to that of your representative, whose disposition, if I have any judgment, is ill suited to a task of severity.

Mrs. Blandish. Dear Lady Emily, carry me away with you. When a lover is coming, it shall never be said I am in the way.

Lady E. [*Looking at* Miss Alton.—*Aside.*] What a painful suspense am I to suffer? another instant, and I shall betray myself—adieu, Miss Alscrip.

Miss Als. Call Lady Emily's servants.

Lady E. You sha'n't stir—remember nimini primini. I am at your orders. [*Exit.*

Mrs Blandish. I follow you, my sweet volatile. [*Coming back, and squeezing* Miss Alscrip's *Hand, in a half whisper.*] She'd give her eyes, to be like you. [*Exit.*

Miss Als. Now for it, Miss Alton—Only remember that you are doubling me, the woman he adores.

Miss Alton. Indeed, madam, I am quite incapable of executing your orders to your satisfaction. The utmost I can undertake is a short message.

Miss Als. Never fear. [*Knock at the Door.*] There he comes—Step aside, and I'll give you your very words. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Gayville, *conducted by a* Servant.

Lord G. So, now to get thorough this piece of drudgery. There's a meanness in my proceeding, and my compunction is just. Oh, the dear, lost possessor of my heart; lost, irrecoverably lost!

Enter MISS ALTON, *from the Bottom of the Scene.*

Miss Alton. A pretty employment I am sent upon!

Lord G. [*To himself.*] Could she but know the sacrifice I am ready to make!

Miss Alton. [*To herself.*] The very picture of a lover, if absence of mind marks one. It is unpleasant for me to interrupt a man I never saw, but I shall deliver my message very concisely.—My lord——

Lord G. [*Turning.*] Madam. [*Both start and stand in surprise.*] Astonishment! Miss Alton! my charming fugitive?

Miss Alton. How, Mr. Heartly—Lord Gayville!

Lord G. My joy and my surprise are alike unutterable. But I conjure you, madam, tell me by what strange circumstance do I meet you here?

Miss Alton. [*Aside.*] Now assist me, honest pride! assist me, resentment.

Lord G. You spoke to me—Did you know me?

Miss Alton. No otherwise, my lord, than as Miss Alscrip's lover. I had a message from her to your lordship.

Lord G. For Heaven's sake, madam, in what capacity?

Miss Alton. In one, my lord, not very much above the class of a servant.

Lord G. Impossible, sure! It is to place the brilliant below the foil—to make the inimitable work of nature secondary to art and defect.

Miss Alton. It is to take refuge in a situation that offers me security against suspicious obligation; against vile design; against the attempts of a seducer—It is to exercise the patience, that the will, and perhaps the favour, of Heaven meant to try.

Lord G. Cruel, cruel to yourself and me—Could I have had a happiness like that of assisting you against the injustice of fortune—and when to be thus degraded was the alternative?—

Miss Alton. My lord, it is fit I should be explicit. Reflect upon the language you have held to me; view the character in which you present yourself to this family; and then pronounce in whose breast we must look for a sense of degradation.

Lord G. In mine, and mine alone. I confess it—Hear nevertheless my defence—My actions are all the result of love. And culpable as I may seem, my conscience does not reproach me with——

Miss Alton. Oh, my lord, I readily believe you—You are above its reproaches—qualities, that are infamous and fatal, in one class of life, create applause and conscientious satisfaction in another.

Lord G. Infamous and fatal qualities! What means my lovely accuser?

Miss Alton. That to steal or stab is death in common life: but when one of your lordship's degree sets his hard heart upon the destruction of a woman, how glorious is his success! How consummate his triumph, when he can follow the theft of her affections by the murder of her honour.

Enter MISS ALSCRIP *softly behind.*

Miss Als. I wonder how it goes on.

Lord G. Exalted! Adorable woman!

Miss Als. Adorable! Ay, I thought how 'twould be!

Lord G. Hear me! I conjure you—

Miss Als. Not a word, if she knows her business.

Miss Alton. My lord! I have heard too much.

Miss Als. Brava. I could not have played it better myself.

Lord G. Oh! Still more charming than severe.

[*Kneels.*

Miss Als. Humph! I hope he means me, though.

Lord G. The character in which you see me here makes me appear more odious to myself, if possible, than I am to you.

Miss Als. [*Behind.*] By all that's treacherous I doubt it.

Miss Alton. Desist, my lord——Miss Alscrip has a claim.——

Miss Als. Ay, now for it.

Lord G. By Heaven, she is my aversion. It is my family, on whom I am dependent, that has betrayed me into these cursed addresses.—Accept my contrition—pity a wretch struggling with the complicated torments of passion, shame, penitence and despair.

Miss Als. [*Comes forward—all stand confused.*] I never saw a part better doubled in my life!

Lord G. Confusion! What a light do I appear in to them both! How shall I redeem myself, even in my own opinion?

Miss Als. [*Looking at* Lord Gayville.] Expressive dignity!—[*Looking at* Miss Alton.] Sweet simplicity! Amiable diffidence!——"She should execute my commands most awkwardly."

Lord G. [*Aside.*] There is but one way.—[*To* Miss Alscrip.] Madam, your sudden entrance has effected a discovery which with shame I confess ought to have been made before—The lady, who stands there, is in possession of my heart. If it is a crime to adore her, I am the most guilty wretch on earth—Pardon me if you can; my sincerity is painful to me—But in this crisis it is the only atonement I can offer.

[*Bows and exit.*

Miss Als. [*After a Pause.*] Admirable!—Perfect! The most finished declaration, I am convinced, that ever was made from beggarly nobility to the woman that was to make his fortune—the lady, who stands there—the lady—Madam—I am in patient expectation for the sincerity of your ladyship's atonement.

Miss Alton. I am confounded at the strange occurrences that have happened; but be assured you see in me an innocent and most unwilling rival.

Miss Als. Rival! better and better!—You—you give me uneasiness? You moppet—you coquet of the side table to catch the gawkey heir of the family, when he comes from school at Christmas—You—you you vile seducer of my good old honoured father; [*Cries—In a passion again.*] What, is my lady dumb? Hussy? Have you the insolence to hold your tongue?

Miss Alton. Madam, I just now offered to justify this scene; I thought it the part of duty to myself, and respect to you. But your behaviour has now left but one sentiment upon my mind.

Miss Als. And what is that, madam?

Miss Alton. [*With pointed expression.*] Scorn.

[*Exit.*

Miss Als. Was there ever any thing like this before? —and to a woman of my fortune?—I to be robbed of a lover—and that a poor lord too—I'll have the act revived against witchcraft; I'll have the minx tried—I'll—I'll—I'll—— [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

ALSCRIP'S *Room of Business.*

ALSCRIP *and* RIGHTLY.

Rightly. Upon all these matters, Mr. Alscrip, I am authorized by my client, Sir Clement Flint, to agree. There remains nothing but your favouring me with the inspection of the Charlton title-deeds, and your daughter's settlements may be engrossed.

Alscrip. I cannot conceive, my friend Rightly, any such inspection to be requisite. Have not I been in constant quiet possession?

Rightly. Sir Clement insists upon it.

Alscrip. A client insist! and you, an old practitioner, suffer such a demur to your infallibility!—Ah! in my practice I had the sure means of disappointing such dabblers and divers into their own cases.

Rightly. How, pray?

Alscrip. I read his writings to him myself.—I was the best reader in Chancery-lane for setting the understanding at defiance—Drew breath but once in a quarter of an hour, always in the wrong place, and made a single sentence of six skins of parchment—Shall I give you a specimen?

Rightly. [*Smiling.*] I have no doubt of your talent.

Alscrip. Then return to Sir Clement, and follow my example.

Rightly. No, Mr. Alscrip, though I acknowledge your skill, I do not subscribe to your doctrine. The English law is the finest system of ethics, as well as government, that ever the world produced, and it cannot be too generally understood.

Alscrip. Law understood! Zounds! would you destroy the profession!

Rightly. No, I would raise it. Had every man of sense the knowledge of the theory, to which he is competent; the practice would revert to the purity of its institution, maintain the rights, and not promote the knavery, of mankind.

Alscrip. [*Aside.*] Plaguy odd maxims.—Sure he means to try me—[*To him.*] Brother Rightly, we know the world, and are alone—I have locked the door.

[*In a half whisper.*

Rightly. A very useless precaution. I have not a principle nor a proceeding that I would not proclaim at Charing Cross.

Alscrip. [*Aside.*] No! then I'll pronounce you the most silly, or the most impudent fellow of the fraternity.

Rightly. But where are these writings? You can have no difficulty in laying your hand upon them, for I perceive you keep things in a distinguished regularity.

Alscrip. Yes, I have distinct repositories for all papers, and especially title deeds—Some in drawers—Some in closets—[*Aside.*] and a few under ground.

Miss Als. [*Rattling at the Door.*] What makes you lock the door, sir? I must speak to you this instant.

Alscrip. One moment, child, and I'll be ready for you. [*Turning again to* RIGHTLY, *as to dissuade him.*

Rightly. [*Coolly.*] If the thoughts of the wedding-day make any part of the young lady's impatience, you take a bad way, Mr. Alscrip, to satisfy it; for I tell you plainly our business cannot be completed till I see these writings.

Alscrip. [*Aside.*] Confound the old hound—how he sticks to his scent!

[MISS ALSCRIP *still at the Door.*

Alscrip. I am coming, I tell you. [*Opens a Bureau in a confused hurry, shuffles Papers about, puts one into* RIGHTLY'S *Hand.*] There, if this whim must be indulged, step into the next room—You, who know the material parts of a parchment lie in a nut-shell, will look it over in ten minutes.

[*Puts him into another Room.*

Miss Als. I won't wait another instant, whatever you are about—Let me in——

Alscrip. [*Opening the Door.*] Sex and vehemence! What is the matter now?

Enter MISS ALSCRIP *in the most violent emotion.*

Miss Als. So, sir; yes, sir; you have done finely

by me indeed, you are a pattern for fathers—a precious match you had provided! [*Walking about.*

Alscrip. What the devil's the matter?

Miss Als. [*Running on.*] I, that with 50,000 independent pounds, left myself in a father's hands—a thing unheard of, and waited for a husband with unparalleled patience till I was of age——

Alscrip. What the devil's the matter?

Miss Als. [*Following him about.*] I, that at fourteen might have married a French Marquis, my governess told me he was—for all he was her brother——

Alscrip. 'Gad a mercy, governess——.

Miss Als. And as for commoners, had not I the choice of the market? And the handsome Irish Colonel at Bath, that had carried off six heiresses before, for himself and friends, and would have found his way to Gretna-green blindfold!

Alscrip. [*Aside.*] 'Gad I wish you were there now, with all my heart—What the devil is at the bottom of all this?

Miss Als. Why, Lord Gayville is at the bottom—And your hussy, that you was so sweet upon this morning, is at the bottom; a treacherous minx!—I sent her only for a little innocent diversion, as my double——

Alscrip. Your what?

Miss Als. Why, my double, to vex him.

Alscrip. Double! this is the most useless attendant you have had yet.—'Gad I'll start you single handed in the art of vexation against any ten women in England!

Miss Als. I caught them, just as I did you, with your——

Alscrip. Is that all? 'Gad I don't see much in that.

Miss Als. Not much? what, a woman of my fortune and accomplishments turned off—rejected—renounced——

Alscrip. How! renounced?—has he broke the contract?——Will you prove he has broke the contract?

Miss Als. Ay. Now, my dear papa, you take a tone that becomes you; now the blood of the Alscrips rises;—rises as it ought; you mean to fight him directly, don't you?

Alscrip. O yes, I'm his man—I'll show you a lawyer's challenge, sticks and staves, guns, swords, daggers, poinards, knives, scissors and bodkins. I'll put more weapons into a bit of paper, six inches square, than would stock the armory of the Tower.

Miss Als. Pistols!——Don't talk to me of any thing but pistols,—my dear papa, who shall be your second?

Alscrip. I'll have two——John Doe, and Richard Roe——as pretty fellows as any in England to see fair play, and as used to the differences of good company.—They shall greet him with their fieri facias——so don't be cast down, Molly, I'll answer for damages, to indemnify our loss of temper and reputation—he shall have a fi-fa before to-morrow night.

Miss Als. Fiery faces and damages—What does your Westminster-hall gibberish mean?—Are a woman's feelings to be satisfied with a fie-fa—you old insensible—you have no sense of family honour—no tender affections.

Alscrip. 'Gad you have enough for us both, when you want your father to be shot through the head—but stand out of the way, here's a species of family honour more necessary to be taken care of—If we were to go to law, this would be a precious set off against us. [*Takes up the Deed, as if to look it up.*] This—why what the devil—I hope I don't see clear—Curse and confusion, I have given the wrong one—Here's fine work—Here's a blunder—Here's the effect of a woman's impetuosity.

Miss Als. Lord, what a fuss you are in: what is in the old trumpery scroll?

Alscrip. Plague and parchment, old Rightly will find what's in it, if I don't interrupt him—Mr. Rightly—Mr. Rightly—Mr. Rightly——

[*Going to the Door* RIGHTLY *went out at.*

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Rightly is gone.

Alscrip. Gone! whither?

Serv. Home, I believe, sir—— -He came out at the door into the hall, and he bade me tell your honour you might depend upon his reading over the deed with particular care.

Alscrip. Fire and fury, my hat and cane—[*Exit* SERVANT.] Here, my hat and cane. [*Stamps about.*

Miss Als. Sir, I expect before you come home—

Alscrip. Death and devils, expect to be ruined—— this comes of listening to you——The sex hold the power of mischief by prescription—Zounds!—Mischief—Mischief—is the common law of womankind.

[*Exit in a rage.*

Miss Als. Mercy on us—I never saw him more provoked, even when my mother was alive! [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

ALSCRIP'S *Room.*

CHIGNON *alone.*

Chignon. Que diable veut dire tout ça——vat devil, all dis mean?—Monsieur Alscrip enragé——Mademoiselle Alscrip fly about like de dancing fury at de Opera——My littel musicienne, shut up, and in de absence of madame, I keep de key of de littel bastille——By gad, I vou'd rader have de custody of my pretty prisoniere than the whole college of cardinals——but vat have we here?

Enter SIR CLEMENT *and* CLIFFORD.

Sir C. [*Speaking to a* SERVANT.] Mr. Alscrip not at home, no matter we'll wait his return——The French valet de chambre [*To* CLIFFORD.]—It may be of use to make acquaintance with him—Monsieur, how do you like this country?

Chignon. Ver good contrée, sire, by and bye—when you grow a little more poor.

Sir C. Is that a Parisian rule for improvement?

Chignon. Yes, sir, and we help you to follow our example—In good times you hang, and you drown—In bad time you will be like us.—Alway poor—alway gay—forget your politics—laugh at your griev-

ances—take your snuff, vive la dissipation,—ver good country.

Sir C. Thanks for your kind advice, monsieur, you Frenchmen are so obliging, and so communicative to strangers——I hear there is a young lady come into this family—we don't exactly know in what capacity —could not you contrive that she should pass through this room—or—

Chignon. [*Aside.*] By gar here be one more old rake after de littel musicienne.

Sir C. Only for curiosity,—we never saw her, and have particular reasons— [*Gives Money.*

Chignon. Ma foi, your reasons be ver expressive—[*Aside.*]—but vat devil shall I do—open the cage of my little Rosignol—my pretty nightingale—no. Chignon—no—[*Looking out.*] ah, hah; La Tiffany—— Now for de politique——be-gar I undertake your business—and make you de dupe of de performance.

[*Exit with a sign to* SIR CLEMENT.

Sir C. So—Clifford—There goes as disinterested a fellow now as any in Europe. But hark you—Can you yet guess the purpose for which I brought you here?

Cliff. I profess, sir, I am in the dark. If it concerns Lord Gayville's secret.

Sir C. Namely, that this dulcinea has started up in the shape of Miss Alscrip's musical companion—Her name is Alton. [*Leering.*] I tell it you, because I am sure you are not acquainted with it.

Cliff. Sir, you will not know me.—

Sir C. Tut, tut, don't do me such injustice—— Come, all delicacy being over, by my having made the discovery, will you talk to this girl?

Cliff. For what end, sir?

Sir C. If you state yourself as Lord Gayville's friend, she will converse with you more readily, than she would with me—Try her—find out what she is

really at. If she has no hold upon him but her person, I shall be easy.

Cliff. Sir, let my compliance convince you how much I wish to oblige you. If I can get a sight of this wonder, I promise to give you my faithful opinion of my friend's danger.

Enter CHIGNON, *and makes a sign to* SIR CLEMENT, *that the Person he inquired after is coming.*

Sir C. Leave her with this gentleman——Come, monsieur, you shall show me the new room. [*Exit.*

Chignon. [*Aside.*] Vid dis gentleman—Vid all my heart—La Tiffany vill answer his purpose, and mine too. [*Exit*

[CLIFFORD *is looking at the Furniture of the Room*

Enter TIFFANY.

Tiff. What does the Frenchman mean by gentlemen wanting me, and his gibberish of making soft eyes——I hope I know the exercise of my eyes without his instruction—hah! I vow, a clever looking man.

Cliff. 'Faith, a pretty attracting countenance—but for that apprehensive and timid look—that awe impressing modesty, my friend so forcibly described. [TIFFANY *adjusts herself, and pulls up.*]—[*Aside.*] Her silence marks diffidence; deuce take me if I know how to begin, for fear of offending her reserve.

Tiff. [*Aside.*] I have been told pertness became me—I'll try, I'm resolved. [*To him.*] I hear, sir, you had something to say to a young person in this house—that—that—[*Looking down at the same time archly.*] I could not but take the description to myself—I am ready to hear any thing a gentleman has to say.

Cliff. [*Aside.*] Thank my stars, my scruples are relieved!

Tiff. Am I mistaken, sir? Pray, whom was you *inquiring after?*

Cliff. Oh! certainly you, my pretty stranger. A friend of mine has been robbed of his heart, and I see the felony in your looks. Will you confess, or must I arrest you?

Tiff. Innocent, sir, in fact; but not quite so in inclination—I hope your own is safe?

Cliff. And were it not, my smart unconscionable, would you run away with that also?

Tiff. Oh, yes, and a hundred more; and melt them all down together, as the Jews do stolen goods, to prevent their being reclaimed.

Cliff. [*Aside.*] Astonishing! Have I hit upon the moment when her fancy outruns her art! But are you really the young lady, that's admitted into this family, as companion to Miss Alscrip?

Tiff. Sir, if you mean the young lady, who, however undeservingly, is flatteringly called the flower of this family—who sometimes extracts notice from these windows; and to be sure has been followed home by gentlemen against her inclinations—sir, you are not mistaken.

Cliff. [*Aside.*] Sure it has been Gayville's madness or amusement then to describe her by contraries.

Tiff. I hope, sir, you are not offended? I would not be impertinent, though I am not so tasteless as to be shy.

Cliff. Offended, my dear? I am quite charmed, I assure you. And so without further shyness on either part, let us be free upon the subject I had to talk over with you. You surely are not looking to lasting connexions?

Tiff. [*With airs.*] Sir, I don't understand you—I am not what you suppose, I assure you—Connexions indeed—I should never have thought of that—my character—my behaviour; connexions, I don't know what the word signifies.

Sir C. [*Without.*] Clifford—are you ready?

Cliff. I am at your orders, sir.

You have captivated a young man of rank and fortune, but you are discovered, and his ruin and yours would be the consequence of pursuing any designs, that could impede his proposed marriage with Miss Alscrip. —Throw yourself upon the generosity of his family, and your fortune's made.—Send your answer (and let it be immediate) to me, at Sir Clement Flint's house.

Yours, &c. &c.

HENRY CLIFFORD.

[CLIFFORD *folds the Letter.*

Sir C. Our French friend is the man to deliver it, and to bring the answer. I am going home; you'll overtake me. [*Exit.*

Enter CHIGNON.

Cliff. [*Sealing the Letter.*] You come apropos, monsieur.[*Gives the Letter with an Air of Mystery.*] Have the goodness to put this letter into Miss Alton's own hands.

Chignon. [*To himself.*] Mademoiselle Alton! Peste! My trick has not passed.

Cliff. To Miss Alton by herself—I am in all the secret.

Chignon. [*To himself.*] Devil take Tiffany, for making you so wise.

Cliff. And you serve your lady, when you serve me with Miss Alton—Monsieur, an answer as quick as possible—You will find me at Sir Clement Flint's —it is only in the next street—and—you understand me—[*Shaking his Purse.*]—Alerte, monsieur. [*Exit.*

Chignon. Understand you!—Oui da! you talk de language universal. [*Imitating his shaking the Purse.*] J'entre vois, I begin to see something—By gad, I vill give de letter, and try de inclination of Mademoiselle la Musicienne—if dis be de ductte she vill play, it take her out of the vay of Alscrip, of Gayville, and of myself also—Voila le malheur—there—de misfor-

tune—eh bien—when love and interest come across—alway prefer de interest for to-day, and take de chance of de love to-morrow—dat is de humour of France.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SIR CLEMENT FLINT'S *House.*

Enter LORD GAYVILLE *and* SIR CLEMENT.

Lord G. I am resolved to see Miss Alscrip no more.

Sir C. And I hope you are prepared with arguments to justify the cause of this breach, to me, and to the world.

Lord G. For my reconciliation with you, I hope your former partiality will return to my aid; and as for the world, I despise it. The multitude look at happiness through the false glare of wealth and pomp: I have discovered it, though yet at a distance, through the only true medium, that of mutual affection.

Sir C. No common place book, formed from a whole library of plays and novels, could furnish a better sentence. Your folly would shame a schoolboy—even of the last age—In the present, he learns the world with his grammar, and gets a just notion of the worthlessness of the other sex, before he is of an age to be duped by their attractions.

Lord G. Sir, your prejudices——

Sir C. My prejudices?—will you appeal to Clifford—here he comes—your friend—your other self.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Lord G. And will Clifford condemn the choice of the heart?

Cliff. Never, my lord, when justly placed—In the case I perceive you are arguing, I am ready to blush for you—nay, don't look grave—I am acquainted with your enchantress.

Lord G. You acquainted with her?

Cliff. Yes; and, if I don't deceive myself, shall make her break her own spell. I am in correspondence with her.

Lord G. You in correspondence with Miss Alton!—when? where? What am I to think of this?

Cliff. My dear lord, that she is the most arrant coquette, the most accomplished jilt, the most ready trafficker of her charms——

Lord G. Phrensy and profanation!

Sir C. Come, Gayville, I'll be plain with you; you have sillily let the girl raise her price upon you—but, if nothing else will satisfy you, e'en pay it, and have done with her.

Lord G. Sir, her price is an unadulterated heart: I am afraid we cannot pay it betwixt us.

Enter CHIGNON; *he delivers a Letter to* CLIFFORD, *apart.*

Chignon. Alerte, monsieur, I repete your word—Mademoiselle Alton be all your own.

Sir C. Come, Clifford, the contents: his lordship braves the trial.

Lord G. What is this mighty scheme! and what is that paper to discover?

Cliff. [*Breaking open the Letter.*] Your lordship shall be informed word for word. [*Upon first sight*

of the Contents he shows the utmost emotion.] Amazement! do I dream! can it be? who wrote this letter?

Sir C. Oh! speak out, monsieur, we are all friends.

Chignon. De true Mademoiselle Alton, whom you charge me to give your letter—she open it—she turn pale—den red—den confuse—den kiss your name—den write, and bid me fly.

Lord G. Confusion on confusion, what does all this mean? explain.

Cliff. You must pardon me, I am disconcerted—confounded—thunderstruck—This letter is indeed of a different nature, from that I expected—I am more interested in Miss Alton's fate than your lordship—my perplexity is not to be endured; friend, come with me instantly.

[*Exeunt* CLIFFORD *and* CHIGNON.

Lord G. Mystery and torture! what am I to collect from this? He interested in the fate of Miss Alton? he her former acquaintance?

Sir C. Why not—and her dupe also?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Is Mr. Clifford gone, sir?

Lord G. [*Impatiently.*] Who wants him?

Serv. A chairman with a letter, he will not deliver to a servant.

Sir C. Call the fellow in. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Who knows but he may help us in our difficulties?

CHAIRMAN *brought in, with a Letter in his Hand.*

Lord G. [*Still impatiently.*] Whom did you bring that letter from?

Chairman. Please your honour, I don't know; passing through the square, a sash flew up, and down came this letter and half a crown upon my head. It could not have fallen better, there's not a fellow in town more handy than I am, nor, though I say it

more cute at private business—So I resolved to deliver it safely—Is your honour's name Clifford?

Lord G. No, indeed, friend, I am not so happy a man.

Sir C. [*Aside.*] That letter must not be lost though. Here, my friend—I'll take charge of your letter. [*Takes the Letter.*] Something for your pains.

Chairman. God bless your honour, and if you want to send an answer, my number is forty-seven in Bond Street—your honour, I am known by the name of secret Tom. [*Exit.*

Lord G. What is the use of this deceit? strong as my suspicion is, a seal must be sacred.

Sir C. Our circumstances make an exception to your rule: when there is treason in the state, wax gives way. [*Takes the Letter, opens and reads it.*] 'Faith, this is beyond my expectation—though the mystery is unfathomable, the aptness of it to my purpose is admirable—Gayville—I wish you joy.

Lord G. Of what?

Sir C. Of conviction! if this is not plain! only hear. [*Reads.*] *Since my confused lines of a few minutes past, my perplexities redouble upon my spirits—I am in momentary apprehension of farther insult from the Alscrip family; I am still more anxious to avoid Lord Gayville,* [Pauses and looks at LORD GAYVILLE.] *do not suspect my sincerity—I have not a thought of him that ought to disturb you.*—Here she is, Gayville, look at her, through the true medium of mutual affection —*I have not a thought of him that ought to disturb you —Fly to me, secure me, my dearest Henry.*

Lord G. Dearest Henry!

Sir C. [Reads on.] *Dearest Henry—In this call, the danger of your Harriet unites with the impatience of her affection.*

Lord G. Hell, and fury! this must be some trick, some forgery. [*Snatches the Letter.*]—No, by all that's

perfidious, it is that exquisite hand, that baffles imitation.

Sir C. All, regular, strict, undeviating modern morals—common property is the first principle of friendship; your horse, your house, your purse, your mistress—nay, your wife, would be a better example still of the doctrine of this generous age. Bless fortune, Gayville, that has brought the fidelity of your friend and your girl to the test at the same time.

Lord G. Sir, I am not in a humour for any spleen but my own. What can this mean? It must have been a secret attachment for years—but then the avowal of a correspondence, and the confusion at receiving it—his coldness in traducing her; the passionate interest he expressed in her fate; the conviction of his second letter—It is all delirium. I'll search the matter to the bottom, though I go to Clifford's heart for it. [*Exit in great anger.*

Sir C. I'll after the precious fellow too—He is a rogue above my hopes, and the intricacy of his snares excite my curiosity. [*Exit*

SCENE III.

LADY EMILY'S *Apartment.*

LADY EMILY *discovered, reading.*

Lady E. It will not do. My eyes may run over a thousand subjects, but my thoughts centre in one. Ah! that sigh! that sigh from the fair sufferer this morning——I have found it echo in my own heart ever since.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Blandish.

Lady E. Pooh! did you say I was at home?

Serv. Your ladyship gave no orders to the contrary.

Lady E. Show him in. [*Exit* SERVANT.] I must take up my air of levity again—It is the only humour for a fellow who I sometimes allow to entertain me, but who can never get my esteem. I have more calls upon my affectation this unlucky day, than my real disposition would execute in a long life.

Enter BLANDISH.

Lady E. Blandish, I am horridly peevish; have you any thing new to divert me?

Blandish. If you ask me for news, the latest is, that Clifford has been detected in a clandestine intercourse with the object of Lord Gayville's secret passion; that he has betrayed the confidence of his friend and patron, and actually carried her off. [*Aside.*] Which Gayville knows by this time, with all its aggravations, or Prompt has not been as active as he used to be.

Lady E. [*With Emotion.*] Blandish, this is a poor project. Clifford treacherous to his friend? You might as soon make me believe Gayville dispassionate, my uncle charitable, or you ingenuous.

Blandish. His conduct does not rest upon opinion, but proof; and when you know it, you must think of him with aversion.

Lady E. Must I? Then don't let me hear a word more—I have aversions enough already—[*Peevishly.*

Blandish. It is impossible you can apply that word to one whose only offence is to adore you.

[*Kisses her Hand.*

Enter CLIFFORD.

Cliff. [*Aside, surprised.*] Blandish so favoured?

Lady E. [*Aside.*] Perverse accident: what mistakes now will he make!

Blandish. [*Aside.*] The enemy has surprised me—but the only remedy in such emergences, is to show a good countenance.

Cliff. I fear I have been guilty of an unpardonable intrusion.

Blandish. Mr. Clifford never can intrude; but though you had not come so apropos yourself—Lady Emily will bear testimony, I have not spared my pains to remove any prejudices she might have entertained.

Lady E. Had you not better repeat in your own words, Mr. Blandish, all the obliging things you have said of this gentleman?

Cliff. It is not necessary, madam—if without robbing you of moments that I perceive are precious—

Lady E. Sir?

Cliff. I might obtain a short audience—

[*Looking at* BLANDISH.

Blandish. [*Aside.*] He's devilish impudent—but he cannot soon get over facts, and I'll take care the conference shall not be long. [*To* LADY EMILY,]—Lady Emily; hear Mr. Clifford, and judge if I have misrepresented him—[*To* CLIFFORD.] When you want a friend, you know where to find him. [*Exit.*

Lady E. This is an interview, Mr. Clifford, that I desire not to be understood to have authorized. It is not to me, you are accountable for your actions—I have no personal interest in them.

Cliff. I know it well.

Lady E. [*Peevishly.*] Do not run away with the notion neither, that I am therefore interested in any other person's—You have among you vexed and disconcerted me, but there is not a grain of partiality in all my embarrassment—if you have any eyes, you may see there is not.

Cliff. Happy Blandish! your triumph is evident.

Lady E. Blandish, the odious creature—He is my abhorrence—You are hardly worse yourself in my bad opinion, though you have done so much more to deserve it.

Cliff. How cruel are the circumstances that compel me to leave you under these impressions!—nay—more—at such a time to urge a request, that during your most favourable thoughts of me would have appeared strange if not presumptuous.—This is the key of my apartment. It contains a secret that the exigency of the hour obliged me, against inclination or propriety, to lodge there. Should Sir Clement return before me, I implore you to prevent his discovery, and give to what you find within, your confidence and protection. Lord, Gayville—but I shall go too far—the most anxious event of my life presses on me. I conjure you to comply, by all the compassion and tenderness nature has treasured in your heart—not for me—but for occasions worthy their display. Pray, take it.

[*Gives the Key, which she receives with some reluctance and exit.*

Lady E. Heigho!—It's well, he's gone without insisting on my answer; I was in a sad flutter of indecision. What mysterious means he takes to engage me in a confidence which I could not directly accept!—I am to find a letter, I suppose—the story of his heart—Its errors and defence—My brother's name, also—to furnish me with a new interest in the secret, and one I might avow.—One may dislike this art, but must be sensible of his delicacy.—Ah, when these two qualities unite in a man, I am afraid he is an overmatch for the wisest of us.—Hark!—sure that is the sound of my uncle's coach—[*Looks out of the Window.*] 'Tis he—and now for the secret—Curiosity! innate irresistible principle in womankind, be my excuse, before I dare question my mind upon other motives. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment.

Enter LADY EMILY.

Lady E. Oh, lud! I could hardly tremble more at opening this man's apartment, were there a possibility of finding him within side. How do people find courage to do a wrong thing, when an innocent discovery cannot be prosecuted without such timidity?

[*Approaches the Door timidly, and unlocks it.*

Enter MISS ALTON.

Amazement! Miss Alton! what is all this?

Miss Alton. Madam, I was brought here, for an hour's concealment; who I really am, I would not, if possible to avoid it, divulge in this house. When you saw me last, you honoured me with a favourable opinion—My story, not explained at full, might subject me to doubts, that would shake your candour.

Lady E. What shall I do?—She is pale, and ready to faint—I cannot let her be exposed in such a situation.—Retire—you may rely upon me for present security—You know best your pretensions to my future opinion.—[*Hearing* SIR CLEMENT.]—Begone, or you are discovered.

[*Shuts her in, and locks* CLIFFORD'S *Door.*

Enter SIR CLEMENT.

Sir C. Oh, the triumph of honour! Oh, the sincerity of friendship! How my opinions are ratified—how my system is proved!

Lady E. Oh, spirits, spirits, forsake me not!—Oh, for a moment's dissimulation!

Sir C. There are some, now, who would feed moroseness and misanthropy with such events: to me they give delight, as convictions and warnings to mankind.

Lady E. Of how superior a quality, my good uncle, must be the benevolence you possess! it rises with the progress of mischief; and is gratified (upon principles of general good) by finding confidence abused, and esteem misplaced. Am I not right in attributing your joy at present to that sort of refinement?

Sir C. Hah! and to what sensations, my good niece, shall be attributed the present state of your spirits? To the disgust you took to Clifford almost at first sight. It will not be with indifference, but pleasure, you will hear of his turning out the veriest rascal, the most complete impostor, the most abandoned—but hold, hold!—I must not wrong him by superlatives—he is matched too.

Lady E. Really!—I congratulate you upon such a check of charity.

Sir C. And I wish you joy, my pretty pert one, upon the credit your sex has acquired, in producing this other chef-d'œuvre—such a composition of the highest vices and the lowest—But your goodnature will, I dare say, easily find palliatives for both parties.

Lady E. Come, sir; no more of your sarcasms. I can treat wrong actions with levity, and yet consider them with detestation. Prudes and pretenders condemn with austerity. To the collection of suspicions you are master of, let me add one—In a young lady, of the delicacy and age you have described, always suspect the virtue that does not wear a smile.

Sir C. And the sincerity that wears one awkwardly.

Enter PROMPT, *hastily.*

Prompt. Joy to your honour; I see you have caught her.

Sir C. Her!—whom?

Prompt. [LADY EMILY *turning.*] I ask your ladyship's pardon—Having only the glimpse of a petticoat, and knowing the object of my chase was in this house, I confess I mistook you.

Sir C. In this house?

Prompt. As sure as we are—She came in through the garden, under Mr. Clifford's arm—up the other stairs, I suppose.—If my lady had been hereabouts, she must have seen her.

Lady E. [*In confusion.*] Yes; but, unluckily, I was quite out of the way.

Sir C. Such audaciousness passes credibility.—Emily, what do you think of him?

Lady E. That he is a monster.—[*Aside.*] How my dilemmas multiply!

Sir C. What, to my house! to his apartment here! I wonder he did not ask for protection in yours.—What should you have said?

Lady E. I don't know; but, had I been so imposed upon as to receive her, I should scorn to betray even the criminal I had engaged to protect.

Sir C. [*Tries at the Door, and finds it locked.*] Emily, my dear, do ring the bell, to know if the housekeeper has a second key to this lock.

Lady E. What shall I do?

Prompt. She is certainly there, sir, and cannot escape. Where can she better remain, till you can assemble all parties, confront them, face to face, and bring every thing that has passed to a full explanation?

Sir C With all my heart; send and collect every body concerned as fast as possible.—How I long for

so complicated an exhibition of the purity of the human heart; Come with me, Emily, and help to digest my plan.—Friends and lovers, what a scene shall we show you!

[*Takes* LADY EMILY *under the Arm.—Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

An Apartment.

Enter CLIFFORD *and* MR. RIGHTLY.

Cliff. Your knowledge in the profession, Mr. Rightly, is as unquestionable as your integrity; but there is something so surprising in the recovery of the Charlton estate.—If you knew, too, how the value of the acquisition is enhanced, by the opportune moment in which it presents itself—I am in too much emotion to thank you as I ought.

Rightly. Sir, I want neither compliment, nor acknowledgment, for revealing what I should be a party to dishonesty to conceal.

Cliff. You have a right to all my thoughts: but I have an appointment to obey, that admits no time for explanation; favour me for a moment with your pencil, [RIGHTLY *takes out a Pencil and Pocket-book.*] and a blank page in that memorandum-book.

[CLIFFORD *writes.*

Rightly. My life on't, his head is turned upon some girl not worth a shilling—There is an amiable defect, but a very observable one, in the nature of some men. A good head and heart operate as effectually as vice or folly could do to make them improvident.

Cliff. Mr. Rightly, I confide to your hands a new secret relative to the Charlton estate; do not read it till you return home. [*Gives the Book, aside, and going.*] There, Gayville, is one reply to your challenge—and now for another.

Rightly. One moment, sir—I engage for no secrecy that my own judgment shall not warrant.

Cliff. And the benevolence of your heart approve—Those are my conditions.

[*Exeunt on opposite Sides.*

SCENE II.

Hyde Park.

Enter LORD GAYVILLE *impetuously, looking at his Watch.*

Lord G. Not here! I am sure I marked the hour as well as the place, precisely in my note. [*Walks about.*] Had I been told three days ago, that I should have been the appellant in a premeditated duel, I should have thought it an insult upon my principles—That Clifford should be the cause of my transgressing the legal and sacred duties, we have ever both

maintained—oh, it would have seemed a visionary impossibility—But he comes, to cut reflections short—

Enter CLIFFORD.

Lord G. I waited for you, sir.

Cliff. [*Bows in Silence.*]

Lord G. That ceremonial would grace an encounter of punctilio, but applies ill to the terms upon which I have called you here.

Cliff. What terms are those, my lord?

Lord G. Vengeance! Ample, final vengeance! Draw, sir.

Cliff. No, my lord; my sword is reserved for more becoming purposes: It is not the instrument of passion; and has yet been untried in a dispute with my friend.

Lord G. But why is it not ready for a different trial, the vindication of perfidy, the blackest species of perfidy, that ever the malignant enemy of mankind infused into the human breast—perfidy to the friend who loved and trusted you, and in the nearest interests of his heart.

Cliff. Take care, my lord; should my blood boil like yours, and it is rising fast, you know not the punishment that awaits you. I came temperate, your gross provocation and thirst of blood make temperance appear disgrace—I am tempted to take a revenge—

Lord G. [*Draws.*] The means are ready. Come, sir, you are to give an example of qualities generally held incompatible—bravery and dishonour.

Cliff. Another such a word, and by Heaven!—How have I deserved this opinion?

Lord G. Ask your conscience—Under the mask of friendship you have held a secret intercourse with the woman I adore; you have supplanted me in her affections, you have robbed me of the very charm of *my life—can* you deny it?

Cliff. I avow it all.

Lord G. Unparalleled insolence of guilt!

Cliff. Are you sure there is nothing within the scope of possibility that would excuse or atone—

Lord G. Death—Death only—no abject submission—no compromise for infamy—chuse instantly—and save yourself from the only stretch of baseness left—the invention of falsehood to palliate—

Cliff. [*In the utmost Agitation, and drawing his Sword.*] Falsehood!—You shall have no other explanation.—[*After a Struggle within himself,* CLIFFORD *drops the Point, and exposes his Breast.*]

Lord G. Stand upon your defence, sir—What do you mean?

Cliff. You said nothing but my life would satisfy you, take it, and remember me.

Lord G. I say so still—but upon an equal pledge—I am no assassin.

Cliff. [*With great Emotion.*] If to strike at the heart of your friend, more deeply than that poor instrument in your hand could do, makes an assassin, you have been one already.

Lord G. That look, that tone, how like to innnocence! Had he not avowed such abominable practices—

Cliff. I avow them again:—I have rivalled you in the love of the woman you adore—her affections are riveted to me. I have removed her from your sight; secured her from your recovery—

Lord G. Damnation!

Cliff. I have done it to save unguarded beauty; to save unprotected innocence; to save—a sister.

Lord G. A sister!

Cliff. [*With Exultation.*] Vengeance! Ample, final vengeance! [*A Pause.*] It is accomplished—over him—and over myself—my victory is complete.

Lord G. Where shall I hide my shame!

Cliff. We'll share it, and forget it here.

[*Embraces.*

Lord G. Why did you keep the secret from me?

Cliff. I knew it not myself, till the strange concurrence of circumstances, to which you were in part witness a few hours since, brought it to light. I meant to impart to you the discovery, when my temper took fire—Let us bury our mutual errors in the thought, that we now for life are friends.

Lord G. Brothers, Clifford—Let us interchange that title, and doubly, doubly ratify it. Unite me to your charming sister; accept the hand of Lady Emily in return—her heart I have discovered to be yours——We'll leave the world to the sordid and the tasteless; let an Alscrip, or a Sir Clement Flint, wander after the phantom of happiness, we shall find her real retreat, and hold her by the bonds she covets, virtue, love, and friendship.

Cliff. Not a word more, my lord, the bars against your proposal are insuperable.

Lord G. What bars?

Cliff. Honour! Propriety—and pride.

Lord G. Pride, Clifford!

Cliff. Yes, my lord; Harriet Clifford shall not steal the hand of a prince; nor will I—though doting on Lady Emily with a passion like your own, bear the idea of a clandestine union in a family, to whom I am bound by obligation and trust. Indeed, my lord, without Sir Clement's consent, you must think no more of my sister.

Lord G. Stay, stay, but I will, and not clandestinely; I'll instantly to Sir Clement.

Cliff. Do not be rash; Fortune, or some better agent, is working in wonders—Meet me presently at your uncle's; in the mean while promise not to stir in this business.

Lord G. What hope from delay?

Cliff. Promise—

Lord G. I am in a state to catch at shadows—— I'll try to obey you.

Cliff. Farewell!—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

SIR CLEMENT'S *House.*

Enter MISS ALSCRIP, *in great Spirits, followed by* MRS. BLANDISH.

Miss Als. I am delighted at this summons from Sir Clement, Blandish; poor old clear-sight, I hope he has projected a reconciliation.

Mrs. Blandish. How I rejoice to see those smiles returned to the face that was made for them!

Miss Als. Returned, Blandish? I desire you will not insinuate it ever was without them—Why sure, you would not have the world imagine the temper of an heiress of my class, was to be ruffled by the loss of a paltry earl—I have been highly diverted with what has passed from beginning to end.

Mrs. Blandish. Well, if good humour can be a fault, sure the excess you carry it to must be the example.

Miss Als. I desire it may be made known in all companies, that I have done nothing but laugh—*nay, it is* true too.

Mrs. Blandish. My dear creature, of what consequence is the truth, when you are charging me with the execution of your desires?

Miss Als. But did you remember the airs of the moppet—Could any thing be more ridiculous?

Mrs. Blandish. The rivalship you mean——Rival Miss Alscrip.—He! he! he! [*Half laugh.*

Miss Als. Yes, but when you take this tone in public, laugh a little louder.

Mrs. Blandish. Rival Miss Alscrip, ha! ha! ha!

Both. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Blandish. [*Wiping her Eyes, as not quite recovered from her Laugh.*] For mirth's sake, what is become of the rival?—Whom will you chuse she shall have run away with?

Miss Als. Leave it in doubt as it is; fixing circumstances confines the curiosity to one story which may be disproved; uncertainty leaves it open to a hundred, and makes them all probable. But I hear some of the company upon the stairs: Now, Blandish—You shall be witness to the temper and dignity, with which a woman of my consequence can discard a quality courtship that offends her—

Mrs. Blandish. Sweet tempered soul!

Enter SIR CLEMENT FLINT.

Sir C. Miss Alscrip, your—

[*As he is beginning to say your humble Servant,*

Enter BLANDISH *out of Breath.*

Blandish. The duel's over.

Sir C. And the parties unhurt—You are too late in your intelligence by some minutes. But I know you must rejoice [*Ironically.*] from your attachment to all parties.—Miss Alscrip, your very—

Miss Als. Duel!—Pray let us hear the particulars—As there is no mischief, I shall not faint.

[Ironically.

Sir C. I guess it has been of the common-place kind.—Hats over the brows—glum silence—thrust—parry—and riposte——Explain and shake hands: Your man of honour never sets his friend right, till he has exchanged a shot—or a thrust; Oh, a little steel recipe is a morning whet to the temper: It carries off all qualms, and leaves the digestion free for any thing that is presented to it.

Miss Als. Dear, how fortunate! Considering the pills some folks have to swallow.

Sir C. Blandish, see if the door of Clifford's room is yet unlocked, there is a person within you little expect to find, and whom it may be proper for this lady and me to interrogate together.

[*The Door opens, and*

Enter LADY EMILY.

Blandish. Lady Emily!

Sir C. Inexplicable, with a vengeance.

Miss Als. [*Aside.*] Lady Emily, shut up in Clifford's apartment! Beyond my expectation, indeed.

[*With a malicious Air.*

[LADY EMILY *seems pleased.*

Sir C. [*Dryly.*] Lady Emily, I know you were always cautious whom you visited, and never gave a better proof of your discernment.

Lady E. Never. Oh! my poor dear uncle, you little think what is going to befall you.

Sir C. Not a disappointment in love, I hope.

Lady E. No, but in something much nearer your heart—your system is threatened with a blow, that I think, and from my soul I hope, it never will recover: would you guess that the sagacious observations of your whole life are upon the point of being confounded by the production—

Sir C. Of what?

Lady E. A woman of ingenuous discretion, and a man of unaffected integrity.

Sir C. Hah!

Mrs. Blandish. What can she mean?

Miss Als. Nothing good—she looks so pleasant.

Lady E. Come forth, my injured friend. Our personal acquaintance has been short, but our hearts were intimate from the first sight. [*Presenting her.*] Your prisoner, sir, is Miss Harriet Clifford.

Sir C. Clifford's sister!

Miss Als. What, the run-away Alton, turned into a sprig of quality.

Lady E. [*Disdainfully to* Miss Alscrip.] The humble dependent of Alscrip house—The wanton—the paragon of fraud—the only female that can equal Clifford. [*Tauntingly to* Sir Clement.] She is indeed! [*With Emphasis and Affection.*

Blandish. [*Aside.*] Oh, rot the source of the family fondness—I see I have no card left in my favour—but the heiress. [*Goes to her and pays Court—During this Conversation, aside,* Lady Emily *seems encouraging* Miss Clifford.—Sir Clement *musing, and by Turns examining her.*]

Sir C. [*To himself.*] "Ingenuous discretion!"

Enter Clifford, *and runs to his Sister.*

Cliff. My dearest Harriet! the joy I purposed in presenting you here, is anticipated: but, my blameless fugitive! when your story is known, my pride in you will not be a wonder.—Miss Clifford, behold your persecutor and your convert.

Enter Lord Gayville.

Lord G. [*With Rapture.*] Her persecutor and her convert. Her virtues, which no humility could conceal, and every trial made more resplendent, discovered, disgraced, and reclaimed a libertine.—

Miss Cliff. How am I distressed!—what ought I to answer?

Lord G. Impressed sentiment upon desire, gave honour to passion, and drew from my soul a vow, which Heaven chastise me when I violate, to obtain her by a legal, sacred claim, or renounce fortune, family and friends, and become a self-devoted outcast of the world.

Miss Cliff. Oh! brother, interpose.

Sir C. My lord, your fortune, family and friends are much obliged to you. Your part is perfect—Mr. Clifford, you are called upon. Miss, in strict propriety, throws the business upon her relations—Come, finish the comedy, join one of her hands to the gallant's, while, with the other, she covers her blushes—and he in rapture delivers the moral. All for Love, or, the World well lost.

[Miss Clifford *still appears agitated.*

Cliff. Be patient, my Harriet, this is the school for prejudice, and the lesson of its shame is near.

Miss Als. I vow these singular circumstances give me quite a confusion of pleasure. The astonishing good fortune of my late protegee, in finding so impassioned a friendship in her brother's bed-chamber; the captivating eloquence of Lord Gayville, in winding up an eclaircissement which I admire—not for the first time—to-day—and the superlative joy Sir Clement must feel at an union, founded upon the purity of the passions,—are subjects of such different congratulation, that I hardly know where to begin.

Lady E. [*Aside.*] Charming! her insolence will justify what so seldom occurs to one—a severe retort, without a possible sense of compunction.

Miss Als. But in point of fortune—don't imagine, Sir Clement, I would insinuate that the lady is destitute—oh Lord, far from it. Her musical talents are a portion—

Alscrip *and* Rightly *without.*

Alscrip. Why, stop a moment—

Sir C. What have we here—the lawyers in dispute?

Alscrip. [*Entering.*] You have not heard my last word yet.

Rightly. [*Entering.*] You have heard mine, sir.

Alscrip. [*Whispering.*] I'll make the five thousand I offered, ten.

Rightly. Millions would not bribe me—[*Coming forward.*] When I detect wrong, and vindicate the sufferer, I feel the spirit of the law of England, and the pride of a practitioner.

Alscrip. Lucifer confound such practices! [*In this Part of the Scene,* SIR CLEMENT, LORD GAYVILLE, LADY EMILY, CLIFFORD, *and* MISS CLIFFORD, *form one Group.*]

[RIGHTLY *opens a Deed, and points out a Part of it to* SIR CLEMENT.]

[MR. *and* MISS ALSCRIP *carry on the following Speeches on the Side at which* ALSCRIP *has entered. And* MR. *and* MRS. BLANDISH *are farther back, observing.*]

Alscrip. That cursed! cursed flaw.—

Miss Als. Flaw! who has dared to talk of one? not in my reputation, sir?

Alscrip. No, but in my estate; which is a damned deal worse.

Miss Als. How? what? when?—where?——The estate that was to be settled upon me?

Alscrip. Yes, but that *me* turned topsey turvey—when *me* broke into my room this morning, and the devil followed, to fly away with all my faculties at once—I am ruined—Let us see what you will settle upon your poor father.

Miss Als. I settle upon you?

Mrs. Blandish. This is an embarrassing accident.

Miss Als. Yes, and a pretty help you are, with a drop chin, like a frontispiece to the Lamentations.

Rightly. [*Coming forward with* SIR CLEMENT.] I stated this with some doubt this morning, but now my credit as a lawyer upon the issue.—The heiress falls short of the terms in your treaty by two thousand pounds a-year—which this deed, lately and providentially discovered, entails upon the heirs of Sir William Charlton, and consequently, in right of his mother, upon this gentleman.

Lady E. How!

Lord G. Happy disappointment.

Sir C. [*Aside.*] Two thousand a-year to Clifford! It's a pity, for the parade of disinterestedness, that he opened his designs upon Emily, before he knew his pretensions.

Lady E. [*Aside.*] Now, if there were twenty cielings, and as many floors, could not I find a spot to settle my silly looks upon.

[SIR CLEMENT *observes her with his usual Shyness.*

Sir C. [*Turning towards* ALSCRIP.] Palm a false title upon me? I should have thought the attempt beyond the collective assurance of Westminster-hall—and he takes the loss as much to heart as if he bought the estate with his own money.

Alscrip. [*With Hesitation.*] Sir Clement—what think you—of an amicable adjustment of all these businesses?

Sir C. [*Ironically.*] Nothing can be more reasonable. The value of Miss Alscrip's amiable disposition, placed against the abatement of her fortune, is a matter of the most easy computation; and to decide the portion, Mr. Clifford ought to relinquish of his acquisition—Lady Emily—will you be a referée?

Lady E. [*Aside.*] Yes, the lynx has me—I thought I should not escape.—[*To him.*] No, sir; my poor abilities only extend to an amicable endeavour here. [*To* MISS ALSCRIP.] And really, Miss Alscrip, I see no reason for your being dispirited; there may be

many ready-made titles at market, within the reach of your purse. Or, why should not a woman of your consequence originate her own splendour? there's an old admirer of mine—He would make a very pretty lord—and indeed, would contribute something on his own part, to ease the purchase—The Blandish family is well with all administrations, and a new coronet is always as big again as an old one. I don't see how you could lay out part of your independency to more advantage.

Blandish. [*Aside.*] Yes, but since flaws are in fashion, I shall look a little into things before I agree to the bargain.

Miss Als. [*Aside.*] I'll die before I'll discover my vexation—and yet, [*Half crying.*] no title—no place.

Lady E. Depend upon it, Miss Alscrip, your place will be found exactly where it ought to be. The public eye, in this country, is never long deceived—Believe me—and cherish obscurity—Title may bring forward merits, but it also places our defects in horrid relief.

Alscrip. Molly, the sooner we get out of court the better—we have damnably the worst of this cause, so come along, Molly—[*Taking her under the Arm.*] —and farewell to Berkeley Square. Whoever wants Alscrip House, will find it in the neighbourhood of Furnival's Inn, with the noble title of Scrivener, in capitals—Blank bonds at the windows, and a brass knocker at the door. [*Pulling her.*] Come along, Molly.

Miss Als. [*Half crying.—Aside.*] Oh! the barbarous metamorphosis—but his flusterums for a week, will serve my temper, as a regimen. I will then take the management of my affairs into my own hands, and break from my cloud anew: and you shall find [*To the Company.*] there are those without a coronet, that can be as saucy, and as loud, and stop the way

in all public places, as well as the best of you. [LADY EMILY *laughs.*] Yes, madam, and without borrowing your ladyship's airs.

Als. [*Pulling her.*] Come along, Molly.

Miss Als. Oh you have been a jewel of a father.

[*The Company laugh.*

[*Exeunt* MR. *and* MISS ALSCRIP.

[MR. *and* MRS. BLANDISH *stay behind.*

Lady E. Mrs. Blandish, sure you do not leave your friend, Miss Alscrip, in distress?

Mrs. Blandish. We'll not disturb the ashes of the dead—my sweet Lady Emily—

Blandish. Oh my sweet sister, none of your flourishes—In the present mood of the company, even mine would not do. Truth and sentiment have the ascendency. But let them alone; and they'll come round again. [*Addressing the Company.*] Flattery is the diet of good humour; and not one of you can live without it; and when you quarrel with the family of Blandish, you only leave refined cookery, to be fed upon scraps, by a poor cousin or a led captain. [*Taking his Sister under his Arm.*

Mrs. Blandish. [*With a Look of Courtship to the Company.*] Oh! the two charming pairs!

Blandish. [*Pulling her away.*] Oh! thou walking dedication! [*Exeunt.*

Lord G. Precious group, fare ye well. [*To* SIR CLEMENT.] And now, sir, whatever may be your determinations towards me—here are pretensions you may patronize without breach of discretion. The estate which devolves to my friend—

Rightly. To prevent errors—is not his to bestow.

Sir C. What now—more flaws?

Rightly. The estate was his beyond the reach of controversy: but before he was truly sure of it, on his way to Hyde-Park, did this spendthrift, by a stroke of his pen, divest himself of every shilling—Here is the covenant by which he binds himself to

execute proper conveyances as soon as the necessary forms can be gone through.

Lord G. And in favour of whom is this desperate act?

Rightly. Of a most dangerous seducer—a little mercenary, that, when she gets hold of the heart, does not leave an atom of it our own.

All. How!

Rightly. [*With Feeling.*] And there she stands, *Pointing to* MISS CLIFFORD.] with a look and an emotion that would condemn her before any court in the universe.

Lady E. Glorious—matchless Clifford!

Miss Cliff. Brother, this must not be.

Cliff. Your pardon, my dear Harriet, it is done. Sir Clement, my sister's fortune is still far short of what you expected with Miss Alscrip; for that deficiency, I have only to offer the virtues Lord Gayville has proved, and the affection she found it easier to control, than to conceal. If you will receive her, thus circumstanced, into your family, mine has been an acquisition indeed.

Lady E. [*Coming up to* SIR CLEMENT.] Now, sir, where's the suspicion! Where is now the ruling principle that governs mankind! Through what perspective, by what trial, will you find self-interest here? What, not one pithy word to mock my credulity!—Alas! poor Yorick—quite chop-fallen.—Forgive me, sir, I own I am agitated to extravagance—You found me disconcerted at the first discovery; I am delighted at the last; there's a problem of my disposition worthy your solving.

Sir C. [*Who has been profoundly thoughtful.*] Mr. Rightly, favour me with that paper in your hand.

Rightly. Mr. Clifford's engagement, sir. [*Gives the Paper:* SIR CLEMENT *looks it over, and tears it.*] What do you mean, sir?

Sir C. To cancel the obligation, and pay the equi-

valent to Gayville; or if Clifford will have his own way, and become a beggar by renewing it, to make an heiress of my own for his reparation—and there she stands. [*Pointing to* LADY EMILY.] With sensibility and vivacity so uncommonly blended, that they extract benevolence wherever it exists, and create it where it never was before—Your point is carried—You may both fall upon your knees, for the consent of the ladies.

Lord C. [*To* Miss CLIFFORD.] In this happy moment, let my errors be forgot, and my love alone remembered.

Miss Cliff. With these sanctions for my avowal—I will not deny that I saw and felt the sincerity of your attachment, from the time it was capable of being restrained by respect.

Cliff. Words are wanting, Lady Emily—

Lady E. I wish they may with all my heart, but it is generally remarked that wanting words, is the beginning of a florid set speech—To be serious, Clifford—We want but little explanation on either side—Sir Clement will tell you how long we have conversed by our actions. [*Gives her Hand.*] My dear uncle, how a smile becomes you in its natural meaning!

Sir C. If you think me a convert, you are mistaken: I have ever believed *self* to be the predominant principle of the human mind—My heart at this instant confirms the doctrine—There's my problem for yours, my dear Emily, and may all who hear me agree in this solution—to reward the deserving, and make those we love happy, is self-interest in the extreme.

THE END.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Particular circumstances make it requisite to state—that many of the foregoing, one hundred and twenty-five, little Prefaces, have been written, and printed, at periods by no means corresponding with the time of their publication; which depended solely on the engravers of the plates:—In consequence of which arrangement, some of them, that were written first, have been published almost at the conclusion of the work; whilst others that were hastily called for at its commencement, were not originally designed for so early an appearance before the public.—It has sometimes also occurred, that the performers accidentally mentioned in those Remarks, have not been such as the Editor has afterwards placed in the *Dramatis Personæ* of the play; with which the writer had no previous concern or knowledge.

EARL OF ESSEX

THE

EARL OF ESSEX;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By HENRY JONES.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

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REMARKS.

This tragedy was dedicated to the Earl of Chesterfield, who was the author's patron, and who, it is supposed, assisted him in the composition of the work.

There are two tragedies under the title of "The Earl of Essex;" but the following, by Henry Jones, brought upon the stage in 1753, was most favourably received, and became very attractive.

The dramatist, who founds his plot and incidents on history, generally adds, from his invention, those scenes, which best describe the power of love. Here it has been otherwise, at least in the character of the queen; whom every distinguished historian has portrayed as more enamoured of her favourite Essex, than even this play will exhibit.

The character of Essex is sustained with greater accuracy;—the fiery quality of his temper; his alternate pride and humility, daring and servility in presence of his royal mistress; with all his boisterous vows of loyalty to her; and tender oaths of love to another.

The few characters which compose this drama, all claim an interest with the reader, were it but from their mere names. The great Sir Walter Raleigh is

of the least importance among the dramatic group; and yet his appearance causes an association of ideas, that makes every line he utters valuable, for the sake of his reputation, and his impending misfortunes.

The admirers of Shakspeare will likewise feel a double concern in the fate of the Lord Southampton, whilst they recollect, that this zealous friend of Essex was the noble protector and benefactor of England's most illustrious bard.

The name of Burleigh sounds high as that of Elizabeth's, for their glory was equal—but the name alone attaches to the present character; for the great Cecil, by the wisdom of whose measures England was, at the period of this play, in its highest prosperity, died about two years previous to the death of Essex; and this, his son, became the unhappy earl's bitterest foe.

Not even a female character is here introduced from fiction.—Rutland and Nottingham are both well known in history; and though the cruel incident of the ring is not attested by any historian, it is minutely related by them all.

But whether her majesty gave the unfortunate hero of this tragedy a ring or not, it is most certain that she gave him a blow; and of all the proofs of love which she bestowed upon him, this surely cannot be numbered amongst the least.

It is extraordinary, that the present play, having introduced this singular occurrence, should omit the particular sentence which Essex uttered on the memora-

ble occasion.—History says, that he laid his hand on his sword, and told Elizabeth, " he would not have taken such treatment from her father, Henry the Eighth."—But, as a man of true gallantry, the earl should not have felt himself offended at a woman's anger; which experience must have told him, was the certain mark of concealed tenderness. His reply had been most excellent, had it been delivered with smiles instead of frowns: but to have recourse to his sword, was acting like a novice in the art of love; and resenting an affront, when he should have acknowledged a favour.

As that love, which is expressed by indirect means, has often the greatest hold upon the attention and sympathy of the spectator; so, many an auditor and reader will feel more interest in the restrained affection of Elizabeth for her paramour, than in the unbridled fondness of Rutland for her husband.—The scene, where the queen bestows the ring, as a pledge of her kindest regard for his safety, is peculiarly affecting, because the strength of her passion is there discoverable, under a demeanour properly dignified; and all violent propensity, either to esteem or resentment, is strictly governed by the consideration of her own exalted rank.

In depicting the affliction, which the queen endured upon the execution of Essex, and more especially at the news that he had implored her mercy in vain, the dramatist has fallen infinitely below the historian. Hume relates, that when Nottingham, having in her last illness requested to see the queen, revealed her fatal

secret, and entreated her majesty's forgiveness—the queen shook the dying countess in her bed, and exclaimed—"God may forgive you, but I never will." The most dismal melancholy, as it is alleged, succeeded this rage.—But, from whatever cause, it is certain that an almost unheard of despondency concluded the reign of this great princess, whose mind was masculine; and who, throughout her long career of government, never evinced one feminine weakness, which was not the effect of love, or of that vanity, which hoped to inspire the passion.

At this era, in the short space of two years, the hand of death snatched from the court of Great Britain, all these its most remarkable personages—Essex, Nottingham, and the queen. It is probable, that the decease of the first, hastened that of the second, as well as of the last, character; for the countess's remorse for her political stratagem is reported to have been dreadfully severe.

The earl died in his thirty-fourth, and the queen in her seventieth year.—In a subject, her majesty's unseasonable love, might have formed a comic, instead of a tragic, drama.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EARL OF ESSEX	*Mr. Holman.*
SOUTHAMPTON	*Mr. Betterton.*
BURLEIGH	*Mr. Murray.*
RALEIGH	*Mr. Claremont.*
LIEUTENANT	*Mr. Thompson.*
QUEEN ELIZABETH	*Mrs. Pope.*
RUTLAND	*Mrs. Esten.*
NOTTINGHAM	*Mrs. Litchfield.*

SCENE—London.

THE

EARL OF ESSEX.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter BURLEIGH *and* RALEIGH.

Bur. The bill, at length, has pass'd opposing numbers,
Whilst crowds, seditious, clamour'd round the senate,
And headlong faction urg'd its force within.
Ral. It has, my lord!—The wish'd-for day is come,
When this proud idol of the people's hearts
Shall now no more be worshipp'd.—Essex falls.
My lord, the minute's near, that shall unravel
The mystic schemes of this aspiring man.
Now fortune, with officious hand, invites us
To her, and opens wide the gates of greatness,
The way to power. My heart exults; I see,
I see, my lord, our utmost wish accomplish'd!
I see great Cecil shine without a rival,

And England bless him, as her guardian saint.
Such potent instruments I have prepar'd,
As shall, with speed, o'erturn this hated man,
And dash him down, by proof invincible.
Bur. His day of glory now is set in night;
And all my anxious hopes, at last, are crown'd.
Those proofs against him, Raleigh—
Ral. All arrived.
Bur. Arrived! how? when?
Ral. This very hour, my lord:
Nay more, a person comes, of high distinction,
To prove some secret treaties made by Essex,
With Scotland's monarch, and the proud Tyrone.
Bur. How say'st? to prove them?
Ral. Ay, my lord, and back'd
With circumstances of a stronger nature.
It now appears, his secretary, Cuff,
With Blunt and Lee, were deep concern'd in this
Destructive scheme, contriv'd to raise this lord,
And ruin Cecil. Oh, it is a subtile,
A deep-laid mischief, by the earl contriv'd
In hour malignant, to o'erturn the state,
And, horror to conceive! dethrone the queen!
Bur. These gladsome tidings fly beyond my hopes
The queen will listen now, will now believe,
And trust the counsel of her faithful Burleigh.
Dispose them well, till kind occasion calls
Their office forth; lest prying craft meanwhile
May tamper with their thoughts, and change thei
minds:
Let them, like batteries conceal'd, appear
At once, both to surprise and to destroy.
Ral. His headstrong friend, the bold Southampton
too,
Now finds his rash endeavours all defeated;
And storms at thee, and the impeaching commons.
Bur. Let him rave on, and rage.—The lion, in

The toils entangled, wastes his strength, and roars
In vain; his efforts but amuse me now.—

Enter GENTLEMAN.

Gent. My lord, the Lady Nottingham desires,
With much impatience, to attend your lordship.
Bur. What may the purport of her business be?
Her tender wishes are to Essex ty'd
In love's soft fetters, and endearing bands:
Conduct her in. [*Exit* GENTLEMAN.
And you, my Raleigh, watch Southampton's steps;
With care observe each movement of his friends;
That no advantage on that side be lost.
[*Exit* RALEIGH.
Southampton's Essex' second self;
His daring heart, and bold, ungovern'd tongue,
Are both enlisted in the rash designs
Of this proud lord, nor knows a will but his:
A limb so fix'd, must with the body fall.

Enter LADY NOTTINGHAM.

Not. Thrice hail to rescu'd England's guiding genius!
His country's guardian, and his queen's defence.
Great Burleigh, thou whose patriot bosom beats
With Albion's glory, and Eliza's fame;
Who shield'st her person, and support'st her throne;
For thee, what fervent thanks, what offer'd vows,
Do prostrate millions pay!
Bur. Bright excellence,
This fair applause too highly overrates,
Too much extols, the low deserts of Cecil.
Not. What praises are too high for patriot worth;
Or what applause exceeds the price of virtue?
My lord, conviction has at last subdu'd me,
And I am honour's proselyte:—Too long
My erring heart pursu'd the ways of faction;
I own myself t' have been your bitt'rest foe,

And join'd with Essex in each foul attempt
To blast your honour, and traduce your fame.
Bur. Though ne'er my wishing heart could call you friend,
Yet honour and esteem I always bore you;
And never meant, but with respect to serve you.
Not. It is enough, my lord, I know it well,
And feel rekindling virtue warm my breast;
Honour and gratitude their force resume
Within my heart, and every wish is yours.
O Cecil, Cecil, what a foe hast thou!
A deadly foe, whilst hated Essex lives!
Bur. I know it well—but can assign no cause.
Not. Ambition's restless hand has wound his thoughts
Too high for England's welfare; nay, the queen
Scarce sits in safety on her throne, while he,
Th' audacious Essex, freely treads at large,
And breathes the common air. Ambition is
The only god he serves; to whom he'd sacrifice
His honour, country, friends, and every tie
Of truth, and bond of nature; nay, his love.
Bur. The man, that in his public duty fails,
On private virtue will disdainful tread;
And mighty love, who rules all nature else,
Must follow here, in proud ambition's train.
Not. Pronounce it not! my soul abhors the sound
Like death.——O, Cecil, will you kindly lend
Some pity to a wretch like me?
Bur. Command,
Madam; my power and will are yours.
Not. Will Cecil's friendly ear vouchsafe to bend
Its great attention to a woman's wrongs;
Whose pride and shame, resentment and despair,
Rise up in raging anarchy at once,
To tear, with ceaseless pangs, my tortur'd soul?
Words are unequal to the woes I feel;
And language lessens what my heart endures.

Bur. Madam, your wrongs, I must confess, are great;
Yet still, I fear, you know not half his falsehood.
Who, that had eyes to look on beauty;
Who, but the false, perfidious Essex, could
Prefer to Nottingham a Rutland's charms?
Start not!—By Heaven, I tell you naught but truth,
What I can prove, past doubt; that he receiv'd
The Lady Rutland's hand, in sacred wedlock,
The very night before his setting out
For Ireland.

Not. Oh! may quick destruction seize them!
May furies blast, and hell destroy their peace!
May all their nights——

Bur. I pray, have patience, madam!
Restrain a while your rage; curses are vain.
But there's a surer method to destroy him;
And, if you'll join with me, 'tis done—he falls.

Not. Ha! say'st thou, Burleigh! Speak, my genius, speak!
Be quick as vengeance' self to tell me how!

Bur. You must have heard, the commons have impeach'd him,
And we have proofs sufficient for his ruin.
But the queen—you know how fair he stands
In her esteem; and Rutland, too, his wife,
Hath full possession of the royal ear.
Here then, my Nottingham, begins thy task:
Try ev'ry art t' incense the queen against him,
Then step between her and the Lady Rutland:
Observe Southampton, too, with jealous eye;
Prevent, as much as possible, his suit:
For, well I know, he will not fail to try
His eloquence on the behalf of Essex.

Not. It shall be done; his doom is fix'd: he dies.
Oh, 'twas a precious thought! I never knew
Such heartfelt satisfaction.—Essex dies!
And Rutland, in her turn, shall learn to weep.

The time is precious; I'll about it strait.
Come, vengeance, come! assist me now to breathe
Thy venom'd spirit in the royal ear! [*Exit.*

Bur. There spoke the very genius of the sex!
A disappointed woman sets no bounds
To her revenge.—Her temper's form'd to serve me.

Enter RALEIGH.

Ral. The Lord Southampton, with ungovern'd rage,
Resents aloud his disappointed measures.
I met him in the outward court; he seeks,
In haste, your lordship; and, forgetting forms,
Pursues me hither, and demands to see you.

Bur. Raleigh, 'tis well! Withdraw—attend the queen—
Leave me to deal with this o'erbearing man.
[*Exit* RALEIGH.

Enter SOUTHAMPTON.

South. Where is the man, whom virtue calls her friend?—
I give you joy, my lord!—Your quenchless fury
At length prevails,—and now your malice triumphs.
You've hunted honour to the toil of faction,
And view his struggles with malicious joy.

Bur. What means my lord?

South. O fraud! shall valiant Essex
Be made a sacrifice to your ambition!
Oh, it smells foul, indeed, of rankest malice,
And the vile statesman's craft. You dare not, sure,
Thus bid defiance to each show of worth,
Each claim of honour: dare not injure thus
Your suffering country, in her bravest son!

Bur. But why should stern reproach her angry brow
Let fall on me? Am I alone the cause
That gives this working humour strength? Do I
Instruct the public voice to warp his actions?

Justice, untaught, shall poise th' impartial scales,
And every curious eye may mark the beam.
South. The specious shield, which private malice bears,
Is ever blazon'd with some public good;
Behind that artful fence, skulk low, conceal'd,
The bloody purpose, and the poison'd shaft;
Ambition there, and envy, nestle close;
From whence they take their fatal aim unseen;
And honest merit is their destin'd mark.
Bur. My country's welfare, and my queen's command,
Have ever been my guiding stars through life,
My sure direction still,—To these I now
Appeal;—from these, no doubt, this lord's misconduct
Hath widely stray'd; and reason, not reviling,
Must now befriend his cause.
South. How ill had Providence
Dispos'd the suffering world's oppress'd affairs,
Had sacred right's eternal rule been left
To crafty politicians' partial sway!
Then power and pride would stretch th' enormous grasp,
And call their arbitrary portion, justice:
Ambition's arm, by av'rice urg'd, would pluck
The core of honesty from virtue's heart,
And plant deceit and rancour in its stead:
Falsehood would trample then on truth and honour,
And envy poison sweet benevolence.
Oh, 'tis a goodly group of attributes,
And well befits some statesman's righteous rule!
Out, out upon such bloody doings!
The term of being is not worth the sin;
No human bosom can endure its dart.
Then put this cruel purpose from thee far,
Nor let the blood of Essex whelm thy soul.

Bur. 'Tis well, my lord! your words no comment need;
No doubt, they've well explain'd your honest meaning;
'Tis clear and full.—To parts, like yours, discretion
Would be a clog, and caution but incumbrance.
Yet mark me well, my lord, the clinging ivy
With th' oak may rise, but with it too must fall.

South. Thy empty threats, ambitious man, hurt not
The breast of truth. Fair innocence, and faith,
Those strangers to thy practis'd heart, shall shield
My honour, and preserve my friend.—In vain,
Thy malice, with unequal arm, shall strive
To tear the applauded wreath from Essex' brow;
His honest laurel, held aloft by fame,
Above thy blasting reach, shall safely flourish,
And bloom immortal to the latest times;
Whilst thou, amidst thy tangling snares involv'd,
Shalt sink confounded, and unpitied fall.

Bur. Rail on, proud lord, and give thy choler vent:
It wastes itself in vain; the queen shall judge
Between us in this warm debate. To her
I now repair: and, in her royal presence,
You may approve your innocence and faith.
Perhaps you'll meet me there.—Till then, farewell.
[*Exit.*

South. Confusion wait thy steps, thou cruel monster!
My noble and illustrious friend betray'd
By crafty faction, and tyrannic power,
His sinking trophies, and his falling fame,
Oppress my very soul. I'll to the queen,
Lay all their envy open to her view,
Confront their malice, and preserve my friend. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Presence Chamber.

The QUEEN *discovered, sitting on her Throne.* RALEIGH, LORDS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Qu. Eliz. Without consulting me! presumptuous man!
Who governs here?—What! am not I your queen?
You dar'd not, were he present, take this step.
Ral. Dread sovereign, your ever faithful commons
Have, in their gratitude and love for you,
Preferred this salutary bill against him.

Enter BURLEIGH.

Qu. Eliz. You, my Lord Burleigh, must have known of this.
The commons here impeach the Earl of Essex
Of practising against the state and me.
Methinks I might be trusted with the secret.
Speak, for I know it well, 'twas thy contrivance.
Ha! was it not? You dare not say it was not.
Bur. I own my judgment did concur with theirs.
His crimes, I fear, will justify the charge,
And vindicate their loyalty and mine.
Qu. Eliz. Ha! tell not me your smooth deceitful story!
I know your projects, and your close cabals.
You'd turn my favour into party feuds,
And use my sceptre as the rod of faction:
But Henry's daughter claims a nobler soul,
I'll nurse no party, but will reign o'er all,

And my sole rule shall be to bless my people:
Who serves them best, has still my highest favour:
This Essex ever did.

Enter SOUTHAMPTON.

Behold, Southampton,
What a base portrait's here! The faithful Essex
Here drawn at large, associating with rebels,
To spoil his country, and dethrone his queen!

South. It is not like.—By Heav'n, the hand of envy
Drew these false lines, distorted far from truth
And honour, and unlike my noble friend
As light to shade, or hell to highest heav'n.
Then suffer not, thou best of queens, this lord,
This valiant lord, to fall a sacrifice
To treachery and base designs; who now
Engages death in all his horrid shapes,
Amidst a hardy race, inur'd to danger;
But let him, face to face, this charge encounter,
And every falsehood, like his foes, shall fly.

Qu. Eliz. To me you seem to recommend strict justice,
In all her pomp of power. But are you sure
No subtle vice conceal'd assumes her garb?
Take heed, that malice does not wear the mask,
Nor envy deck her in the borrow'd guise.
Rancour has often darken'd reason's eye,
And judgment winks, when passion holds the scale.
Impeach the very man to whom I owe
My brightest rays of glory! Look to it, lords;
Take care, be cautious on what ground you tread;
Let honest means alone secure your footing.
Raleigh and you withdraw, and wait our leisure.

[*Exeunt* RALEIGH *and* SOUTHAMPTON.

Lord Burleigh, stay; we must with you have farther
Conf'rence.—I see this base contrivance plain.
Your jealousy and pride, your envy of
His shining merit, brought this bill to light.

But mark me, as you prize our high regard
And favour, I command you to suppress it:
Let not our name and power be embarrass'd
In your perplexing schemes. 'Twas you began,
And therefore you must end it.
Bur. I obey.
Yet humbly would entreat you to consider
How new, unpopular, this step must be,
To stand between your parliament's inquiry
And this offending lord.—We have such proofs—
Qu. Eliz. Reserve your proofs to a more proper season,
And let them then appear. But once again
We charge you, on your duty and allegiance,
To stop this vile proceeding; and to wait
Till Essex can defend himself in person.
If then your accusations are of force,
The laws, and my consent, no doubt, are open.
He has my strict command, with menace mix'd,
To end effectually this hated war,
Ere he presume to quit the Irish coast.
Bur. Madam, my duty now compels me to—
Qu. Eliz. No more! see that my orders be obey'd.
[*Exit* BURLEIGH.
Essex a traitor!—it can never be—
His grateful and his honest soul disdains it.—
Can he prove false? so high advanc'd, so honour'd,
So near my favour—and—I fear, so near
My heart!—Impossible.—This Burleigh hates him,
And, as his rival, therefore would destroy him;
But he shall find his narrow schemes defeated.
In vain their fraudful efforts shall combine
To shake my settled soul, my firm design;
Resolv'd to lift bright virtue's palm on high,
Support her grandeur, and her foes defy. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter BURLEIGH.

Bur. Essex arriv'd! Confusion to my hopes!
His presence will destroy me with the queen.
I much suspect he had some private notice,
Perhaps, a punctual order, to return.
He lurks too near her heart.—What's to be done?
Now is th' important crisis—
Keep up thy usual strength; my better genius,
Direct my steps to crush my mortal foe.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and* RALEIGH.

Qu. Eliz. It cannot be! Return'd without my leave!
Against my strict command!—Impossible!
Ral. Madam, the earl is now at court, and begs
An audience of your majesty.
Qu. Eliz. Amazing!
What! break his trust! desert his high command,
Forsake his post, and disobey his queen!
'Tis false—invented all.—You wish it so.
Bur. Madam, I wish some other rumours false:
Reports, I fear, of great concern to you.
Qu. Eliz. What rumours? what reports? your frown would much
Denote: your preface seems important.—Speak.

Bur. Some new commotions are of late sprung up
In Ireland, where the west is all in arms,
And moves with hasty march to join Tyrone,
And all his northern clans. A dreadful power!
Nay, more; we have advices from the borders,
Of sudden risings, near the banks of Tweed!
'Tis thought, to favour an attempt from Scotland.
Meanwhile, Tyrone embarks six thousand men
To land at Milford, and to march where Essex
Shall join them with his friends.

Qu. Eliz. In league with James!
And plotting with Tyrone! It cannot be.
His very pride disdains such perfidy.
But is not Essex here without my leave!
Against my strict command! that, that's rebellion.
The rest, if true, or false, it matters not.
What's to be done?—admit him to my presence?
No, no—my dignity, my pride forbid it.
Ungrateful man, approach me not; rise, rise,
Resentment, and support my soul! Disdain,
Do thou assist me—Yes, it shall be so.

Bur. I see she muses deep;
Tyrone's invasion wakes her fear and anger,
And all her soul is one continued storm.

Qu. Eliz. For once my pride shall stoop; and I will see
This rash, audacious, this once favour'd man;
But treat him as his daring crimes deserve.

Enter SOUTHAMPTON.

South. [*Kneeling.*] Permit me, madam, to approach you thus;
Thus lowly to present the humble suit
Of the much injur'd, faithful, Earl of Essex,
Who dares not, unpermitted, meet your presence.
He begs, most gracious queen, to fall before
Your royal feet, to clear him to his sovereign,
Whom, next to Heav'n, he wishes most to please.

Let faction load him with her labouring hand,
His innocence shall rise against the weight,
If but his gracious mistress deign to smile.
Qu. Eliz. Let him appear. [*Exit* SOUTHAMPTON.
Now to thy trying task,
My soul! Put forth, exert thy utmost strength,
Nor let an injur'd queen be tame.—Lie still,
My heart, I cannot listen to thee now.

Enter ESSEX *and* SOUTHAMPON.

Essex. Forgive, thou injur'd majesty, thou best
Of queens, this seeming disobedience. See,
I bend submissive in your royal presence,
With soul as penitent, as if before
Th' all-searching eye of Heav'n. But, oh, that frown!
My queen's resentment wounds my inmost spirit,
Strikes me like death, and pierces through my heart.
Qu. Eliz. You have obey'd, my lord! you've serv'd me well!
My deadly foes are quell'd! and you come home
A conqueror! Your country bids you welcome!
And I, your queen, applaud!—Triumphant man!
What! is it thus that Essex gains his laurels?
What! is it thus you've borne my high commission?
How durst you disregard your trusted duty,
Desert your province, and betray your queen?
Essex. I came to clear my injur'd name from guilt,
Imputed guilt, and slanderous accusations.
My shame was wafted in each passing gale,
Each swelling tide came loaded with my wrongs;
And echo sounded forth, from faction's voice,
The traitor Essex.—Was't not hard, my queen,
That, while I stood in danger's dreadful front,
Encountering death in every shape of terror,
And bleeding for my country—Was't not hard,
My mortal enemies at home, like cowards,
Should in my absence basely blast my fame?

Qu. Eliz. It is the godlike attribute of kings,
To raise the virtuous, and protect the brave.
I was the guardian of your reputation;
What malice, or what faction, then, could reach you?
My honour was expos'd, engag'd for yours:
But you found reason to dislike my care,
And to yourself assum'd the wrested office.

Essex. If aught disloyal in this bosom dwells,
If aught of treason lodges in this heart,
May I to guilt and lasting shame be wedded,
The sport of faction, and the mark of scorn,
The world's derision, and my queen's abhorrence
Stand forth the villain, whose envenom'd tongue
Would taint my honour, and traduce my name,
Or stamp my conduct with a rebel's brand!
Lives there a monster in the haunts of men,
Dares tear my trophies from their pillar'd base,
Eclipse my glory, and disgrace my deeds?

Qu. Eliz. This ardent language, and this glow of soul,
Were nobly graceful in a better cause;
Where virtue warrants, and where truth inspires:
But injur'd truth, with brow invincible,
Frowns stern reproof upon the false assertion,
And contradicts it with the force of facts.
From me you have appeal'd, ungrateful man!
The laws, not I, must listen to your plea.
Go, stand the test severe, abide the trial,
And mourn, too late, the bounty you abus'd.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN ELIZABETH, SOUTHAMPTON, *&c.*

Essex. Is this the just requital, then, of all
My patriot toils, and oft encounter'd perils,
Amidst th' inclemencies of camps and climes?
Then be it so.——Unmov'd and dauntless, let me
This shock of adverse fortune firmly stand.

Enter SOUTHAMPTON.

South. Alas, my lord! the queen's displeasure kindles
With warmth increasing; whilst Lord Burleigh labours
T'inflame her wrath, and make it still burn fiercer.

Essex. I scorn the blaze of courts, the pomp of kings;
I give them to the winds, and lighter vanity;
Too long they've robb'd me of substantial bliss,
Of solid happiness, and true enjoyments.
But lead me to my mourning love; alas!
She sinks beneath oppressing ills; she fades,
She dies for my afflicting pangs, and seeks
Me, sorrowing, in the walks of woe.—Distraction!
Oh, lead me to her, to my soul's desire.

South. Let caution guide you in this dangerous step.
Consider well, my lord, the consequence—
For should the queen (forbid it, Heaven!) discover,
Your private loves, your plighted hands, no power
On earth could step between you and destruction.

Enter BURLEIGH.

Bur. My lord of Essex, 'tis the queen's command,
That you forthwith resign your staff of office;
And further, she confines you to your palace.

Essex. Welcome, my fate! Let fortune do her utmost;
I know the worst, and will confront her malice,
And bravely bear the unexpected blow.

Bur. The queen, my lord, demands your quick compliance.

Essex. Go, then, thou gladsome messenger of ill,
And, joyful, feast thy fierce rapacious soul
With Essex' sudden and accomplish'd fall.
The trampled corse of all his envy'd greatness,

Lies prostrate now beneath thy savage feet;
But still th' exalted spirit moves above thee.
Go, tell the queen thy own detested story:
Full in her sight disclose the snaky labyrinths,
And lurking snares, you plant in virtue's path,
To catch integrity's unguarded step.

Bur. Your country has impeach'd, your queen accus'd you;
To these address your best defence, and clear
Your question'd conduct from disloyal guilt.
What answer to the queen shall I return?

Essex. My staff of office I from her receiv'd,
And will to her, and her alone, resign it.

Bur. This bold refusal will incense the queen.
This arrogance will make your guilt the stronger.
[*Exit.*

South. Sustain, my noble friend, thy wonted greatness;
Collect thy fortitude, and summon all
Thy soul, to bear with strength this crushing weight,
Which falls severe upon thee; whilst my friendship
Shall lend a helping hand, and share the burden.
I'll hence with speed, and to the queen repair,
And all the power of warmest words employ,
To gain you yet one audience more, and bring
Her majesty to milder thoughts. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Essex. As newly wak'd from all my dreams of glory,
Those gilded visions of deceitful joys,
I stand confounded at the unlook'd-for change,
And scarcely feel this thunderbolt of fate.
The painted clouds, which bore my hopes aloft,
Alas, are now vanish'd to yielding air,
And I am fall'n indeed!——
How weak is reason, when affection pleads!
How hard to turn the fond, deluded heart
From flatt'ring toys, which sooth'd its vanity!
The laurell'd trophy, and the loud applause,
The victor's triumph, and the people's gaze;

The high-hung banner, and recording gold,
Subdue me still, still cling around my heart,
And pull my reason down.

Enter LADY RUTLAND.

Rut. Oh, let me fly,
To clasp, embrace, the lord of my desires,
My soul's delight, my utmost joy, my husband!
Once more I hold him in my eager arms,
Behold his face, and lose my soul in rapture!

Essex. Transporting bliss! my richest, dearest treasure!
My mourning turtle, my long absent peace,
Oh, come yet nearer, nearer to my heart!
My raptur'd soul springs forward, to receive thee:
Thou heav'n on earth, thou balm of all my woe!

Rut. Oh, shall I credit, then, each ravish'd sense?
Has pitying Heav'n consented to my prayer?
It has, it has; my Essex is return'd!
But language poorly speaks the joys I feel;
Let passion paint, and looks express my soul.

Essex. With thee, my sweetest comfort, I'll retire
From splendid palaces, and glitt'ring throngs,
To live embosom'd in the shades of joy,
Where sweet content extends her friendly arms,
And gives increasing love a lasting welcome.
With thee, I'll timely fly from proud oppression,
Forget our sorrows, and be bless'd for ever.

Rut. Oh! let us hence, beyond the reach of power;
Where fortune's hand shall never part us more,
In this calm state of innocence and joy,
I'll press thee to my throbbing bosom close.
Ambition's voice shall call in vain; the world,
The thankless world, shall never claim thee more,
And all thy business shall be love and me.

Essex. The queen, incens'd at my return, abandons me
To Cecil's malice, and the rage of faction.

I'm now no more the fav'rite child of fortune:
My enemies have caught me in the toil,
And life has nothing worth my wish but thee.

Rut. Delusive dream of fancied happiness!
And has my fatal fondness then destroy'd thee?
Oh, have I lur'd thee to the deadly snare
Thy cruel foes have laid?
I dreaded Cecil's malice, and my heart,
Longing to see thee, with impatience listen'd
To its own alarms; and prudence sunk beneath
The force of love.

Essex. Forbear, my only comfort;
Oh, tell me not of danger, death, and Burleigh;
Let every star shed down its mortal bane
On my unshelter'd head: whilst thus I fold
Thee in my raptur'd arms; I'll brave them all,
Defy my fate, and meet its utmost rigour.

Rut. Alas, my lord! consider where we are.
Oh, 'tis the queen's apartment;
Each precious moment is by fate beset,
And time stands trembling whilst we thus confer.

Essex. Then, let us hence from this detested place;
My rescu'd soul disdains the house of greatness,
Where humble honesty can find no shelter.
From hence we'll fly, where love and greatness call;
Where happiness invites—that wish of all:
With sweet content enjoy each blissful hour,
Beyond the smiles of fraud, or frowns of power.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter BURLEIGH *and* LADY NOTTINGHAM.

Not. My lord, I've sought you out with much impatience.
You've had an audience of the queen: what follow'd?
Bur. Soon as I told her, Essex had refus'd
To yield his dignities, and staff of office,
Against her high command, pronounc'd by me,
She seem'd depriv'd of reason for a moment;
Her working mind betray'd contending passions;
She paus'd, like thunder in some kindling cloud,
The instant burst with dreadful fury forth:
" And has th' ungrateful wretch defy'd my mandate?
The proud, audacious traitor, scorn'd my power?
He dares not, sure?—He dies—the villain dies!"
I instantly withdrew,
But soon was countermanded, and desir'd
To bring the Earl of Essex to her presence.
I like it not; and much I fear, she'll stand
Between this high offender and the laws.
Not. Is Essex then secur'd?
Bur. Madam, he is;
And now comes guarded to the court.

Enter GENTLEMAN.

Gent. Madam, the queen
Is in her closet, and desires to see you. [*Exit.*

Not. I attend her.
Bur. She wants, no doubt, to be advis'd by you.
Improve this fair occasion, urge it home;
Not. I know her foible. Essex long has had
An interest in her heart, which nothing can
O'erturn, except his own ungovern'd spirit:
It is, indeed, the instrument by which
We work, and cannot fail, if rightly us'd.
Bur. Madam, the queen expects you instantly.
I must withdraw, and wait the earl's arrival.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The Queen's Closet.

QUEEN ELIZABETH *discovered.*

Qu. Eliz. Ill-fated, wretched man! perverse and obstinate!
He counterworks my grace, and courts destruction.
He gives his deadly foes the dagger to
Destroy him, and defeats my friendly purpose,
Which would, by seeming to abandon, save him.
Nor will he keep the mask of prudence on
A moment's space.—What! must I bear this scorn!
No: let me all the monarch re-assume;
Exert my power, and be myself again.——
Oh, ill-performing, disobedient, heart!—
Why shrink'st thou, fearful, from thy own resolve?

Enter LADY NOTTINGHAM.

Thou com'st in time; I'm much disturb'd, abus'd,
My Nottingham, and would complain to thee

Of insolence, neglect, and high contempt.
Essex presum'd to dictate laws within
My palace gates. How say'st thou, Nottingham?

Not. Surely, my gracious queen, it cannot be!
His heat and passion never could impel him
To take so bold a step, to such rash guilt:
Methinks his very honour should prevent it.

Qu. Eliz. This haughty man has wanton'd with my grace,
Abus'd my bounty, and despis'd my favours.

Not. His conduct has, I fear, been too unguarded:
His hasty temper knows not where to stop.
Ambition is the spur of all his actions,
Which often drives him o'er his duty's limits;
(At least his enemies would have it so.)
But malice, madam, seldom judges right.

Qu. Eliz. Oh, Nottingham! his pride is past enduring;
This insolent, audacious man, forgets
His honour and allegiance;—and refus'd
To render up his staff of office, here,
Beneath my very eye.

Not. Presumptuous man!
Your faithful subjects will resent this pride,
This insolence, this treason to their queen;
They must, my gracious sovereign.—'Tis not safe
To shield him longer from their just resentment.
Then give him up to justice and the laws.

Qu. Eliz. You seem well pleas'd to urge severity.—
Offended majesty but seldom wants
Such sharp advisers—Yet no attribute
So well befits the exalted seat supreme,
And pow'rs disposing hand, as clemency.
Each crime must from its quality be judg'd;
And pity there should interpose, where malice
Is not the aggressor.

Not. Madam, my sentiments were well intended;
Justice, not malice, mov'd my honest zeal.

My words were echoes of the public voice,
Which daily rises, with repeated cries
Of high complaint against this haughty lord.
I pity, from my heart, his rash attempts,
And much esteem the man.

Qu. Eliz. Go, Nottingham,
My mind's disturb'd, and send me Rutland hither.

[*Exit* LADY NOTTINGHAM.

O vain distinction of exalted state!
No rank ascends above the reach of care,
Nor dignity can shield a queen from woe.
Despotic nature's stronger sceptre rules,
And pain and passion in her right prevails.
Oh, the unpity'd lot, severe condition,
Of solitary, sad, dejected, grandeur!
Alone condemn'd to bear th' unsocial throb
Of heartfelt anguish, and corroding grief;
Depriv'd of what, within his homely shed,
The poorest peasant in affliction finds,
The kind, condoling, comfort of a dear
Partaking friend.——

Enter LADY RUTLAND.

Rutland, I want thy timely
Counsel. I'm importun'd, and urg'd to punish—
But justice, sometimes, has a cruel sound,
Essex has,
No doubt, provok'd my anger, and the laws;
His haughty conduct calls for sharp reproof,
And just correction. Yet I think him guiltless
Of studied treasons, or design'd rebellion.
Then, tell me, Rutland, what the world reports,
What censure says of his unruly deeds.

Rut. The world, with envy's eye, beholds his merit:
Madam, 'tis malice all, and false report.
I know his noble heart, 'tis fill'd with honour:
No trait'rous taint has touch'd his generous soul;

His grateful mind still glows with pure affection;
And all his thoughts are loyalty and you.

Qu. Eliz. I grant you Rutland, all you say, and think
The earl possess'd of many splendid virtues.
What pity 'tis, he should afford his foes
Such frequent, sad, occasions to undo him!

Rut. What human heart can, unafflicted, bear
Such manly merit in distress, beset
By cruel foes, and faction's savage cry?
My good, my gracious mistress, stretch, betimes,
Your saving arm, and snatch him from destruction,
From deadly malice, treachery, and Cecil.
Oh, let him live, to clear his conduct up!
My gracious queen, he'll nobly earn your bounty,
And with his dearest blood deserve your mercy.

Qu. Eliz. Her words betray a warm, unusual, fervour;
Mere friendship never could inspire this transport.
[*Aside.*
I never doubted but the earl was brave;
His life and valiant actions all declare it:
I think him honest too, but rash and headstrong.
I gladly would preserve him from his foes,
And therefore am resolv'd once more to see him.

Rut. Oh, 'tis a godlike thought, and Heav'n itself
Inspires it. Sure some angel moves your heart,
Your royal heart, to pity and forgiveness.
This gracious deed shall shine in future story,
And deck your annals with the brightest virtue;
Posterity shall praise the princely act,
And ages yet to come record your goodness.

Qu. Eliz. I'll hear no more—Must I then learn from you
To know my province, and be taught to move,
As each designing mind directs?—Leave me.

Rut. Her frowns are dreadful, and her eye looks terror.

I tremble for my Essex. Save him, Heav'n! [*Exit.*
Qu. Eliz. Her warmth has touch'd me home. My jealous heart,
My fearful and suspicious soul's alarm'd.

Enter BURLEIGH, RALEIGH, *and* GENTLEMEN.

Bur. The Earl of Essex waits your royal will.
Qu. Eliz. Let him approach—And now once more support
Thy dignity, my soul; nor yield thy greatness
To strong usurping passion—But he comes.

Enter ESSEX *and* SOUTHAMPTON.

Essex. Permitted thus to bend, with prostrate heart, [*Kneels.*
Before your sacred majesty; I come,
With every grateful sense of royal favour
Deeply engrav'd within my conscious soul.
Qu. Eliz. I sent my orders for your staff of office.
Essex. Madam, my envy'd dignities and honours,
I first from your own royal hand receiv'd;
And therefore justly held it far beneath me
To yield my trophies, and exalted power,
So dearly purchas'd in the field of glory,
To hands unworthy. No, my gracious queen,
I meant to lay them at your royal feet;
Where life itself a willing victim falls,
If you command.
Qu. Eliz. High swelling words, my lord, but ill supply
The place of deeds, and duty's just demand.
In danger's onset, and the day of trial,
Conviction still on acting worth attends;
Whilst mere professions are by doubts encumber'd.
Essex. My deeds have oft declar'd in danger's front
How far my duty and my valour lead me.
Allegiance still my thirst of glory fir'd,
And all my bravely gather'd, envy'd, laurels

Were purchas'd only to adorn my queen.

Qu. Eliz. Your guilty scorn of my intrusted power,
When with my mortal foes you tamely dally'd,
By hardy rebels brav'd, you poorly sought
A servile pause, and begg'd a shameful truce.
Should Essex thus, so meanly compromise,
And lose the harvest of a plenteous glory,
In idle treaties, and suspicious parly?

Essex. O, deadly stroke! My life's the destin'd mark.
The poison'd shaft has drank my spirits deep.
Is't come to this? Conspire with rebels! Ha!
I've serv'd you, madam, with the utmost peril,
And ever glory'd in th' illustrious danger;
Where famine fac'd me with her meagre mien,
And pestilence and death brought up her train.
I've fought your battles, in despite of nature,
Where seasons sicken'd, and the clime was fate.
My power to parly, or to fight, I had
From you; the time and circumstance did call
Aloud for mutual treaty and condition;
For that I stand a guarded felon here.—A traitor,
Hemm'd in by villains, and by slaves surrounded.

Qu. Eliz. Shall added insolence, with crest audacious,
Her front uplift against the face of power?
Think not that injur'd majesty will bear
Such arrogance uncheck'd, or unchastis'd.
No public trust becomes the man, who treads,
With scornful steps, in honour's sacred path,
And stands at bold defiance with his duty.

Essex. Away with dignities and hated trust,
With flattering honours, and deceitful power!
Invert th' eternal rules of right and justice;
Let villains thrive, and outcast virtue perish;
Let slaves be rais'd, and cowards have command.
Take, take your gaudy trifles back, those baits
Of vice, and virtue's bane.—'Tis clear, my queen,

My royal mistress, casts me off; nay, joins
With Cecil to destroy my life and fame.
Qu. Eliz. Presuming wretch! Audacious traitor!
Essex. Traitor!
Qu. Eliz. Hence from my sight, ungrateful slave, and learn
At distance to revere your queen.
Essex. Yes; let
Me fly beyond the limits of the world,
And nature's verge, from proud oppression far,
From malice, tyranny, from courts, from you.
Qu. Eliz. Traitor! villain! [*Strikes him.*
Essex. Confusion! what, a blow!
Restrain, good Heaven! down, down, thou rebel passion,
And, judgment, take the reins. Madam, 'tis well—
Your soldier falls degraded;
His glory's tarnish'd, and his fame undone.
O, bounteous recompence from royal hands!
But you, ye implements, beware, beware,
What honour wrong'd, and honest wrath can act.
Qu. Eliz. What would th' imperious traitor do? My life
Beyond thy wretched purpose stands secure.
Go, learn at leisure what your deeds deserve,
And tremble at the vengeance you provoke.
[*Exeunt all but* ESSEX *and* SOUTHAMPTON.
Essex. Disgrac'd and struck! Damnation! Death were glorious!
Revenge! revenge!
South. Alas, my friend! what would
Thy rage attempt? Consider well the great
Advantage now your rash, ungovern'd temper
Affords your foes. The queen, incens'd, will let
Their fury loose.—I dread the dire event!
Essex. Has honest pride no just resentment left?
Nor injur'd honour, feeling?—Not revenge!
High Heaven shall hear, and earth w

Hot indignation burns within my soul.
I'll do some dreadful thing!—I know not what;
Some deeds, as horrid as the shame I feel,
Shall startle nature, and alarm the world.
Then hence, like lightning, let me furious fly,
To hurl destruction at my foes on high;
Pull down oppression from its tyrant seat,
Redeem my glory, or embrace my fate. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and* NOTTINGHAM.

Qu. Eliz. Not taken yet?
Not. No, madam: for the Earl
Of Essex, leagu'd with desperate friends, made strong
And obstinate resistance; till, at length,
O'erpower'd by numbers, and increasing force,
He fled for shelter to a small retreat,
A summer house, upon the Thames; resolv'd
To perish, rather than submit to power.
Qu. Eliz. Oh, where shall majesty bestow its favours,
Since Essex has a traitor prov'd to me,
Whose arm hath rais'd him up to power and greatness;
Whose heart has shar'd in all his splendid triumphs

And feels, ev'n now, his trait'rous deeds with pity?
But hence with pity, and the woman's pangs:
Resentment governs, and the queen shall punish.

Enter BURLEIGH.

Bur. Illustrious queen! the traitors all are seiz'd.
Their black debates
Were held at Drury House. The dire result
Was this: that Essex should alarm the citizens
To open mutiny, and bold rebellion.
Their purpose was to seize your royal palace,
And sacred person; but your faithful people,
As by one mind inform'd, one zeal inspir'd,
Rose up at once, and with their virtue quell'd them.

Qu. Eliz. Thanks to their honest, to their loyal hearts!
But say, were any persons else concern'd,
Of high distinction, or of noted rank?

Bur. Yes, madam, many more;
'Mong whom, the bold Southampton foremost stands.
They're now our pris'ners, and are safe secur'd;
But Essex, with Southampton, and the rest
Of greater note, I would not dare dispose of
Without your royal mandate; and they now
Attend without, to know your final pleasure.

Qu. Eliz. Is this the just return of all my care?
My anxious toilsome days, and watchful nights?
Have I sent forth a wish, that went not freighted
With all my people's good? Or, have I life,
Or length of days desir'd, but for their sake?
The public good is all my private care!
Then could I think this grateful isle
Contain'd one traitor's heart? But, least of all,
That Essex' breast should lodge it? Call the monster,
And let me meet this rebel face to face.
Do you withdraw, and wait within our call.

[*Exeunt* BURLEIGH and NOTTINGHAM.

Enter ESSEX.

You see, we dare abide your dang'rous presence,
Though treason sits within your heart enthron'd,
And on that brow rebellion lours, where once
Such boasted loyalty was said to flourish.
How low the traitor can degrade the soldier!
Guilt glares in conscious dye upon thy cheek,
And inward horror trembles in thine eye.
How mean is fraud!—How base ingratitude!

Essex. Forbear reproach, thou injur'd majesty,
Nor wound, with piercing looks, a heart already
With anguish torn, and bleeding with remorse.
Your awful looks, alone, are arm'd with death,
And justice gives them terror.

Qu. Eliz. Hapless man!
What cause could prompt, what fiend could urge thee on
To this detested deed? Could I from thee
Expect to meet this base return? from thee,
To whom I ought to fly with all the confidence
That giving bounty ever could inspire,
Or seeming gratitude and worth could promise?

Essex. Alas! I own my crimes, and feel my treasons;
They press me down beneath the reach of pity.
Despair alone can shield me from myself.

Qu. Eliz. My pride forbids me to reproach thee more;
My pity, rather, would relieve thy sorrow.
The people's clamours, and my special safety,
Call loud for justice, and demand your life.
But if forgiveness from an injur'd queen
Can make the few short hours you live more easy,
I give it freely, from my pitying heart;
And wish my willing power could grant thee more.

Essex. Oh, let me prostrate thus before you fall,
My better angel, and my guardian genius!

Permit me, royal mistress, to announce
My faithful sentiments, my soul's true dictates;
Vouchsafe your Essex but this one request,
This only boon—he'll thank you with his last,
His dying breath, and bless you in his passage.

Qu. Eliz. Rise, my lord!
If aught you have to offer, can allay
Your woes, and reconcile you to your fate,
Proceed;—and I with patient ear will listen.

Essex. My real errors, and my seeming crimes,
Would weary mercy, and make goodness poor:
And yet the source of all my greatest faults
Was loyalty misled, and duty in extreme.
So jealous was my sanguine heart, so warm
Affection's zeal, I could not bear the least
Suspicion of my duty to my queen.
This drove me from my high command in Ireland;
This, too, impell'd me to that rude behaviour,
Which justly urg'd the shameful blow I felt;
And this, O fatal rashness! made me think
My queen had given her Essex up, a victim
To statesmen's schemes, and wicked policy.
Stung by that piercing thought, my madness flew
Beyond all bounds, and now, alas! has brought me
To this most shameful fall; and, what's still worse,
My own reproaches, and my queen's displeasure.

Qu. Eliz. Unhappy man! My yielding soul is touch'd,
And pity pleads thy cause within my breast.

Essex. Say, but, my gracious sovereign, ere I go
For ever from your presence, that you think me
Guiltless of all attempts against your throne,
And sacred life. Your faithful Essex, ne'er
Could harbour in his breast so foul a thought.
Believe it not, my queen. By Heav'n, I swear,
When in my highest pitch of glory rais'd,—
The splendid noon of Fortune's brightest sunshine,—

Not ages of renown,—could yield me half
The joy, nor make my life so greatly blest,
As saving yours, though for a single hour.
Qu. Eliz. My lord, I would convince you, that I still
Regard your life, and labour to preserve it;
But cannot screen you from a public trial.
With prudence make your best defence: but should
Severity her iron jurisdiction
Extend too far, and give thee up condemn'd
To angry laws, thy queen will not forget thee.
Yet, lest you then should want a faithful friend,
(For friends will fly you in the time of need)
Here, from my finger, take this ring, a pledge
Of mercy; having this, you ne'er shall need
An advocate with me; for whensoe'er
You give, or send it back, by Heav'n, I swear,
As I do hope for mercy on my soul,
That I will grant whatever boon you ask.
Essex. Oh, grace surprising! most amazing goodness!
Words cannot paint the transports of my soul!
Let me receive it on my grateful knees,
At once to thank, and bless the hand that gives it.
Qu. Eliz. Depend, my lord, on this—'twixt you and me,
This ring shall be a private mark of faith
[*Gives the Ring.*
Inviolate. Be confident; cheer up;
Dispel each melancholy fear, and trust
Your sovereign's promise—she will ne'er forsake you.
Essex. Let Providence dispose my lot as 'twill,
May watchful angels ever guard my queen;
May healing wisdom in her councils reign,
And firm fidelity surround her throne;
May victory her dreaded banners bear,
And joyful conquests crown her soldiers' brow;

Let every bliss be mingled in her cup,
And Heaven, at last, become her great reward.
[*Exit.*

Qu. Eliz. 'Tis done;
And yet foreboding tremors shake my heart.
Something sits heavy here, and presses down
My spirits with its weight. What can it mean?
Suppose he is condemn'd! my royal word
Is plighted for his life; his enemies,
No doubt, will censure much.—No matter; let them;
I know him honest, and despise their malice.

Enter COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

Rut. Where is the queen? I'll fall before her feet
Prostrate; implore, besiege her royal heart,
And force her to forgive.
Qu. Eliz. What means this phrensy?
Rut. Oh, gracious queen! if ever pity touch'd
Your generous breast, let not the cruel axe
Destroy his precious life; preserve my Essex,
My life, my hope, my joy, my all, my husband!
Qu Eliz. Husband!—What sudden, deadly blow is this!
Hold up, my soul, nor sink beneath this wound.
You beg a traitor's life!
Rut. Oh, gracious queen!
He ever lov'd—was ever faithful—brave!
If nature dwells about your heart, oh, spurn
Me not!—My lord! my love! my husband bleeds!
Qu. Eliz. Take her away.
Rut. I cannot let you go.
Hold off your hands!—Here on this spot I'll fix—
Here lose all sense. Still let me stretch these arms,
Inexorable queen!—He yet may live.
Oh, give him to my poor, afflicted heart!
One pitying look, to save me from distraction.

Qu. Eliz. I'll hear no more. I'm tortur'd—take her hence.

Rut. Nay, force me not away.—Inhuman wretches!
Oh, mercy, mercy!—Then to thee, good Heav'n,
(My queen, my cruel queen, denies to hear me!)
To thee, for mercy bend.
Melt down her bosom's frozen sense, to feel
Some portion of my deadly grief, my fell
Distraction.—Turn, oh, turn, and see a wife,
A tortur'd wife——

Qu. Eliz. Why am I not obey'd?

Rut. Nay, do not thus
Abandon me to fell despair. Just Heaven,
That sees my sorrows, will avenge the wrong,
This cruel wrong—this barbarous tyranny.
[*Forced off.*

Qu. Eliz. Wedded to Rutland! Most unhappy pair!
And, oh, ill-fated queen! Never till now
Did sorrow settle in my heart its throne.
Recall my pledge of safety from his hands,
And give him up to death!—But life or death
To me is equal now.
Unhappy state, where peace shall never come!
One fatal moment has confirm'd my doom—
Turn'd all my comfort to intestine strife,
And fill'd with mortal pangs my future life! [*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter RALEIGH *and* LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.

Ral. Their peers, with much indulgence, heard their plea,
And gave them ample scope for their defence;
But naught avail'd—their crimes were too notorious.
They bore their sentence with becoming spirit;
And here's the royal mandate for their deaths.
The Lady Nottingham!—What brings her hither?

Enter LADY NOTTINGHAM.

Not. Lieutenant, lead me to the Earl of Essex,
I bring a message to him from the queen.

Lieut. He's with his friend, the brave Southampton, madam,
Preparing now for his expected fate.—
But I'll acquaint his lordship with your pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ral. What means this message? Does the queen relent?

Not. I fear she does:
Go you to court, for Cecil there expects you.
I've promis'd to acquaint him with what passes
'Twixt me and Essex, ere I see the queen.

Ral. Madam, I go. [*Exit.*

Not. Now, vengeance, steel my heart!

Offended woman, whilst her pride remains,
To malice only, and revenge, will bow;
And every virtue at that altar sacrifice.
But see, he comes, with manly sorrow clad.
There was a time, that presence could subdue
My pride, and melt my heart to gentle pity.
I then could find no joy but in his smiles;
And thought him lovely as the summer's bloom;
But all his beauties are now hateful grown.

Enter ESSEX.

Essex. Whether you bring me death, or life, I know not.
But, if strict friendship, and remembrance past
May aught presage to my afflicted heart,
Sure mercy only from those lips should flow,
And grace be utter'd from that friendly tongue.

Not. My lord, I'm glad you think me still your friend.
I come not to upbraid, but serve you now;
And pleas'd I am to be the messenger
Of such glad tidings, in the day of trouble,
As I now bring you. When the queen had heard,
That by the lords you were condemn'd to die,
She sent me, in her mercy, here, to know
If you had aught to offer, that might move
Her royal clemency to spare your life.

Essex. Could any circumstance new lustre add
To my dread sovereign's goodness, 'tis the making
The kind, the generous Nottingham, its messenger.

Not. 'Tis well, my lord; but there's no time to spare—
The queen impatient waits for my return.

Essex. My heart was wishing for some faithful friend,
And bounteous Heav'n hath sent thee to my hopes.
Know then, kind Nottingham, for now I'll trust
Thee with the dearest secret of my life;

'Tis not long since, the queen (who well foresaw
To what the malice of my foes would drive me)
Gave me this ring, this sacred pledge of mercy;
And with it made a solemn vow to Heav'n,
That, whensoever I should give, or send
It back again, she'd freely grant whate'er
Request I then should make.

Not. Give, give it me,
My lord! and let me fly, on friendship's wings,
To bear it to the queen, and to it add
My prayers and influence to preserve thy life.

Essex. Oh! take it then—it is the pledge of life!
Oh! it is my dear Southampton's
Last, last remaining stay! his thread of being,
Which, more than words, I prize!—Oh, take it, then;
Take it, thou guardian angel of my life,
And offer up the incense of my pray'r!
Oh beg, entreat, implore her majesty,
From public shame, and ignominious death,
And from th' obdurate axe, to save my friend.

Not. My lord, with all the powers that nature gave,
And friendship can inspire, I'll urge the queen
To grant you your request.

Essex. Kind Nottingham!
Your pious offices shall ever be
My fervent theme; and if my doubtful span
Relenting Heav'n should stretch to years remote,
Each passing hour shall still remind my thoughts,
And tell me, that I owe my all to thee:
My friend shall thank you too for lengthen'd life.
And now I fly with comfort to his arms,
To let him know the mercy that you bring. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Court.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and* BURLEIGH.

Qu. Eliz. Ha! is not Nottingham return'd?
Bur. No, madam.
Qu. Eliz. Dispatch a speedy messenger to haste her.—
My agitated heart can find no rest.
So near the brink of fate—unhappy man!

Enter LADY NOTTINGHAM.

How now, my Nottingham—what news from Essex?
What says the earl?
Not. I wish, with all my soul,
Th' ungrateful task had been another's lot.
I dread to tell it—lost, ill-fated man!
Qu. Eliz. What means this mystery, this strange behaviour?
Pronounce—declare at once; what said the earl?
Not. Alas, my queen! I fear to say; his mind
Is in the strangest mood, that ever pride
On blackest thoughts begot.——He scarce would speak;
And when he did, it was with sullenness,
With hasty tone, and downcast look.
Qu. Eliz. Amazing!
Not feel the terrors of approaching death!
Nor yet the joyful dawn of promis'd life!
Not. He rather seem'd insensible to both!
And with a cold indifference heard your offer;

Till warming up, by slow degrees, resentment
Began to swell his restless, haughty mind;
And proud disdain provok'd him to exclaim
Aloud, against the partial power of fortune,
And faction's rage. I begg'd him to consider
His sad condition; nor repulse, with scorn,
The only hand that could preserve him.

Qu. Eliz. Ha!
What!—Said he nothing of a private import?
No circumstance—no pledge—no ring?

Not. None, madam!
But, with contemptuous front, disclaim'd at once
Your proffer'd grace; and scorn'd, he said, a life
Upon such terms bestow'd.

Qu. Eliz. Impossible!
Could Essex treat me thus?—You basely wrong him,
And wrest his meaning from the purpos'd point.
Recall betimes the horrid words you've utter'd:
Confess, and own the whole you've said, was false.

Not. Madam, by truth, and duty, both compell'd,
Against the pleadings of my pitying soul,
I must declare, (Heaven knows with what reluctance)
That never pride insulted mercy more.
He ran o'er all the dangers he had past;
His mighty deeds; his service to the state;
Accus'd your majesty of partial leaning
To favourite lords, to whom he falls a sacrifice;
Appeals to justice, and to future times,
How much he feels from proud oppression's arm:
Nay, something too he darkly hinted at,
Of jealous disappointment, and revenge.

Qu. Eliz. Eternal silence seal thy venom'd lips!
What hast thou utter'd, wretch, to rouse at once
A whirlwind in my soul, which roots up pity,
And destroys my peace?
Let him this instant to the block be led.

[*Exit* NOTTINGHAM.

Upbraid me with my fatal fondness for him!
Ungrateful, barbarous ruffian! O. Elizabeth!
Remember now thy long established fame,
Thy envy'd glory, and thy father's spirit.
Accuse me of injustice too, and cruelty!
Yes, I'll this instant to the Tower, forget
My regal state, and to his face confront him:
Confound th' audacious villain with my presence,
And add new terrors to th' uplifted axe. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Tower.

Enter ESSEX *and* SOUTHAMPTON.

Essex. Oh, name it not! my friend shall live—he shall!
I know her royal mercy, and her goodness,
Will give you back to life, to length of days,
And me to honour, loyalty, and truth.
Death is still distant far.
South. In life's first spring,
Our green affections grew apace and prosper'd;
The genial summer swell'd our joyful hearts,
To meet and mix each growing fruitful wish.
We're now embark'd upon that stormy flood,
Where all the wise and brave are gone before us,
E'er since the birth of time, to meet eternity.
And what is death, did we consider right?
Shall we, who sought him in the paths of terror,
And fac'd him in the dreadful walks of war,
Shall we astonish'd shrink, like frighted infants,
And start at scaffolds, and their gloomy trappings?

Essex. Yet, still I trust long years remain of friendship.
Let smiling hope drive doubt and fear away,
And death be banish'd far; where creeping age,
Disease and care, invite him to their dwelling.
I feel assurance rise within my breast,
That all will yet be well.

South. Count not on hope—
We never can take leave, my friend, of life,
On nobler terms. Life! what is life? A shadow!
Its date is but th' immediate breath we draw;
Nor have we surety for a second gale;
Ten thousand accidents in ambush lie
For the embody'd dream.
A frail and fickle tenement it is,
Which, like the brittle glass, that measures time,
Is often broke, ere half its sands are run.

Essex. Such cold philosophy the heart disdains,
And friendship shudders at the moral tale.
My friend, the fearful precipice is past,
And danger dare not meet us more. Fly swift,
Ye better angels, waft the welcome tidings
Of pardon to my friend—of life and joy!

Enter LIEUTENANT.

Lieut. I grieve to be the messenger of woe,
But must, my lords, entreat you to prepare
For instant death. Here is the royal mandate,
That orders your immediate execution.

Essex. Immediate execution! what, so sudden?—
No message from the queen, or Nottingham?

Lieut. None, sir.

Essex. Deluded hopes! Oh, worse than death!
Perfidious queen! to make a mock of life!
My friend—my friend destroy'd! Why could no mine—

My life atone for both—my blood appease?
Can you, my friend, forgive me?
South. Yes, Oh yes,
My bosom's better half, I can,—With thee,
I'll gladly seek the coast unknown, and leave
The lessening mark of irksome life behind.
With thee, my friend, 'tis joy to die!—'tis glory!
For who would wait the tardy stroke of time?
Or cling, like reptiles, to the verge of being,
When we can bravely leap from life at once,
And spring, triumphant, in a friend's embrace?

Enter RALEIGH.

Ral. To you, my Lord Southampton, from the queen,
A pardon comes: your life, her mercy spares.
Essex. For ever blest, be that indulgent power
Which saves my friend! This weight ta'en off, my soul
Shall upward spring, and mingle with the bless'd.
South. All-ruling Heavens! can this—can this be just?
Support me! hold, ye straining heart-strings, hold,
And keep my sinking frame from dissolution!
Oh, 'tis too much for mortal strength to bear,
Or thought to suffer!—No, I'll die with thee!
They shall not part us, Essex!
Essex. Live, oh, live!
Thou noblest, bravest, best of men and friends!
Whilst life is worth thy wish—till time and thou
Agree to part, and nature send thee to me!
Thou generous soul, farewell!——Live, and be happy!
And, oh! may life make largely up to thee
Whatever blessing fate has thus cut off,
From thy departing friend!

Lieut. My lord, my warrant
Strictly forbids to grant a moment's time.
South. Oh, must we part for ever? Cruel fo
tune!
Wilt thou then tear him hence?—Severe divorce!
Let me cling round thy sacred person still,—
Still clasp thee to my bosom close, and keep
Stern Fate at distance.
Essex. Oh, my friend! we'll meet
Again, where virtue finds a just reward!—
Where factious malice never more can reach us!
I need not bid thee guard my fame from wrongs:
And, oh! a dearer treasure to thy care
I trust, than either life or fame—my wife!
Oh, she will want a friend!
Then take her to thy care—do thou pour balm
On her deep-wounded spirit, and let her find
My tender helps in thee!—I must be gone,
My ever faithful, and my gallant friend!
I pr'ythee, leave this woman's work.—Farewell!
Take this last, dear embrace—Farewell for ever!
South. My bursting breast! I fain would speak
but words
Are poor—Farewell!—
But we shall meet again—embrace in one
Eternal band, which never shall be loos'd. [*Exit*
Essex. To death's concluding stroke, lead on, Lieu
tenant.
My wife!—Now reason, fortitude, support me!
For now, indeed, comes on my sorest trial.

Enter COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

Oh, thou last, dear, reserve of fortune's malice!
For fate can add no more.—
Oh, com'st thou now to arrest my parting soul,
And force it back to life?

Rut. Thou sole delight—
Thou only joy which life could ever give,
Or death deprive me of—my wedded lord!
I come, with thee, determin'd to endure
The utmost rigour of our angry stars!—
To join thee, fearless, in the grasp of death,
And seek some dwelling in a world beyond it!
Essex. Too much, thou partner of this dism hour,
Thy gen'rous soul would prompt thee to endure!
Nor can thy tender, trembling, heart sustain it.
Long years of bliss remain in store for thee;
And smiling time his treasures shall unfold
To bribe thy stay!
Rut. Thou cruel comforter!
Alas! what's life—what's hated life to me?
Alas, this universe, this goodly frame,
Shall all as one continued curse appear,
And every object blast, when thou art gone.
Essex. Oh, strain not thus the little strength I left,
The weak support that holds up life! to bear
A few short moments more, its weight of woe,
Its loss of thee! Oh, turn away those eyes!
Nor with that look melt down my fix'd resolve!
And yet, a little longer let me gaze
On that lov'd form! Alas! I feel my sight
Grows dim, and reason from her throne retires:
For pity's sake, let go my breaking heart,
And leave me to my fate!
Rut. Why wilt thou still
Of parting talk?
Oh, that the friendly hand of Heaven would snatch
Us both at once, above the distant stars,
Where fortune's venom'd shafts can never pierce,
Nor cruel queens destroy!
Essex. The awful Searcher, whose impartial ey

Explores the secrets of each human heart,
And every thought surveys, can witness for me,
How close thy image clings around my soul!
Retards each rising wish, and draws me back
To life, entangled by that lov'd idea!

Lieut. My lord,
It now grows late.

Essex. Lead on.

Rut. Stay, stay, my love! my dearest, dying lord!
Ah! whither wouldst thou go? Ah, do not leave me!
[*Faints.*

Essex. Thou sinking excellence! thou matchless woman!
Shall fortune rob me of thy dear embrace,
Or earth's whole power, or death divide us now?
Stay, stay, thou spotless, injur'd saint!

Lieut. My lord, already you have been indulg'd
Beyond what I can warrant by my orders.

Essex. One moment more
Afford me to my sorrows—Oh, look there!
Could bitter anguish pierce your heart, like mine,
You'd pity now the mortal pangs I feel,
The throbs that tear my vital strings away,
And rend my agonizing soul!

Lieut. My lord——

Essex. But one short moment, and I will attend.
Ye sacred ministers, that virtue guard,
And shield the righteous in the paths of peril,
Restore her back to life, and lengthen'd years
Of joy! dry up her bleeding sorrows all!
Oh, cancel from her thoughts this dismal hour,
And blot my image from her sad remembrance!
'Tis done.—
And now, ye trembling cords of life, give way!
Nature and time, let go your hold!—eternity
Demands me. [*Exeunt* ESSEX *and* LIEUTENANT.

Rut. Where has my lost, benighted, soul been wand'ring?—

What means this mist, that hangs about my mind,
Through which reflection's painful eye discerns
Imperfect forms, and horrid shapes of woe?—
The cloud dispels, the shades withdraw, and all
My dreadful fate appears.—Oh! where's my lord?—
My life! my Essex! Oh! whither have they ta'en
him?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and* ATTENDANTS.

Qu. Eliz. To execution!—Fly with lightning's
wing,
And save him!
Be calm, he shall not die! Rise up—I came
To save his life.
Rut. 'Tis mercy's voice that speaks!—
My Essex shall again be mine! My queen,
My bounteous, gracious queen, has said the word!
May troops of angels guard thy sacred life!
And, in thy latest moments, waft thy soul,
To meet that mercy in the realms of joy,
Which, now, thy royal goodness grants to me!

Enter BURLEIGH.

Bur. Madam, your orders came, alas! too late.
Ere they arriv'd, the axe had fallen on Essex.
Rut. Ha! dead! what hell is this, that opens round
me?
What fiend art thou, that draws the horrid scene?
Ah! Burleigh! bloody murd'rer! where's my hus-
band?
Oh! where's my lord, my Essex?
Destruction seize, and madness rend, my brain!
See—see, they bend him to the fatal block!
Now—now the horrid axe is lifted high—
It falls—it falls! he bleeds—he bleeds! he dies!

Qu. Eliz. Alas! her sorrows pierce my suffering heart!

Rut. Eternal discord tear the social world,
And nature's laws dissolve! expunge—erase
The hated marks of time's engraving hand,
And every trace destroy! Arise, Despair!
Assert thy rightful claim—possess me all!
Bear, bear me to my murder'd lord—to clasp
His bleeding body in my dying arms!
And, in the tomb embrace his dear remains,
And mingle with his dust—for ever! [*Exit.*

Qu. Eliz. Hapless woman!
She shall henceforth be partner of my sorrows:
And we'll contend who most shall weep for Essex.
Oh, quick to kill, and ready to destroy,
[*To* BURLEIGH.
Could no pretext be found—no cause appear,
To lengthen mercy out a moment more,
And stretch the span of grace?—Oh, cruel Burleigh!
This, this was thy dark work, unpitying man!

Bur. My gracious mistress, blame not thus my duty,
My firm obedience to your high command.
The laws condemn'd him first to die; nor think
I stood between your mercy and his life.
It was the Lady Nottingham, not I.
Herself confess'd it all, in wild despair,
That, from your majesty to Essex sent
With terms of proffer'd grace, she then receiv'd,
From his own hand, a fatal ring, a pledge,
It seems, of much importance, which the earl,
With earnest suit, and warm entreaty, begg'd her,
As she would prize his life, to give your majesty;
In this she fail'd—In this she murder'd Essex.

Qu. Eliz. Oh, barbarous woman!
Surrounded still by treachery and fraud!

What bloody deed is this!—Thou injur'd Essex!
My fame is soil'd to all succeeding times;
But Heaven alone can view my breaking heart—
Then let its will be done.

From hence, let proud, resisting mortals know
The arm parental, and the indulgent blow.
To Heaven's corrective rod submissive bend;
Adore its wisdom, on its power depend;
Whilst ruling justice guides eternal sway,
Let nature tremble, and let man obey.

THE END.

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